

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 596.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1839.

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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—The CLASSES in THEOLOGY, the CLASSICS, MATHEMATICS, ENGLISH LITERATURE, and HISTORY, under the superintendence of the Principal, and assisted by the Rev. T. G. Hall, R. W. Browne, and T. Dale, will be RE-OPENED on TUESDAY, the 9th of April next. The Classes for Private Instruction in Hebrew, the Oriental and other Foreign Languages, will also be resumed.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—The CLASSES will recommence on Tuesday the 9th of April. J. LONSDALE, B.D. Principal, March 28, 1839.

Students are provided for such Students in the Senior or Medical Department as are desirous of residing in the College.

CIVIL ENGINEERING AND MINING.—The CLASSES for the Instruction of Young Men intended for the Profession of CIVIL ENGINEERING or MINING, will be RE-SUMED on TUESDAY, the 9th of April next. The Courses will be given by Professors the Rev. T. G. Hall, H. Moseley, J. D. Hall, John Phillips, and C. Wheatstone; and J. Tennant and J. Bradley, Esqrs. A Prospectus of the Course may be had at the Secretary's Office.

J. LONSDALE, B.D. Principal. King's College, London, March 28th, 1839.

LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY.—Professor DANIELL will commence a Popular Course of Six Lectures on the ELECTRICITY OF FRICITION, on WEDNESDAY the 17th April, at 3 o'clock, p.m., to be continued on each succeeding Wednesday at the same hour, till the 27th of April.

J. LONSDALE, B.D. Principal. King's College, London, 27th March, 1839.

PRIZE ESSAY.—CENTRAL SOCIETY OF EDUCATION. The publication of the Essay with the Motto, "Mind, mind alone," having been recommended, the Author is required to favour the Committee with his Address. 1, New-square, Lincoln's Inn. B. F. DUPPA, Hon. Sec.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THREE EXHIBITIONS will take place at the Garden of the Society at Turnham Green, on the following Saturdays, namely, May 15, June 15, July 6. Fellows may obtain 15 Tickets each, for the admission of their friends, at this Office, price 2s. 6d. each, on or before April 30, and any number, price 5s., after that date. All Tickets issued at the Garden will be charged 10s. each.

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RICHARD HEATHFIELD, Superintendent Princes-street, Bank, March 6, 1839.

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REVIEWS

Cheveley; or, the Man of Honour. By Lady Lytton Bulwer. 3 vols. Bull.

It is with no intention of starting a paradox, that we here express an old opinion of ours, which has frequently floated through our mind during the perusal of these volumes, namely, that if there be one more salient quality than the rest, among the attributes of what is called fashionable life, it is vulgarity. Yes, whatever may be the polished externals of conventional good-manners, the interior intellectual substratum is sheer, inburnt, and unmitigated vulgarity. Whether 'Cheveley' be taken merely for what it presents itself, "a tale of fiction," or for what public fame has given it out, "a tale of real life," it contains in itself ample evidence of this truth. We are not, however, dependent on a single instance for illustrating our position: wherever the interior of the sacred circle is betrayed to the public, either by the unconscious disclosures of friends, or the deliberate treason of enemies roused to vengeance, narrowness of heart, mean and low ideas, passions, and pursuits, mean motives, mean judgments of others, and mean views of nature and society, press upon our gaze, and betoken an order of intellect to which the good, the beautiful, the enlarged, and the liberal, are one vast and unintelligible blank. Without stepping beyond our own tether to analyze some notorious town tale of scandal, or to canvass the multiplied commentaries and embroideries circulating in club-houses and assemblies, to vary the littlenesses and uneducated paltrinesses of the inventors, we need but appeal to our literary experiences, and point to such a work as the too celebrated "Diary" of last year: and it would be difficult in the annals of Covent Garden or of Billingsgate to match the vulgarity of mind there exhibited, both in the story, and in the telling.

Taking 'Cheveley,' we have said, as a tale—a literary fiction—a more disagreeable stringing together of qualities base and contemptible could scarcely be collected, than is offered by its pages; but it would be sheer hypocrisy to affect such an hypothesis. The work is not offered as invention—as the sickly product of an author's brain; it is given to the world not for its fictitious, but its factitious interest; and there is scarcely a veil thrown over the realities, which the authoress (we cannot say) adumbrates under the personages of her story. No reader within the precincts of the fashionable or literary circles of London will be at a loss to appreciate them, or to see in the work a voiding of a domestic quarrel, which, for the sake of the parties themselves, and of the public at large, had much better never been disclosed.

It is not for us to weigh the case, as between the belligerent parties, in our scales, to estimate the degree of probability attached to the circumstances, as they are related, or to decide on the amount of provocation which could justify the publication; it is enough to lament that such a work should have appeared from such a pen; and still more, that there should be among the English reading public a sufficient number of gossiping scandal-mongers to make such an appeal desirable, either in a pecuniary or revengeful sense. Putting aside, however, the most painful and afflicting consideration of domestic disagreements, and looking only to third parties, there are many such wholly unconnected with the quarrel, brought on the scene, and held up for ridicule and detestation, too apparently under the dictation of pique, and in a way which betrays more self-dissatisfaction, more heart-corroding bitterness, more anger, more unwholesome re-action on intense and unbearable suffering, than can be witnessed without a strong call on our sym-

pathies, for one who, whether sinned against or sinning, is a female, and, by the usages of the world, in her case universally adopted, a solitary and a persecuted female. For such a person, so circumstanced, a liberal allowance should be made for the error of judgment which has thus hurried her into repeated wanton attacks, on persons *coram non judice*, and, in one instance, on a fellow-sufferer from the world's prejudices, a bruised reed whom malice itself should have spared. Was there no friendly adviser to avert this deed? to point out the consequences of thus setting her hand against every one, and every one's hand against her—to dissuade her from putting herself so decidedly in the wrong, upon any and every possible view of her case? Not content, too, with her own private dislikes and personal injuries, she runs a tilt at the objects of her political displeasure; and pursues with weak revilings, and in the strain of the worst newspaper vituperation, a set of public men, whose only offence towards her seems to be that they share the opinions of him who is the object of her especial aversion.

The position of the writer was one requiring the utmost circumspection and forbearance. In the present state of society, and of the world's opinion, we doubt whether the wisest and most temperate appeal of a wife against her husband, would obtain for her either a candid hearing, or an impartial sentence. No amount of patience, forbearance, and assiduous discharge of ungrateful duties on the one side, or of inconstancy, cruelty, tyranny, and selfishness on the other, would procure for a notoriously injured woman more than a cold and contemptuous pity; even if her involuntary and enforced rebellion against her lord and master, and most necessitated self-defence, did not heap fresh coals of fire on her head. Moral England *does* (to use our authoress's own phraseology) make "grammatical distinctions in the decalogue," and metes out its judgments on male and female delinquencies with most unequal measures. On this subject we could lecture the lady from texts in her own language:—

"It is in England alone that there is a dark and jesuitical hypocrisy in the systematically unjust conduct of men towards women; and those gentlemen who write the most liberally and lachrymously about the errors of female education, which tends to stultify their intellect, warp their judgment, weaken the moral tone of their natures, and in every way unfit them to be the friends and companions of men, are the very first practically to labour for this state of things, which they affect to deprecate. As most husbands appear to think, that if their wives have a second idea, the world cannot be large enough for them both, any more than two suns can shine in one hemisphere. But the manner of evincing this opinion is even more offensive than the opinion itself, as they never cease to 'affiche' the veto that women have no right even to mental free will, and are as much surprised at their daring to express an opinion different to that they have been commanded to entertain, as if the ground on which they walked were suddenly to exclaim, 'Don't trample on me so hardily!' Then come the ex parte judgments of how far things ought to annoy or please others—a matter perfectly impossible to be decided upon, but by self; so true is the assertion of Epictetus, 'that men are more tormented by the opinion of things, than by the things themselves.'"

Feeling and knowing this, why, then, did Lady Bulwer hurry into print? and, above all, why did she, in the attempt, adopt the very tone and manner most certain to draw all this weight of prejudice on her own head? Admitting the truth of her innuendoes, and the necessity of publishing them, it surely should have struck so clever a person (and her work does evince much shrewdness of mind and intellectual clearness), that a plain and direct statement of facts would have made a better impression on

the world, than a romantic tale, in which no one can be sure how much she puts forth as applicable to herself, and how much as necessary to the interests of a well wrought story. How is the unenlightened reader to draw an accurate line between her reality and her fiction?—he must believe all, or reject all; for all stands on the same authority. For the purposes of self-justification, then, the vehicle adopted in 'Cheveley' is obviously unfitted; nor do we think that, for those of vengeance, it will prove more effective. It is very clear, from the context, that the offence given by the many persons ridiculed and attacked was a mere taking part, as she believes, against herself, or countenancing and upholding a friendship with those she thinks her enemies; and "the good-natured world," when it has laughed its fill at her caricatures, will end by affecting to set down the portraits, right or wrong, as the pure products of ill temper and bad feeling.

It is with much more of sorrow than of anger that we make these remarks. In justice to our critical duty, we could say no less; but it is impossible for any sound mind not to feel intense pain at the spectacle of one so gifted, and so capable of better things, labouring under so sad an hallucination, whether provoked by real injuries, or excited by the suggestions of an unhappy temperament.

Of 'Cheveley,' in its capacity of a novel, it is difficult to speak, because the story is so closely woven with its object, that they can rarely be detached for many pages together. There are, however, passages, and those not few or rare, written with considerable power and feeling; and others which show that the writer has a keen sense of the humorous. Had we ever been permitted to lose sight, for a quarter of an hour at a time, of the under-current of innuendo, we imagine that we should have felt a sufficient interest in the progress of the tale: but the attention is so frequently distracted between the fiction and the reality, that the most dispassionate will find it impossible to do common justice to the work, as a whole. The same difficulty besets the task of extracting. We cannot, therefore, say that we select the following extracts—we take them merely as being exempt from personality:—

"Nationally speaking, none can pretend to assert, that [Englishwomen] have either the wit of a De Seigné, or the philosophy of a De Staël, to give that depth to their thoughts, and that brilliancy to their words, which raises conversation to a science—the science, 'par excellence,' in which our Gallic neighbours so pre-eminently excel. Neither are Englishwomen, it must be confessed, so 'au fait,' or rather so 'au courant,' to every billet the march of intellect daily makes, whether on countries or on individuals; but other reasons may be assigned for this, more correct than either ignorance or incapacity. It is one of the most incontrovertible axioms in political economy, that the greater the demand for an article is, the greater the means of its supply become. We have only to extend this principle to human intellect, (with regard to which it holds equally good) and the enigma of Englishwomen's deficiencies in conversational powers, is solved at once. On the tree of knowledge, as cultivated in England, women are taught to look upon politics, science, statistics, and mathematics, as so many grafts of forbidden fruit; and hence the eternal, not very gallant, query of the other sex, of 'What can women know about such things?' for Englishmen seem to think, that the nearest approach to perfection in a wife is to be found alone in those women who are the best possible imitations of automata; and that ignorance is not only the most complete guard to virtue, but that it is also the best safety-valve for vice. In England, there is an inverse ratio of false pretences; for no young gentleman, fresh from college, who, after having gained the greasy suffrages of the great unwashed of some metropolitan borough, through his dulcificuous anathemas against all existing laws, ever

laboured more indefatigably to appear Cicero, Lysurgus, and Aristides, all in one, than does an English woman of common sense to appear as ignorant, and consequently as inoffensive, as the most fastidious censor of female attributes could wish. * * I have often remarked, too, that if a woman ventures to evince any 'esprit de corps,' and, in defence of the depreciated intellect of her sex, triumphantly brings to her defence the names of an Edgeworth, a De Staël, a More, a Carter, a D'Acier, a Montague, a Bailey, a Martineau, a Gore, &c., &c., some supercilious pedant of the other sex instantly tries to silence her by a contemptuous smile, and an 'All very clever, certainly! but women want that profundity which must ever prevent their attaining any eminence in science!' * * In France, on the contrary, 'les femmes se mêlent de tout,' and I firmly believe that the Salique law only exists because Frenchmen prefer being governed by a republic of women, instead of delegating sovereign power to one. From Molière's old woman up to a Roland or a De Staël, they are made umpires in literature, politics, and the fine arts; and if France has produced more heroic women than England, it is not because they have naturally nobler natures than English women, but because patriotism is not with them, as with us, exclusively inculcated as a masculine virtue, or set apart as one of man's many unshared privileges. * * English women have but one privilege—they may devote their lives to the education, welfare, and care of their children, without ever being able to obtain one single conventional or legal right over them, while the father, be his vices what they may, or his neglect ever so unnatural, still possesses, by our wise and moral laws, the whole and sole control over the unfortunate little beings, who may be destined to feel all the disadvantages of his power, without reaping any of the benefits of his protection.

We must now give a specimen of the cleverness with which the authoress can sketch a family picture:—

"After Datchet's departure, Miss Mac Screw had just time to complete a demi-toilette for the day, which consisted of a soft, thick, yet thin muslin dress, which had once been white, with sundry pyramidal founces, and which 'clung round her like a lover,' surmounted by a blue cloth spencer, with a very tight back and equally tight sleeves, when Mrs. and Miss Tymmons drove to the door in the green fly, thinking 'it would be pleasanter to dear Miss Mac Screw to drive,' or, as they said, to ride, 'than to walk, as she might have some shopping to do before she came to them.' 'Oh, very lucky, very lucky!' said the fair Lavinia, as she wedged herself in between fat Mrs. Tymmons—'for I want to go to the Bank, not to leave or get any money—not to get any money—but just to ask a question—a question, you know.' Nature could not have well invented two greater personal contrasts than Miss Mac Screw and Mrs. Tymmons, for the latter rejoiced in a form of infinite rotundity, with a face like a full moon in a scarlet fever, and eyes pale, mild, and full as bottled gooseberries. Mrs. Tymmons had been a blonde, and consequently had subsided into a bay-wig, with little fat round shiny curls, that looked like capillary forced-meat balls. Having got into the habit of presenting Mr. Tymmons with an annual miniature of himself, she had acquired the appearance of always being in that interesting situation, even during the three intermediate months; consequently Mr. and Mrs. Tymmons were the happy parents of what, in England, is called 'a fine family,' that is, half a dozen sons and daughters, one uglier than another. Miss Tymmons was, in spite of her *ponçeau*-coloured hair, considered by her parents, and indeed by every one in Blichingly, except the Simmonses, 'a very genteel (*à*) girl; for she sat very uprightly on her chair, never had a crease upon any of her clothes, scarcely ever spoke, and never laughed at anything that she heard or read, for fear it should not be proper, and had forbidden her brothers (with whom she was an oracle) to read the Pickwick papers, because, as she said, they were so 'very low and ungentle,' and for her part she could not conceive why people thought them so clever. She had only two brothers at home—Mr. Rush Tymmons, who, as we have already stated, was all poetry, pensiveness, and peculiarity, being the genius of the family; Mr. Joseph, on the contrary, being destined to follow his father's calling, was the man of business. In proportion as Mr. Rush was tall

and thin, he was fat and short, with nice fat, sleek-looking, dark-brown hair, like the ears of a pointer pup, and a face between a cherubim's and a trumpeter's, only his whiskers standing boldly out like wings, made it rather more approximate to the former. Mr. Joseph Tymmons's only peculiarity was attending every wedding that took place within ten miles round, no doubt to study how he was to comport himself against the time when he should act a principal part at one, for he made it a point to propose to every young lady he danced with twice, and had thereby obtained the title of 'Solicitor-General,' which his sire looked upon as a lucky professional omen. Mr. Tymmons, senior, requires no separate description, for he was whatever his wife and daughters pleased. * * The three younger Miss Tymmons were not remarkable for anything beyond the way their hair kept in curl in all weathers, and the constancy with which they talked of 'the officers,' there being generally a detachment of cavalry quartered at Tiverton, and the promptitude with which they wrote to London for the 'Key' (!) of every fashionable novel that came out, and got the names by heart."

One more word on clubs and their influence on society:—

"Will your lordship take coffee before you go out?" inquired Sandford, when he had received the order. "No, I'm going to the Athenæum.—I'll get some there. Let the carriage come round directly." What hot-beds of masculine selfishness those said clubs are! No wonder the homes for which it is neither convenient nor agreeable to provide the bare necessities of life, should be deserted for luxuries to be had at a cheaper rate; and even to those whose ample means secure the same style of living at home: yet, to nine Englishmen out of ten, who detest ladies' society, and never desire to see a woman's face, unless it be those belonging to ladies of a certain description, the luxury of hats and dirty boots is irresistible, to say nothing of 'the Club' and 'the House of Commons' being always unquestionable places to note in the conjugal log-book. It would save a great deal of trouble to inquiring foreigners, if, for the future, lexicographers would insert opposite the word 'home'—a place for keeping wives and children; 'mutton chops'—food for ditto."

It is due to Lady Bulwer to acknowledge, that the cleverest and most readable parts of this work are those into which she has thrown the most of her irritable feeling: it is very possible, therefore, that our extracts may not do her justice; but we could not bring ourselves to quote, knowingly, any passage that admits of direct personal application. We are quite aware that, in pursuing this course, we do not consider what is vulgarly called our own interest. We know that we could have quoted passages from 'Cheveley' that would have made the town ring with the clamour of tongues, and filled our office with slanderous gossips. We know, too, that it is not in our power to suppress the personalities with which the work abounds; but we do not, therefore, hold ourselves at liberty to aid in diffusing them; and must rest content to be upbraided, as heretofore, for our "cant and hypocrisy," consoling ourselves with the approbation of the right-thinking, and, above all, of a clear and quiet conscience.

A Dictionary of Architecture. By John Britton, F.S.A. Longman & Co.

Mr. Britton's many publications on Gothic Architecture have, beyond doubt, spread some taste and knowledge through the reading world; perhaps we should rather say the *non-reading*, as, for one person who looks at the text of his volume, one hundred consult the Plates alone. Yet we are uncertain whether more injury or benefit will accrue in the long run from these very publications: pre-occupying the ground with specious and showy, but slight performances, they fill the popular eye, and belong to that most obstructive description of works, the "do-well-enough" class, which have just such a degree of merit as silences outcry for superior, absorbs patronage, and prevents the solid, complete exe-

cution of projects too colossal to be twice undertaken. This may be no fault of Mr. Britton: and we ought oftentimes to feel gratitude when we cannot acknowledge satisfaction. Neither are we so pedantic as to require, like the ancient martinet Pythius, that a theorist on architecture should understand all the professions connected with this art better than their several professors; but we may reasonably look for more than a smattering, however extensive. When the variety of hands which our compiler, or editor, or enterpriser employed to assist him, is taken into account, it does astonish us to find the manufacture of a prevailing flimsiness, though always of the richest broider, and, therefore, perhaps well suited to public taste, if not to ours; we have ever felt a prejudice in favour of Arras or Gobelines above tissues of gossamer, albeit as brilliant and abundant as clothe the meads of a summer morning. Scientific knowledge of architecture no less than popular—familiarity with comprehensive, creative principles, no less than with antiquarian gossip and random details—a power of *integrating* particulars so as to get at the unknown general truth whence have resulted these fragments—we consider among those requisites for which there exist no succedanea when works of prime importance are attempted. In such works the faculty of kneading out deficient matter, so as to cover a large surface, is not the one wanted, whilst ever so glittering an amount of minutiae, thrown for heap's sake together, is worth as little as a golden sand-bank without the skill to fuse and consolidate it. True, an 'Architectural Dictionary' is by its nature *mosaic*—a tessellation, so to speak, of distinct and vari-coloured subjects: we nevertheless maintain that this very character suggests more frequent occasion to set forth the grand, governing principles of the science, those philosophic laws, without which its language is a jargon and its doctrine a jumble. However distinct the forest stems, each bears aloft such a broad circumference of ramification, as necessarily mixes and interweaves with the neighbouring masses; and all, even stripped of their fruit, flowers, and foliage, support each other in beautiful though complex order. On this score Mr. Britton's volume is singularly defective. We can scarce find one philosophic principle hinted at, not to say developed, throughout it—save and except a specimen or so transplanted from other works, and during the process drained of its sap, as we shall have reason to demonstrate anon. Were books fac-similes from the cerebral membrane, what blanks and blots *there* would our compiler's denote; yet does he exclude, or perplex, the principles we speak of no less effectively than he could by virtue of total ignorance about them.

Let us apply these tenets to the practical touchstone. Query: the glaring, omnipresent error in modern churches? Answer, by all but the respective architects,—confusion of styles; classic with Gothic, different kinds of classic, and of Gothic, with each other; "carpenter's" with professor's style, templar with castellar, public with domestic. Second query: the cause of this error? Answer: that students in architecture collect their knowledge of styles from *details*, not from principles. Such antique cathedral or church is Gothic: your student sketches down its various members—behold so much legitimate plunder to be dove-tailed with other like stuff into his first little Chapel at Hampstead or Hackney! But he seldom asks *why* these features are Gothic; *how far* certain of them may be pure or impure Gothic; to what *kind* of Gothic they belong? Or if he does, satisfies his thirst of knowledge with the notable fact that they are "Tudor," "Lancet," &c.! Again, he copies and draws, till his fingers freeze, from Britton & Co., Pugin, &c., *clustered columns*, and *corbel*,

bracket, there is m what to trusted w packs in can fit t places ch crocket p gular and luttel-d- novation If such a cordant,— very esse to be fou or Winch elap a tap decorate cimen of such ene deeds, by dox, flut and that you mor Classic, t embellish books or which d- tecture,— sort and prevent, of all th in stone sults, ha search at while, t rather th if elem comprise them to speak of what ad from eith ing hims and con principle berish to and that In tru Britton's education of a goo wield th pensable evening' books as extensiv both an search a to reach terms, a second-h of origi we to th dence c who qu Arts' an too! in the pity beg leav puff, wh and Bio a compl error, th boards c octavo v how car who m wealth" philolog Bailey's tionarie

bracket, tabernacle, flying-buttress, and boss—here is more good Gothic!—more than he knows what to make of! Become architect, and intrusted with the raising of a parish church, he pokes in as many of his precious “details” as can fit together, calling that enrichment—he places cheek by jowl lancet and transom-window, crocket pinnacle and gabled, geometric and irregular and perpendicular tracery, ogee heads and lintelled—calling his mass of incongruities a renovation of our sublime, picturesque Gothic! If such and such features be doubted of as discordant,—What! is not variety the charm, the very essence of Gothic? Are those features not to be found trait for trait in Westminster Abbey or Winchester Cathedral? Another adept will clap a tapering spire upon a Grecian temple, or decorate with long horizontal panels his specimen of the “Florida,”—we draw no caricature, such enormities exist!—yea, he will justify his deeds, by telling you that the spire is an orthodox, fluted Corinthian column of large girth, and that the panels are pointed, what would you more to constitute the one edifice uniform Classic, the other genuine Gothic? Had these embellishers of their native land obtained from books or teachers an inkling of the principles which distinguish the various species of architecture,—principles which might enable them to sort and class their accumulated details, and so prevent, at least, their fabrics being summaries of all the contradictions that can be committed in stone,—it would, along with these good results, have made needless half their laborious search and manual trouble to collect particulars, while, throughout that process, it awakened rather than stupified their understandings. But if elementary books like this before us do not comprise such principles, or those who take upon them to give have yet to gain the “inklings” we speak of, how are learners the better for either? what advantage reaps the architectural disciple from either, save the power it may be of proclaiming himself *ignoramus* to posterity with more ease and confidence? Archaeologic terms, without principles, as we hinted above, add a learned gibberish to the languages of Babel already extant, and that is their chief contribution to literature.

In truth, we are not prepared to combat Mr. Britton's misgiving that his chance-medley education may rather unfit him for the compiler of a good Architectural Dictionary. Power to wield the higher mathematics would seem indispensable, and this is by no means a winter-evening's acquisition, nor to be got from such books as the “Bricklayer's Companion.” Again: extensive and profound knowledge of the tongues, both ancient and modern, great philological research as well as acumen, are needful with which to reach the true sense of obsolete or dubious terms, and trace up the pedigree of all. No second-hand information will supply the want of original. And even if it could, what are we to think of a lexicographer, or what dependence can we have on his skill at selection, who quotes such a work as ‘Elmes's Fine Arts’ among his chief authorities? With praise too! instead of either due condemnation, or the pity of silence. As public warders, let us beg leave to issue a “counterblast” against this puff, whether meant or not; the said ‘General and Biographical Dictionary of the Fine Arts’ is a complete digest of nonsense, ignorance, and error, than we ever before saw got within the boards of a double-columned and close-printed octavo volume. But, returning to our subject, how can we put implicit faith in the compiler who mentions as the “mines of intellectual wealth” where he has delved for his treasures of philology—“both ore and precious metal”—Bailey's, Johnson's, Walker's, and Ash's dictionaries? Excellent works, no doubt, to make

a correct letter-writer, or perchance illumine a country gentleman, turned antiquarian for lack of ideas and employ,—not to be talked of as fountain-heads, by any one aware how much more remote the “wells of language undefiled” lie. On the other hand, we see little just reason to account our author's *aye* amongst his disqualifications: does he in good sooth reckon it as such, or was it an indulgence of simple egotism to publish himself, like a late suburban Master of the Ceremonies, “John Britton, Sixty years old, and Editor of the Architectural Dictionary”? There are beyond dispute some very “sexagenarian” articles scattered through his volume, but they would have been such perhaps at any period of his life, and we are convinced that, on the whole, years have added something to his knowledge. Time, generally speaking, matures the faculties, and only hastens feeble minds to decay; until, indeed, the veritable epoch of second childhood, far beyond the period when Milton produced his *Paradise Lost*, and many great spirits accomplished their noblest purposes. Archaeologic erudition being to a large amount matter of experience, and, at least as our author seems to have sought it, wearing out the finer powers but little with scientific analyses and recondite deductions, has time for its friend, not foe; it aggrandizes and enriches itself by fresh details, specimens, accidental discoveries, year after year. So poor, however, are we in works of this class, that we may add our testimony to his own, that Mr. Britton's work is the best of its kind yet published; that it contains more of the useful and the agreeable, although quite its proportionate quantum of the trivial and the erroneous. Meantime, however, let us do justice, or rather restore that justice we did, and which Mr. Britton has perverted, to a precedent work, the ‘Glossary of Architecture,’ [*Athen. No. 554*]. Under a feint of liberal excuse for this publication as the first of its species, his self-recommending preface affirms us to have “characterized it as a superficial and hasty compilation”: such is not the fact: we spoke this in our notice of the second edition only of a *former*, and it was uncandid of Mr. Britton to fasten that character on the edition now before the public, while he suppressed its proper one of a very different nature. In some respects we much prefer the ‘Glossary’ to the ‘Dictionary’; it is of more convenient size and price, and fitter for amateurs, those identical persons who most read and need similar compendia; besides line-engravings, it is adorned with elegant woodcuts, the want of which illustrations to Mr. Britton's page leaves many of his definitions as dark as the pandects of Chaos. We were the less disposed to pardon his literary errors by finding this moral one at their head; but we nevertheless hope, when some future glossarist enters the field against him with a further improved work, that he will not forget what we have said in favour of Mr. Britton's volume, whilst he puts forward as ours a worse accusation than we ever charged upon it.

Like everything so plentiful, advice is little valued, however good it may be. On no other grounds can we account for the large residue of errors in the work before us, after so much learned assistance as the editor professes to have received towards their utter extirpation. Our solicitude to obtain a really sound and faithful archaeologic Lexicon, bottomed perchance upon this, leads us to note here some few of the errata which disfigure it. And at outset we would ask, wherefore a glossarist, whose business it is to reduce the number of obscure terms, begins by augmenting them? Why should our author perplex the student with his thousand-and-second name for Gothic architecture, which he proposes to baptize “Chris-

tian”? Setting aside the frivolous nature of the object, surely even Moses of the Green Spectacles would see at once that the name is quite inadequate; it begs, or rather blindly assumes, the whole question, against Gothic being derived from Oriental, perhaps among all hypotheses the most probable. Are not pointed Mosques and Moslem palaces of the so-named Gothic; and are they of *Christian* invention? Vice versa, are our poor Protestant churches, which strive so hard to merit the title of *classic*, to be ranked with Chinese pagodas as “Pagan,” merely because the types of both existed before the Christian faith? How then can his term *Christian* define, what he means it to do, or it does nothing, that multifarious style of architecture, known well enough now under the epithet Gothic, when the *Alhambra*, the *Giralda of Seville*,† &c. &c., would thereby stand excluded? How can his antagonist term Pagan define that style now characterized as *Classic*, when the crockery temple of *Fo*, and the sacred wigwam of *Huitzlopochtli*, would have no less right to come under that name than the Parthenon or Agrippa's Pantheon? Yet as if we had not new names *ad nauseam*, Mr. Bardwell, in his rambling discourse upon architecture, proposes “Catholic”—he meant, we presume, to say *Romish*—instead of *Pointed*! Where will preposterous nomenclature go next? But it were idler to expose all these absurd crotchets than to propound them. For our own part, we are quite satisfied with the good old word Gothic: first, because it has possession, and however illogical once, is understood at present as well as if ever so exact; secondly, because all substitutes hitherto thrust forward are still more objectionable; finally, because from the dense mist which hangs over the wild origin and wanderings of those modern *Pelasgi*, the Goths,—from the very incertitude and vague application of this term, Gothic, it may be used to comprehend so many picturesque styles, which have little ascertained relationship save their barbarian birth,—Romanesque, Lombard, Saxon, Norman, Persian, Moresco, Pointed,—and to which a definite term like *Christian*, *Catholic*, &c. cannot be affixed without confusion, on account of its self-same appropriateness to a distinct thing. With regard to the word Gothic being deemed disreputable, as equivalent to barbaric, we feel unconcerned: no one, except the illiterate, can have passed the age of puberty, and not become aware that said Barbarism broke the chains under which a corrupt civilization held half the world; that it brought the germs of freedom, equal law, chivalrous feeling, woman-reverence, from its native forests, and sowed them over all Europe; that it was the inventor or regenerator of the Sciences and Arts such as now extant—among which we reckon with pride the sublime one of Pointed Architecture; and that it was precisely thus inventive and regenerative, because of its barbarism,—i. e. ignorance of Roman lore, luxuries, tastes, prejudices,—for civil knowledge of such things would have enslaved it to imitation, whilst ignorance compelled it to originate. Let us hear no more of objections against the word Gothic—it is the pendant to *Grecian*; one expresses the chief creator or perfecter of ancient science and art, the other of modern. We should accept with pride, not decline with scorn, the name of a people to whom the mental and moral resurrection of our race was owing.

It would be a “*Cæsarean* operation,” somewhat dangerous, were we to attempt extracting all the typographical errors that Mr. Britton's volume is big with: in the second page and third article there are *two*, besides a disfigured passage from Mr. Rickman's treatise, important

† At p. 467, Mr. Britton specifies this very structure as both “*Moorish* and *Christian*”—himself distinguishing the terms which his terminology would confound!

as it regards a principle, and unfair towards an author who has done more by one modest plain book for the science of architecture than our compiler by his innumerable costly publications. Mr. Rickman does not affirm at page 55 of his work, nor do we believe anywhere else, that the square *abacus* is a "sure guide" to distinguish the Norman from the Early English; he states it as "in general the best mark," with a due circumspection of phrase unappreciable perhaps by the misquoter. But a peculiar ill-luck seems to attend him whenever, deserting the track of anecdote and detail, he ventures upon the high ground either of principles or Mr. Rickman. Altogether bewildered by the scientific laws at page 110 of the "Attempt," he announces, under Mr. Rickman's name, as a principle "that the attached shafts (bolts) of a clustered pillar do not support anything themselves, and are merely ornamental accessories of the central or main parts of the pillar." To keep within bounds, prodigious hallucination is the most tender appellative we can bestow on such a mistake. Why the direct reverse were rather the just principle, viz. that in pointed architecture attached shafts *always* support something, and are *never* mere accessories to the central pillar! What, are the vaulting-shafts nothing? and how are these supported but, almost universally, by the attached columns? Are the *archivolts* nothing? are *aisle-ribs*, *tracery*, *corbel-tables*, nothing? Authors much less fallible than Mr. Britton hold the great merit of this architecture to consist in that very distribution of weight upon such collateral, multitudinous supports as he would pronounce idly ornamental! But the whole law is misconceived and misapplied. It simply went to distinguish Gothic shafts from classic columns, by the former not supporting, like the latter, walls or main members or large horizontal solids analogous to entablatures. A dozen lines before, Mr. Rickman had said shafts support "arched mouldings." And thus is a sound principle travestied into an absurd one, for the benefit of amateurs and students! In another place our compiler rehearses out of his own previous codex, a judicial sentence against Mr. Rickman for the term "Perpendicular" to express florid Gothic; because it "cannot be properly characterized by any single and particular phrase." This, from a person who has just attempted to characterize not one but ten different styles by a single and particular phrase—*Christian*—which is equally uncharacteristic of all! Perpendicular expresses at least that prominent quality of florid architecture: *Christian* divulges no quality of any architecture whatever! Mr. Britton should leave the Quaker essayist to repose under his laurels, and weed the poppies out of his own.

We can scarce decide whether his synopsis of "Arches"—the *pons asinorum* of this science—perplex more by its errors of typography or philosophy: here the learner is referred to a wrong Plate, there to a wrong Figure, there again to both together, so that what should serve to explain only embroils: combined with these oversights, his divisions and definitions entangled and illogical, make the whole as it were one consolidated blunder. What, for example, does he mean by the Tudor arch being "described from four centres struck from the same diagonal line"? An arch may be struck, but not a centre; and whereabouts is that same diagonal line from which the four centres (even if these were arches) are to be struck? With similar precision we are told that the joints of a *Straight Arch* tend "to one centre,"—instead of different centres on one central line. Mr. Britton likewise confuses the *Horse-shoe* and *Semicircular* arches, beyond our leisure to describe: suffice it to say, that his references give the same diagram first one, then another of these titles, whilst it deserves neither.

He omits altogether *Stilted* arches, and the very common species *Segmental*, in his synopsis; stumbling elsewhere upon the latter, which he defines so as to confound it with all three—*horse-shoe*, *semicircular* and *stilted*.^{*} His article on "Towers" is also plentifully stocked with errors: telling us that "peels" are a term local to Scotland, though at page 115 he confines them to "the north of England"—that the spires of Bruges and Ghent "town-halls" are amongst the "most celebrated in the world," while both happen to want remarkable members of this kind. *Les Halles* indeed at Bruges having a lofty tower (not a spire), and the "celebrated" *Beffroi* (belfry) at Ghent, standing near the *Hôtel-de-Ville* (town-hall), but on the opposite side of the street. However, a more signal mistake is one which does not surprise us in Mr. Britton's work, as we meet it in all authors, learned and unlearned, save the single one of any authority—Moses: videlicet, that the Tower of Babel was a "kind of pyramid!" We apprehend very little can be determined at this day about said Tower—except that, if meant "to reach unto Heaven," it could not have been pyramidal. A "kind of pyramid" was precisely the one impossible form to builders who thought of reaching an illimitable height, for the smallest inclination of its sides to each other, must have soon brought them to a point. Even suppose the mighty builders before the Lord ignorant of such a self-evident truth, still the position were unsound; for what need of a *miracle* when the plan itself, being pyramidal, had put an end to the project without? Some writers enhance the absurdity by imagining Babel a "graduated" pyramid, which takes just so many steps the more to prove divine interposition superfluous, as the sides must have come just so much sooner together. That poets and painters and fabulous topographers should have adopted the pyramidal whimsy, is natural and unimportant; but it was the business of a sober modern archaeologist to expose, not re-echo the anti-scientific and anti-scriptural legend.

A work of this kind should, as a spelling-and-explanation book of architecture, be remarkable for correctness; but it is the author's prodigality of mistakes which rather amazes the reader, especially after assurance, by the preface, of so many years and so many co-operators exhausted in "fastidious" attempts at perfection. We cannot stop to brand page after page—a repulsive duty—yet may we, with the more plainness, censure this book for the number of its minute errors, and the magnitude of its chief ones, inasmuch as we have acknowledged that it is, perhaps, the best on its plan. A reprint would enable an adroit editor to amend various faults of commission; those of omission would need a system remodelled altogether. Among the latter we take leave to point out one more easily rectified than excused; there is not a single illustration of classic details, although the volume proclaims itself a dictionary of "Middle-age" architecture (which includes Italian classic), and the text contains both "Pagan and Christian" terms of the science. Mr. Britton had much better have limited himself to Gothic Architecture alone, for his treatment of Classic is meagre and futile, even compared with that to be found in the much-despised "Glossary," which gives several plates and cuts, so requisite to the student, that definitions without them are as unintelligible as *orantolan* dialect. Let us conclude by an attempt—not to render the darkness upon one of these subjects (scil. the term *Caryatides*) visible, for this is plain enough, but—to disperse it a little. Vitruvius has some foolish theory about *Caryan* bondwomen, which Mr. Gwilt well demolishes;

* "A segmental arch is one, the curve of which forms part of a circle!"—p. 418.

replacing it, however, by another hypothesis, from *Kuhnius*, almost as far-fetched—that these columnar figures represented the *Puella Anate*, Lacedæmonian girls who danced round the altar of Diana, at Caryæ. Where do we find the Lacedæmonian costume, the handle-bent arm, and the air of choral movement so improper to statuary supports, in these long-gowned, erect, steadfast-looking, architectonic forms? Propriety may be pronounced the very essence of Greek art: harmonious alliance between the natural and the figurative character of an object would scarce have been violated to such a degree: *Perseus* were slaves, *Atlantes* world-bearers, *Telamones* may have had a like import, from *ἄλως*, *toleros*, *suffero*. But that *Dancers* however solemn, that succinct huntress-virgins, slim, agile, and buoyant, should be selected for the pillars of a temple—for immovable upholders of a ponderous entablature—seems to us an architectural incoherency the Greeks had never sanctioned. Visconti proposes *κοπάι* (girls) as the root of caryatides—which expresses nothing of their peculiar character. Now we would submit, whether a yet more simple, but more efficient root is not furnished by the word *καρπ* (a head), that member supporting the weight, and distinguishing these figures particularly? In its declinable form, *καρπας*, whose genitive, from whence the family term comes, is *καρπατος*, this word gives *καρπατιδες*—which would itself slide into *καρπατιδες*, by a mistake in letters so like as *upsilon* and inverted *eta*. If our solution be right, the figures should henceforward bear the name *CAREATIDES*; and we can only account for this emendation having eluded the search of so many profound scholars and connoisseurs by its extreme obviousness, just as the name of a place on a map eludes keen eyes for a long time, because of its *large letters*. The primitive word not being a proper name, is, we think, unimportant. Perhaps, however, our conjecture has been often suggested, and despised.

Births, Deaths, and Marriages. By the Author of 'Sayings and Doings.' 3 vols. Bentley.

This is a tale of sentiment and sorrow, rather than of broad humour: and though Mr. Hook knows how to work both veins with equal skill, he too often permits the fortunes of the true-hearted, the generous, and the refined, to be traversed and controlled by the most detestable agents—beings without one glimpse of better nature to redeem their wholesale profligacy and meanness. Were we disposed for close criticism, we might insist on the unfitness of the bores, the pettifoggers, the money-getters, and the husband-hunters of broad farce, to be admitted into a story, whose interest is of a serious nature; but as it is the taste of the day, and as Mr. Hook always gives us personages, with a fidelity and a peculiarity all his own, we will make what we can of his Jacob Batleys and Brimmer Brasseys, without reference to the tale. Nor will we animadvert on the needless melancholy he has thrown into its catastrophe, or the needless inconsistencies with which he has chequered the conduct of its Othello and Desdemona; the novel being merely another version of the legend of ill-assorted marriage and jealousy; the "births" appearing only on its title-page.

It is, then, easiest for ourselves, and will be pleasantest for our readers, if we plunge at once into the dialogue between Brother John Batley, (a *quasi* man of the world,) and Brother Jacob Batley, (a man of business, all for his own money-bags, and his own dinners at the "Horn Tavern,") with which the tale opens:—

"Brother Jacob, having heard the history of Mortimer's flight and Lord Ellesmere's rejection,

* There were dancing Caryatides, i. e. *Caryan nymphs*, not statues—at least, not columnar.

made no twentieth man Had 'Paha, J. in a tripe hay:—d to me; t nobody: —and 'My dea altogether particul this very mer's in course, i; 'whatev 'why, th he rathe hands, a mystify that me necessari of galla sha'n't s Colonel —why sh insured v know, t very seri 'I don't already, 'My dea affection stock.' don't ca giddy gi a-half re said Joh underst to be i once too of sundi of whic clear an and the widow a bless yo mother. have m Jack; i I refer I sup shall no live—I I love street g 'You a mean,' do:—I carry m woman private paid fo as you times I said J. 'Not —exce why, a hang world life:— 'But, your a 'Fudg lings i I'm n —hey Obit i of wh do; I sensib I sho like n care t said J from 'Wh

made not a second, nor a third, but at least a twentieth effort to induce Jack to listen to Alderman Haddock's proposals for the dear deserted Dido. 'Psha, Jack!' said Jacob, 'I told you so:—cat in a tripe-shoot;—Jack-ass between two bundles of hay:—didn't know where to choose.' No difference to me; thank God! I have no daughter: I care for nobody; but you'll see the end of it, that's all I say, —and a pretty kettle of fish you'll make of it!' * * * 'My dear brother,' said Batley junior, 'you are altogether misinformed. Colonel Magnus, Mortimer's particular friend and intimate acquaintance, told me this very morning that he doubted the fact of Mortimer's intended absence, and hinted to me—this, of course, is *entre nous*.'—'Of course,' said Jacob, 'whatever that means.'—'Means, Jacob,' said John, 'why, that it goes no farther. He hinted to me that he rather thought Mortimer had an affair upon his hands, and had given out the history of his tour to mystify inquirers.'—'An affair!' said Jacob: 'Oh! that means, I suppose, another duel—not that it necessarily follows. An affair of honour!—an affair of gallantry. Ah!—well, you are safe with me; I shan't say a syllable about it. I don't care a fig if Colonel Mortimer is killed half a dozen times over;—why should I? I'm not going to fight, and haven't insured his life; it cannot make any difference, you know, to me.'—'No,' said Jack, 'but it would make a very serious difference to Helen.'—'Why,' said Jacob, 'I don't see that. She has contrived to catch two fools already,—why shouldn't she do the same thing again?'—'My dear brother,' said Jack, 'you speak of female affections as if they were as easily transferred as so much stock.'—'Stock, John!' said Jacob: 'no, no; you don't catch me comparing the fly-away fancies of a giddy girl with the four per cents, or the three and a-half reduced.'—'But the sentiment,—the feeling!' said John. 'Sentiment, my eye!' said Jacob; 'I don't understand what it means: I never knew what it was to be in love,—never shall, now. I admit that I once took a fancy to a widow at Wapping, in regard of sundry signs, Class A, lying in the London Docks, of which she was mistress; but I found it wasn't all clear and above-board,—and that she had a nephew, and there was a will to be disputed; so I left the widow and the craft,—but as for sentiment,—Lord bless your heart! she was old enough to be my grandmother, and so big that one of her own puncheons would have made her a tight pair of stays.'—'That's it,' said Jack; 'you have never felt the sort of passion to which I refer, and therefore cannot appreciate its power.'—'I suppose I haven't,' said Jacob: 'no matter; I shall never want for anybody to love as long as I live—always sure, too, of what you call a return—I love myself. As I say, of all the houses in the street give me Number one,—eh? that's my maxim.'—'You say so,' said John. 'Never say what I don't mean,' replied Jacob;—and another thing I never do,—never try to jump higher than my legs will carry me,—d'ye mark me, Jack? There isn't a man, woman, or child to whom I owe tenpence on my private account: I never drink my port till it's paid for:—no running over head and ears in debt, as you do, Jack:—however, as I've said a hundred times before, it's nothing to me.'—'Only, as a brother,' said Jack, 'you might perhaps take some interest.'—'Not I,' said Jacob, 'I never take any interest—except for my money;—and as for a brother,—why, we are all brothers, if you come to that:—and hang me if I know one of the family, large as the world is, who would stoop to pick up a pin to save my life;—I'm sure I wouldn't, to save any one of theirs.'—'But, surely,' said Jack, 'Helen deserves some of your affection: she is truly attached to you, and—'—'Fudge, Jack!' said Jacob, rattling all the shillings in his breeches-pocket:—'attached to me!—no, I'm not after *her* fashion—I don't live in "the world"—hey? She may be attached to me as Peter Post-Obit in the play is attached to his friends, in the hopes of what she may catch at my death:—but it won't do; I'm not to be had! No,—if she were a staid, sensible sort of a body, and would marry Haddock, I should say nothing to her:—but, no, the alderman, I care myself, is not a man of "the world"—not that I care three dumps for him, if you come to that.'—'Why,' said Jack, 'Helen's habits and manners are different from those of the alderman; and an accomplished girl'——'Accomplished fiddle-stick!' said the merchant. 'What are accomplishments? You over-educate

your girls,—teach them the learned languages,—make them dance like figure-girls,—what d'ye call 'em there,—all up and down the sides of the stage at the play-house, with a fringe to their stays which they call petticoats?—make them play and sing till their hearts ache:—and what for?—to catch husbands: that's it,—isn't it?—And more fools they who are to be so trapped.'—'I don't see that,' said Jack. 'Accomplishments in which amateurs now excel the professors of twenty years since, are?—'Accomplishments,' said the merchant, 'stuff! What are the accomplishments?—all very fine as baits,—lures,—temptations: but once let the accomplished girl be married—see, then, what happens. The husband is gained; a family is coming; and she thinks just as much of twanging her harp, tinkling her guitar, rattling her piano-forte, or colly-wobbling with her voice, as she does of flying: it's all pretence,—fighting under false colours. If Helen married Haddock'——'My dear Jacob,' again interrupted Batley junior:—'And, my dear Jack,' said Jacob, 'if you come to that—I say, even if she married this Mortimer—which, in course, she won't now,—she would never sing or play afterwards; nor would he ask her. Every thing is very fine till you have got it. A singing wife is like a piping bullfinch; great fun for your friends,—deuced tiresome to yourself.'

Shortly after this conversation, Brother John Batley manoeuvres Helen into a marriage with the Colonel Mortimer, whom Brother Jacob rates so far below Alderman Haddock: and the rest of the tale, so far as the principal personages are concerned, tends to disprove that most odious and poisonous of maxims, that "a reformed rake makes the best husband." Colonel Mortimer carries about with him, remembrances he dare not communicate—self-reproach, his pride forbids him to utter, which, early in the history, preclude that intimate cleaving together of husband and wife, so essential to permanent happiness. A fair and frail friend of former years, Madame St. Alme, is allowed to plant herself in his house, and do the work of the Iago, and the final result may be easily guessed—mistrust, separation, and too late forgiveness. The lively parts of the book are episodical, and concern John Batley's dealings with his impenetrable brother, and his own second marriage, in the conduct of which, there will be found not a few of those *Hooks* which must catch the reader, be he ever so sad and solemn. To explain the following scene, it is merely necessary to add, that Brother Jacob had taken an apparently disinterested part in promoting the marriage, and that Brassey is the above-mentioned pettifogger of the piece,—and as might be expected from his creator, a radical as well as a scoundrel:—

"Now come we to the point:—the carriages,—the bride,—the bride's maids,—the friends, the few, the select few,—and the procession to the church, where the Bishop met the *cortège*. The ceremony was performed: there was no crying; the affair went on without sensation; and the party returned to Grosvenor Street, Bishop and all,—the Bishop's lady, however, being unable to join the party on account of a dreadful cold. Down they sat. Gunter had been active, and had done his best on Jack's limited scale: there were high baskets and low baskets, and silver absurdities and tinsel absurdities, and pink fooleries and white fooleries, and all the other trasheries out of which a fashionable confectioner contrives to make a fortune, drawn from the pockets of an aristocracy whose best-paid tradesmen are generally their bitterest political enemies: and the thing went on, or rather off, extremely well; and the new Mrs. Batley looked marvellously pretty. * *

"Mr. Brimmer Brassey, who cared no more, spiritually speaking, for a bishop than a beef-eater, loved him outrageously only because he was a lord; and therefore contrived, by one of those very extraordinary manoeuvres which such men sometimes perform, to get next his lordship at the *déjeuner*. Helen doing the honours, the Bishop sat on her right, the bride on his lordship's right, and next the bride, Brassey. The bride shortly disappeared to prepare for her change of costume, and the party still remained: thus came Brimmer Brassey next the

Bishop. The Bishop poured a few drops of wine into his glass, and, rising from his chair, proposed the healths of the newly-married couple. How the toast was received, nobody can doubt. Jacob, who had never been in company with a bishop before,—except, indeed, in the shape of a tankard of burnt port-wine, with a roasted Seville orange stuck full of cloves swimming in the middle of it,—did not know how to get on: not so, Brassey. His lordship having agreed to wait until the 'young people' took their departure for St. Leonard's, where they proposed to pass the honeymoon, Brassey, finding himself so conveniently placed, in the very first lull of a conversation not particularly lively, looking the Bishop full in the face, twiddling one of his horse-hair whiskers with his finger and thumb at the same moment, said, *à propos* to nothing, and in a tone of perfect confidence,—'I say, my lord, what does your lordship think of the voluntary principle,—eh?' The Bishop looked a good deal surprised, and began folding and unfolding the napkin which he held in his hand: after a moment, he bowed, and smiled graciously, and said,—'I really am not prepared to answer that question. I'—Batley, who had, previously to the *déjeuner*, undressed himself and re-dressed for the journey, looked, as the sailors say, 'marling-spikes' at the attorney; but that did nothing: he had got hold of a bishop to work, and a lord to talk to.—'Because,' continued he, 'my lord, what I wanted to say to your lordship is this, my lord:—if, my lord, your lordship will only put your lordship's nose out of your lordship's *charrot winder*, as your lordship goes down to the House of Lords, your lordship will see, if your lordship will but look'——'I believe,' said the Bishop, 'Mrs. Batley is waiting for us: at least, the carriage is'—'Ay, ay,' said Brassey, 'that's it, my lord. I never can find one of your lordships to'——'I appeal to you, Lady Bembridge,' said the Bishop, 'if we ought to talk or think of anything this morning but the happiness we anticipate for our friends.'—'Why,' said Lady Bembridge, 'I never give an opinion; but, when a ceremony of this sort takes place, it is certainly understood that the object of the meeting is confined to the particular celebration of the'——'Oh! dear, here comes our charming Mrs. Batley!'—'I beg your pardon!' said Brassey to Jack, who shrank from his appeal with a horror the most sensitive,—'Mr. Grub, will you? What was to happen, Jack did not justly understand. 'It is just merely to sign the settlement-deed,' said Brassey. 'Will you ask Mrs. Batley to come?—it is all ready in the back parlour. Grub will be witness.'—'Oh! to be sure,' said Jack, delighted that something like business gave the horrid Brassey a momentary claim upon his attention:—'shall I call her?'—'If you please,' said Brassey, doing up his hair with his fingers. Batley called Teresa, and Teresa came,—and so did Jacob; and then there were Teresa, and Batley, and Jacob, and Grub, and Brassey; and there was the deed of settlement, drawn according to the draft submitted to Jack; and Jack signed it, and Teresa signed it, and Grub witnessed it, and Brassey certified it: and then Jacob kissed Teresa, and so did Batley; and so did Brassey, which Jack did not much like; and so did Grub, which Jack did not like at all;—however, it was all settled and done, and the carriage was quite ready,—the man and the maid packed up in the rumble. The Bishop stepped forward, and, offering his arm to the bride, led her to the steps. 'By Jove! sir,' said Brassey to Batley, 'what a fortunate man you are!—that woman,—eh?—and her devotion to you!'—'Yes,' said Batley, 'yes, in a sort of pooh-poohing way, and endeavouring to shake off his toady.'—'But, Mr. Batley,' said he, with an expression of countenance which attracted his attention, 'you do not know, as I believe, how much you really do owe her; and I ought to tell you.'—'How do you mean?' said Jack.—'A proof of her devotion,' said Brassey, 'which is, as we say at the Slap-bang Club, entirely unequivocal. That kind-hearted creature had a jointure of fifteen hundred pounds a-year so long as she remained a widow, to be reduced one-half when she married again: that, Mr. Batley, she has sacrificed for you; and I was sworn never to let you know the extent of her disinterestedness till the affair was irrevocable.'—'Sacrifice half her jointure!' said Jack, '—amiable, excellent woman!—this is a proof of her affection. But to whom does the other seven

undred and fifty pounds per annum revert!—'To our brother Jacob,' said Brassey."

We had marked for extract, some of the contents of the Sadgrove Letter-bag,—in particular he discreet Mr. Swing's epistle,—but it would make us extend our notice beyond all reasonable limits.

Thirteenth Annual Report of the Prison Discipline Society, Boston [U.S.] London, Kennett.

It is not many months since we had occasion to notice some of the preceding Reports of this excellent Society, but the subject of its labours is so important, and the additions made in this pamphlet to our previous information concerning it so interesting, that we cannot withhold from the public a brief abstract. In doing so, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to facts.

We are gratified, in the first place, to see that the interest taken in the subject is increasing, and, what is better, manifesting its reality in a practical adoption of many of the improvements, as far and as fast as they can be fairly ascertained. In the Poor Lunatic department, several separate asylums have been established in different States during the last season, and others are proposed to be built. The one started in Vermont two years ago has been highly successful. The Report before us gives the cured cases for the first season; and we find, from a yet later publication of the Asylum itself, that during the second year the cured recent cases have been more than eighty per cent.; meaning by "recent" within six months, we believe. All the authorities continued to lay great stress on the earliest possible attention being paid to these patients. The superintendent of the McLean (subscription) Hospital, in Boston, says,—

"The proportion of recoveries, of those discharged during the past year, has been, in recent cases, (by recent cases, at the McLean Asylum, is meant those of not more than one year's standing,) 86½ per cent.; of old cases, 38 per cent.; and of all, about 71 per cent.;—a measure of success which, it is believed, will not be found to have been exceeded in the annals of institutions of this kind."

Last February a Report was made in the Legislature of Upper Canada, recommending an establishment. The Committee thus state the results of their inquiries:—

"In Germany, 31 per cent.; in France 43 per cent.; in Great Britain, 35 per cent.; in the Massachusetts State Lunatic Hospital, 55 per cent. These averages, of course, included all cases, whether old or new. According to the returns of the Connecticut Retreat for the Insane, in which the old cases are distinguished from the more recent, the proportion of recoveries, from the foundation of the institution up to the year 1834, was, in new cases, 90 per cent., and in old cases about 27 per cent. It is remarked by Dr. Woodward, who presides over the Massachusetts Lunatic Hospital, that 'in recent cases of insanity, under judicious treatment, as large a proportion of recoveries take place as from any other acute disease of equal severity.' He further says, 'The records of this institution show that the first three months of the first year of the disease afford two chances of a cure, where the last three months of a year do one.'"

We learn from a Report of a Committee of the Connecticut Legislature, that asylums are now erecting in Maine, Vermont, and Ohio; and that they have been recently erected in Kentucky, South Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee.

In the State Prisons reforms appear to be going forward, and in several we notice a decided diminution in the number of prisoners. The following statement, for example, refers to the great state prison of New York:—

"Number of prisoners in 1837, 753; average number for the last six years, (extending as far back as the time when the Prison was finished and fully

occupied,) 814; showing a very considerable diminution in the number of prisoners. The Prison contains 1,000 cells, and, on the 30th of September, 1831, the inspectors reported to the governor, that the number of convicts at one time, during the year then past, had exceeded 1,000; and that it might be fairly estimated, that the number would not fall short, in the course of the following year, of 1,200. We see, then, how very pleasantly these painful apprehensions have been dispelled, and how great cause of gratitude is found in the fact, that the number, instead of increasing to 1,200, has diminished to 753."

The exceptions to this general state of things are among the most remarkable features of the Report. One is in the "coloured" population of the prisons, which, in most cases, is apparently greatly out of proportion to the white, and becoming more so rather than otherwise. At Weathersfield (Connecticut), for instance, the average of coloured convicts is about 50 out of 190 in all; say 26 per cent., in a state where the proportion of the same population at large does not, we apprehend, exceed 5 per cent. Again, at Auburn,—

"Number of coloured persons committed in 1837, 30; average number of coloured persons committed in ten years, 22; showing an increase of the number of coloured persons committed."

At Sing Sing,—

"Coloured persons, about 1 to 5 of the whole number. This is a general average, according to the statement of the warden."

This is in the state of New York, where the proportion ought not to be much greater than in Connecticut. In the New Jersey Penitentiary the coloured convicts are more than a third of the whole—an immense disproportion. The explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in social circumstances peculiar to America; nor is it now first developed. It has been long known that criminality among the coloured population, and at the same time mortality and pauperism, were very great as compared with those of the whites. It is so as compared with the *slave* population: for we have been speaking almost exclusively of the *free* blacks. The reason is obvious. These people are a degraded, despised race, and they deeply feel almost universally the effect of the estimation they are held in—and it may be doubted whether even of late years they are more comfortably situated than before, for though great efforts are made in their behalf, more are made directly by their friends towards the abolition of *slavery*, and it seems likely that they will have to await that consummation before their condition will be essentially improved.

The other remarkable exception to the general state of the prisons, &c., referred to above, is worthy of special note. We allude to the celebrated new Penitentiary in Philadelphia, and the working of the system to which it has given its name. Much interest is felt in this matter among ourselves, as sufficiently appears in a letter addressed to the Society by Mr. Samuel Hoare. The Report remarks that this gentleman supposed them to be "converts to the *separate system*"; and this they say they *denied*. Since that denial, the Ninth Report of the Penitentiary has appeared, and they gather fresh argument from it against the establishment and the system. They consider that—

"On the whole, the Ninth and last Report of the New Penitentiary of Philadelphia is the most unfavourable ever made concerning this institution:—unfavourable in regard to deaths; unfavourable in regard to dementia; unfavourable in regard to recommitments; unfavourable in regard to current expenses; unfavourable in regard to moral and religious instruction."

The number of commitments in the last year has very much exceeded the average; that of recommitments, the same. An extraordinary

number of cases of dementia has appeared this season—no less than fourteen. The cost is unsatisfactory in a corresponding degree; and, on the whole, the system has decidedly lost ground. In Michigan, where they are to have a new Penitentiary, the legislative Commissioners, after discussing the merits of the different plans,—

"Respectfully propose, that the Auburn system of discipline, and general plan of building, be adopted by the legislature of the state of Michigan. The expense of building a Prison on this plan will be much less than it would be, were the Philadelphia system adopted. After the Prison is completed, the earnings of the convicts will at least be equal to the expenses of the Prison. We find no evidence that the reformatory character of the Auburn system is not quite equal to that of the Philadelphia system."

We have spoken of expense. This consideration is not to be forgotten—other things of greater moment being first determined. The Reports in this respect generally continue satisfactory. Of six or seven of the State Prisons specially named, the receipts exceed the expenditure in about half. In others, the balance is not ascertained distinctly. At the Connecticut, the net income to the state in ten years exceeds 56,000 dollars. At Sing Sing,—

"Earnings above expenses for general support, including salary of the officers, \$17,760 17. Earnings above all expenses, including building materials for male and female Prisons, \$3,046 67; support of female prisoners at Bellevue, \$3,622 28; and transportation of prisoners to sheriffs, \$3,431 50. Earnings above all expenses here named, and general support, including salary of the officers, \$6,654 62."

In the Kentucky Penitentiary the net gain for a few years exceeded 72,000 dollars. This phenomenon, again, indicates, as we hardly need suggest, a social state of things peculiar in some degree to the American states, as well as a degree of good management which is highly creditable to the parties concerned. We know of no reason to suspect that money-making is at all regarded as an *object* in any of these institutions. It is, as it should be, simply an *effect*.

In one establishment the old practice of shaving half the head of the prisoners is continued, and the Society reprehend it in the most unqualified terms. The mild, moral system of government is getting more and more into favour, as decidedly as in the Insane Asylums. The Report speaks highly of the House of Correction at South Boston:—

"Mr. Livingston, who is now dead, has written a pamphlet, nearly the whole of which is occupied with an attempt to prove that every Prison, conducted on the Auburn plan, depends for the success and perfection of its discipline upon stripes. Now, so far from this, here is a prison, with 250 prisoners, which has been in operation four years, where stripes have not been inflicted in a solitary instance. There are only six keepers, including the master, and clerk, and two matrons. There is not a gun and bayonet, sword or pistol, cow-hide, cat or whip of small cords, gag, restraining chair, hand-cuffs, stocks, or any other instrument of restraint, punishment, or torture, about the establishment. The master says,—'No corporal punishment is or ever has been inflicted. Solitary confinement, without bed or blanket, with rations of bread and water only, has never failed to produce the desired effect, even in the most refractory. For the less offences, the prisoner is punished by being deprived of certain meals, and kept, at work, or by changing the situation, and placing him or her among those who are considered more degraded. The last has been found quite effectual with the junior part of the prisoners. By far a great majority of the punishments are among those committed for short periods. Those sentenced for years, it is seldom, with few exceptions, found necessary to punish or even reprimand.'"

The Society thus notice the progress of similar views in regard to legislation:—

"The legislation of all the states is tending to a milder system, and a diminution of cases in which

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the awful punishment of death is inflicted. There is scarcely an exception to this remark; and it is particularly gratifying to know that in Rhode Island, during the last year, a very mild criminal code, conformed in its general character to the criminal code of Pennsylvania, has been substituted for its old and barbarous code of whipping, setting in the pillory, branding with a hot iron, cropping the ears, and hanging for many offences, which continued to be the law on the face of the statute book, whatever it might have been in practice, till within a few months."

The Massachusetts Prison at Charlestown has long held a high rank among these institutions. We notice in this Report a minute schedule of more than twenty cases of what would appear to be ascertained *reform in discharged convicts*—a fact most gratifying and encouraging. For example:—

"A native of —, Mass. Convicted of murder, in Boston, and sentenced to be hung. Sentence commuted to State Prison for life, and he committed to State Prison, Feb. 1825. Sentence remitted, and he discharged from Prison, Jan. 1837. Before conviction, had lived a very dissolute life. In Prison, conduct generally very orderly and good. Since discharge, has lived mostly in —, with —, Habits correct: industrious; and has the entire confidence of his employers. Age, about 41."

Again:—

"Convicted in Boston, of an assault, with intent to murder, Feb. 1833, and sentenced to State Prison for 3 years. Discharged, on expiration of sentence, May, 1836. He was born in New Orleans. Quite ignorant and intemperate. In Prison, was orderly. Since his discharge, has worked at stone-cutting in Boston. Very industrious, temperate, trustworthy, and has laid up several hundred dollars, besides defraying his necessary expenses."

There are other points touched on in this document, which we should be glad to notice,—such as some curious details as to the proportions of prisoners, native and foreign,—expenses of establishments, &c., and from these useful practical lessons might be gathered, for home benefit; but we have perhaps done enough by directing public attention to the document.

Language and Literature of Italy. By Professor Carlo Pepoli. Taylor & Walton.

Count Pepoli, as is probably known to most of our readers, was a distinguished professor at the University of Bologna, and is now an exile from his beautiful country—one of many martyrs in the cause of civilization and humanity. He has lately, we rejoice to find, been appointed a professor at University College, and the pamphlet before us contains his Inaugural Lecture. The interest of the subject is not more unquestionable, than the ability of Count Pepoli to do it justice. The proposed course is to be, on the 'Philology and Philosophy of the Italian Language, and Literature.' But, says the Professor,—

"The literature of a nation is a result which becomes the real or modifying symbol of its social condition. Consequently, in my attempt to point out the origin of the Italian language, it will be necessary to enter into an examination of the conflicting philosophical and philological hypotheses which derive it from such contrary elements,—from the Greek, the Latin, the Celtic, and many others; and pausing at the very commencement, it will be requisite to pass in review the various people who seized, and, amid blood, burnings, and devastation, worked the ruin or improvement of my most beautiful country. Pursuing thus my plan of conducting Language and Literature side by side with History, I shall secure a wide field for the demonstration of all that requires proof; including an immense variety, which, comprehending the progress of religion, philosophy, politics, in fact, the whole objective and subjective progress of Italy, will nevertheless exhibit distinctly that unity of conception, expressed in the term *Literature*, which I purpose showing you to be the summary, the symbol, the physiognomy of a nation in all its phases."

The Professor, with sound philosophy, points out how comprehensive is the word "literature;" how literature, language, art, and history throw light on each other, and that a knowledge of all is essential to a clear understanding of either. Thus—

"Monuments," he observes, "are the seal of history: with this view, therefore, it appears, that we should investigate not only history written, but history painted, history sculptured. Painting, architecture, sculpture,—these are history; these are poetry; these, the highest literature. We cannot become priests of literature; we cannot be even adepts, without a capacity to feel the Beautiful in all its forms, in all the streams which Art has poured forth in Paintings, in Marbles, and the harmonies of Sound! Our hearts thrill equally at the descriptions of the disasters of Francesca, of the misfortunes of Ugolino, in Dante, as at the sight of the Slaughter of the Innocents, by Guido. The painting of the Transfiguration by the hand of Sanzio, and the thoughts expressed by the Bard of Vauchuse, seize us with equal force, and with like rapture transport us to heaven. I will add, that among our sculptors, painters, poets, there is so strong a spirit of fraternity, that their souls seem often transfused into each other. The poem of Dante, and the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, appear to be the conception of the same mind. The charms of Laura, described by Petrarcha, are exhibited in all the female figures painted by Raphael. The imagination of Ariosto appears the same with that of Paul Veronese and Tintoretto. In force of description, richness of imagery, simplicity and elevation of style, Tasso has been called the rival of Homer and Virgil: Voltaire has even asserted that he surpasses them in the perfect unity of his poem, and in the philosophy of his characters. Leonardo da Vinci, in his painting of the Last Supper, resembles the genius of Tasso! It is unnecessary to repeat, that the essential principles of Art and Literature being similar, their results are analogous. Michael Angelo said that it was in the study of Dante he acquired the art of painting, sculpture, and architecture; Galileo affirmed that through painting he became enamoured of astronomy, and he was so skilled in painting, perspective, and music, that he was consulted by the most eminent artists, by Empoli, Bronzino, and Papignano,—and Cigoli said it was from Galileo that he learned all he knew of painting; Alfieri states that his tragic genius was first awakened and aroused by music, which he heard at Turin; Leonardo da Vinci said that music and song inspired him with the love of philosophy and painting. The peculiar character of the fabulous muse of antiquity had its origin in the analogy of these elements. In connexion with these views I shall adduce a multitude of facts, proofs, and anecdotes peculiarly connected with the subject of my lectures, which I shall make the vehicle of a descriptive portraiture of Italy; and thus, through the material beauties in the works of the Fine Arts, we shall discover the individual who formed them, with the moral state, local and general, of society, by which he was inspired and impelled. We shall consider thus the reaction of the artist upon the people, and of the people upon the artist; we shall study the man in monuments, and monuments in the man."

These are truths which we have often endeavoured to enforce on public attention.

In apology for, rather than in praise of modern Italian literature, the Professor observes:—

"Here we enter the precincts of the modern Italian Literature. I cannot deny that it is not so rich as might be desired; but neither is it so poor as many assert. The modern Literature of Italy must be contemplated with reference to the political condition of the country. Many bring charges against it without comprehending it; and others repeat those charges without verifying them. * * I shall undoubtedly be able to show clearly that knowledge, that the intellectual movement, though impeded and checked, has struggled to release itself from its fetters, from the multiplied hostile political combinations, and from the numberless censorships purposely established by despotism. I could place before your eyes many books defiled with seven Imprimaturs: and whoever looks on these will see in them (if the comparison be not too old) the seven heads of the

Hydra of despotism endeavouring to oppose the intellectual development and social progress of Italy, and to prevent its assuming its proper rank among nations. Besides the books with these seven imprimaturs, I could show you some, printed in the Dukedom of Modena, which have the stamp of the police as well as that of the ecclesiastical censor on the title-page, and again at the end; and there exists a law by which it is prohibited to lend books (even thus stamped!) to any person. Permission must be obtained from the Government! It happens sometimes in Italy, that a book which is sanctioned in a particular state is forbidden twenty miles off! I have still in my possession one of those books, which are the torment of the poor poet or other writer, because he is obliged to conform the expression of his ideas to the exigencies of the music. I allude to a lyrical drama, a *libretto*, the libretto of *I Puritani* which I wrote for my beloved friend Bellini, and which, with a translation into French, English, German, and Spanish, has been printed in various parts of Europe, at New York in America, and Algiers in Africa, without blemish or mutilation. In Italy, however, in my own country, my innocent *libretto* was printed indeed; but with so many mutilations and changes, and in so barbarous a guise, that even I, who composed it, did not know it again. The reverend office of the Holy Inquisition, or the non-reverend Commissary of Police, expunged the word *libertà*, and substituted (Heaven knows with what good sense!) the word *illarità* or *lealtà*. Nor was this enough! The word *Patria*, Fatherland, also has been stupidly, or rather sacrilegiously, removed from every verse in which it occurred. These and other examples of the same kind would only move to laughter, if grief and indignation were not roused by the consideration of the debased condition of a people whose nation is divided, and who are forbidden to pronounce the word *Patria*, Fatherland."

Under circumstances like these, we cannot wonder at the comparative weakness of the modern literature of Italy, but rather that she has a literature at all; that men will dare persecution, in the endeavour to execute the mission which "Heaven confides to the man of letters."

Hymns and Fire-side Verses. By Mary Howitt. Darton & Clark.

We are thoroughly pleased with this little book: in its illustrations it is not equal to the 'Birds and Flowers,' to which it serves for companion. But Mary Howitt has never written better for children, than in some of its hymns and ballads. Time and use have, as yet, done nothing to abate the scriptural simplicity, the freshness, and the fantasy which have always made us rank her so high among contemporary poetesses. Our favourite among these 'Fire-side Verses' is not the long ballad—a legend of a child-missionary—with which they begin, but such poems as 'Old Christmas,' and the 'Two Estates,' true English strains, in which "cloth of gold" and "cloth of frieze" are bidden to consider each other's condition—not with mutual envy and suspicion, but in a spirit of true-hearted, brotherly kindness. Here is the opening of the Christmas ballad:—

Now he who knows old Christmas,
He knows a carle of worth;
For he is as good a fellow,
As any upon the earth!

He comes warm cloaked and coated,
And buttoned up to the chin,
And soon as he comes a-nigh the door,
We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fall us,
So we sweep the hearth up clean;
We set him the old armed chair,
And a cushion whereon to lean.
And with sprigs of holly and ivy
We make the house look gay,
Just out of an old regard to him,—
For it was his ancient way.

We broach the strong ale barrel,
And bring out wine and meat;
And thus have all things ready,
Our dear old friend to greet.

He comes with a cordial voice,
That does one good to hear;
He shakes one heartily by the hand,
As he hath done many a year.

'The Dream' is a poem of higher and more spiri-

tual order; but, for quotation, the following will serve our purpose better:—

Corn-Fields.

In the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst;
When blue-bells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first;
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.
But when the merry spring is past,
And summer growth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold,
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.
But then as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden-beds
The red-rose growth wanes,
And hollyhock and sunflowers fall
O'ertop the mossy garden-wall:
When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down;
O, then what joy to walk at will,
Upon that golden harvest-hill!
What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new-shorn,
And see all round on sun-lit slopes,
The piled-up shocks of corn,
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.
I feel the day; I see the field;
The quivering of the leaves;
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.
I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending under their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.
Again, I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight:
God's living gift of love unto
The kind, good Shunamite;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.
The sun-bathed quiet of the hills;
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see,
And the dear Saviour take his way
Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.
O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem!—
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream;
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there!

We have often spoken of Mary Howitt's fairy ballads, but have never hitherto been able to quote one, so that our utilitarian readers will have no cause to complain if we now devote some space to the tale of a child on Midsummer-day, sent on a mission something akin to Little Red Riding Hood's, and cautioned by her mother to "do her spitting" gently and carefully, because it was the time—

When all the fairy people
From elf-land come away.

Away tripped little Mabel,
With the wheaten cake so fine;
With the new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot,
And morning mists had cleared,
Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good-will,
How that the father was away,
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread;
And next she fed the dog and bird;
And then she made the bed.

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,
And bring in water for the day;
Thou know'st the lady-well!"

The first time that good Mabel went,
Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird—a sky-blue bird—
That sate upon a tree.

The next time that good Mabel went,
There sate a lady bright
Beside the well—a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A curtsy low made Mabel,
And then she stooped to fill
Her pitcher at the sparkling spring,
But no drop did she spill.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said;
"Thou hast not spilled a drop, nor yet
The fair spring troubled!"

"And for this thing which thou hast done,
Yet mayst not understand,
I give to thee a better gift
Than houses or than land.

"Thou shalt do well, whatever thou dost,
As thou hast done this day;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved away!"

Thus having said, she passed from sight,
And nought could Mabel see,
But the little bird, the sky-blue bird,
Upon the leafy tree.

—"And now go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in faggots dry;
All in the neighbouring fir-wood,
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind, good Mabel,
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown,
And the grass grew thin and sere.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull,
But steadily, of the fallen boughs
She picked her apron full.

And when the wild-wood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence as she was told,
With home-thoughts sweet and kind.

But all that while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood,
And strove to do no ill.

"And oh, but she is small and neat,"
Said one, "twere shame to spito
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite!"

"Look only," said another,
"At her little gown of blue;
At the kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her little shoe!"

"Oh, but she is a comely child,"
Said a third, "and we will lay
A good-luck-penny in her path,
A boon for her this day,—
Seeing she broke no living wood;
No live thing did affray!"

With that the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,
Upon the dry and slippery path,
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy penny good;
And with her faggots dry and brown
Went wondering from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever so dear,
Will buy her clothes of the very best,
For many and many a year!"

—"And go, now," said the grandmother,
"since falling is the dew,
Go down unto the lonesome glen,
And milk the mother-ewe!"

All down into the lonesome glen,
Through copes thick and wild;
Through moist, rank grass, by trickling streams,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry-flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern.

And while she milked the mother-ewe
Within the lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy-folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as the midge's wing,
That spake aloud, "a human child
Is here—yet mark this thing!"

"The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry-flower unta'en!
What shall be done for her, who still
From mischief can refrain?"

"Give her a fairy-cake!" said one,
"Grant her a wish!" said three;
"The latest wish that she hath wished,"
Said all, "what'er it be!"

"Kind Mabel heard the words they spake,
And from the lonesome glen,
Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus happened it to Mabel
On that Midsummer-day,
And these three fairy-blessings
She took with her away.

—"Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind!"

We know not how many, in the present exciting times, will like the above; but to us it is rest and refreshment, in the midst of so much that is false, faded, and affected in rhyme, to come upon such an utterance of heart and fancy—he it even in the unobtrusive form of what our friend Hood calls "babe-reading."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Observations on the Genus Unio, by Isaac Lea.—A continuation of Mr. Lea's remarks on the Uniones and allied genera indigenous to North America, embracing much valuable matter, tending to elucidate the history of, and enlarge our acquaintance with, this singular tribe of fresh-water molluscs. The illustrations are very numerous, comprising two or three hundred lithographic figures, principally coloured, and of which the execution is, generally speaking, very good. Although the present appears as a distinct work, the entire contents are given in the American Philosophical Transactions, the author, we suppose, being allowed to appropriate and publish separately a portion of the impression. This arrangement, though in some respects objectionable, may in the present instance be considered expedient, from the length to which the memoir extends and the great expense of the accompanying illustrations. Mr. Lea's views as to the natural divisions into which the Uniones should be separated, are not very decisive, but the family (Naiades) will probably for a long time to come give systematic conchologists an opportunity of exercising their ingenuity. Twenty-three plates are appropriated to the Uniones, and one containing about fifty figures to the genera Paludina, Bulimus, Helix, &c.

Coleopterist's Manual, by the Rev. F. W. Hope.—The object of this work is to indicate the modern genera to which the Scarabaei and Lucani of older writers should be referred, and to supply a list of the localities of the species. In an order of insects of such prodigious extent as the Coleoptera, much confusion will, in many instances, naturally attend the synonymy, and entomologists will feel grateful to Mr. Hope for having contributed to its removal. His labour, however, has only commenced, and with the ample opportunities at his command, we trust he will go on. A magnificent species of Goliathus forms a frontispiece to the book; and there are other plates relating to genera, for the first time made public.

The Wonders of Geology, by Gideon Mantell, Esq. 2 vols.—The title of this book is certainly well selected, for the 'Wonders of Geology' might be thought a desirable accompaniment to any other work chosen from the Principles, Elements, Introductions, Catechisms, and Preliminary Treatises, intended to aid the first steps of the beginner. Undoubtedly, however, if any one has a right to appropriate the above title, it is Mr. Mantell, for no English geologist has hit upon so many wonders as himself. The Hyleosaurus and gigantic *Iguanodon*, that have so long kept their court at Brighton, have lately become metropolitan residents; and as many of our readers will probably pay a visit to these monsters of the "pre-Adamite" times, we recommend them to become previously acquainted with their history through the medium of these two pleasing volumes.

List of New Books.—Jones's Scripture Directory, new edit. 5s. bds.—Thoughts for the Day, 1st series, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians Explained, by G. B. 3s. cl.—Notes of a Wanderer in Search of Health, by W. E. Cumming, 2 vols. post 8vo. 5s. cl.—Job and His Times, by Thomas Wemyss, 8vo. 8s. cl.—Scott's Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 6th edit. 12mo. 5s. bds.—Blakesley's Life of Aristotle, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Lectures of Eminent Persons, selected by R. A. Willems, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Browne on the Oxford Divines, 8s. 6d. cl.—Lover's Songs and Ballads, 8s. 6d. cl.—Wallace's Geometrical Theorems and Formulas, 8vo. 6s. bds.—The Shunamite, by Rev. Henry Woodward, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Phillips's Lectures on Air, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. CXIII. 'History of England, Vol. IX.' 6s. cl.—Deerbrook, by H. Martineau, 3 vols. post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Author's Printing and Publishing Assistant, 6s. 2s. 6d. cl.—Lindsay's Coinage of Ireland, 4to. 18s. bds.—Cousin's Elements of Psychology, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Library of American Poets, 'Dawes,' 8vo. 8s. cl.—Wayland's Elements of Moral Science, 8vo. 9s. cl.—Reminiscences of a Tour in Germany, &c., 8vo. 16s. cl.

[ADVERTISEMENT].—Carey's National Histories, Vol. II. On the 15th, price 7s. 6d. cloth. THE HISTORY OF FRANCE (from the earliest period), by Emile de Bonnechose. The two volumes of the French Edition comprised in the one of the Translation. C. Tilt, London.

6 A.M.	21
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Meteorological Observations made at the Apartments of the Royal Society, Somerset House, for 25 successive hours, commencing 6 A.M. of the 21st of March, 1839, and ending 6 A.M. of the following day.

(Greenwich mean time.)

By Mr. J. D. ROBERTSON, Assistant Secretary, Royal Society.

Hours of Observation.	Barom. corrected. Flint Glass.	Barom. corrected. Crown Glass.	Atmos. Ther.	Extern. Ther.	Old Standard Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Difference of Wet & Dry Bulb Ther.	Dew Point.	Rain in Inches.	Wind.	REMARKS.
6, A.M.	29.541	29.533	43.7	42.7	29.570	44.0	00.8	39		W	Fine—light clouds and wind.
7, ..	29.563	29.555	44.3	44.8	29.594	44.7	01.5	39		SW	Lightly cloudy—light wind.
8, ..	29.568	29.560	44.7	45.6	29.602	45.0	01.9	40		S	Ditto ditto.
9, ..	29.577	29.569	45.2	46.7	29.612	45.5	02.3	40		SW	Overcast—light brisk wind.
10, ..	29.580	29.570	45.4	48.0	29.619	45.9	02.7	40		W	Fine—light clouds and wind.
11, ..	29.580	29.572	46.3	50.7	29.621	46.9	03.7	41		W	Lightly overcast—brisk wind.
12, ..	29.589	29.581	46.7	51.4	29.633	47.6	04.3	42		W var.	Dark heavy clouds—brisk wind.
1, P.M.	29.586	29.578	47.8	49.8	29.639	48.5	03.8	42		NW	(Fine—light clouds and wind—light showers.
2, ..	29.582	29.574	47.7	52.7	29.625	48.7	05.5	44		NW	Cloudy—light wind.
3, ..	29.584	29.576	47.6	51.8	29.635	48.8	04.3	43		NW	Overcast—light wind.
4, ..	29.585	29.577	47.4	51.5	29.631	47.6	05.0	44		W	Cloudy—light wind.
5, ..	29.591	29.583	47.4	50.7	29.633	48.5	05.0	44		W	Ditto ditto.
6, ..	29.595	29.588	47.5	49.7	29.635	48.4	04.7	43		W	Ditto ditto.
7, ..	29.603	29.595	47.3	49.0	29.637	48.2	04.1	46		NW	Overcast—light wind.
8, ..	29.599	29.589	47.3	48.3	29.631	48.0	03.2	45		NW	Ditto ditto.
9, ..	29.593	29.587	47.3	47.0	29.629	47.8	03.5	46			Ditto ditto.
10, ..	29.589	29.579	47.2	46.8	29.627	47.8	03.3	50			Ditto ditto.
11, ..	29.583	29.573	47.4	45.8	29.615	47.8	01.9	51			Ditto ditto.
12, ..	29.558	29.552	47.6	45.7	29.599	48.0	01.4	48			Ditto ditto.
1, A.M.	29.559	29.549	48.9	46.2	29.599	48.7	01.5	47			Ditto ditto.
2, ..	29.555	29.547	49.8	46.3	29.607	49.8	01.2	47			Ditto ditto.
3, ..	29.571	29.563	50.3	44.4	29.613	50.2	02.9	43			Fine and starlight—light wind.
4, ..	29.578	29.568	50.6	43.4	29.627	50.4	03.8	42			Overcast—light wind.
5, ..	29.581	29.573	51.0	42.7	29.629	50.7	03.5	42			Dark heavy clouds—light wind.
6, ..	29.605	29.587	51.2	42.7	29.651	50.8	03.4	41	.016	W	Fine—light clouds and wind.
	29.576	29.571	47.5	47.4	29.621	47.9	03.2	43.6	.016		

The observations of the Barometer (Flint and Crown Glass) are severally corrected for temperature, as also for Capillarity.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 20th of March, 1839.

The vicissitudes to which literary men are liable in France, if numerous, are not very heart-rending: for one who breathes his last in an hospital, there are twenty whom Fortune, in her more giddy freaks, raises to the first offices in the state. Of the entire list of French ministers since 1830, and it is a pretty long one, there are not more than two or three names which had not adorned the title-page of some political brochure before they figured at the bottom of Louis-Philippe's ordinances. Chateaubriand, Thiers, Guizot, &c. &c. have all fought their way to office through the columns of the daily press. Lamartine has at this moment "an itching palm" for portfolios; and Villemain, the distinguished professor of the Sorbonne, stands foremost among the candidates for the department of Public Instruction. Villemain's whole life has been devoted to literary pursuits. He is the author of a History of Cromwell, which does not stand so high in the estimation of his countrymen as it deserves. His lectures on the literature of modern Europe, delivered at the Sorbonne, previously to 1830, are universally regarded as models of calm and enlightened criticism. A more recent publication, entitled, 'Tableau of the Eighteenth Century,' is among the best of his titles to fame. He has been engaged for the last three or four years in collecting materials for a history of Hildebrand (Gregory VII.), which is soon to appear. It is to be feared, that politics will wean his thoughts from his former pursuits, should he obtain a seat in the Cabinet. When a literary man has succeeded in enrolling himself among the venerable areopagites of the Academy, or in storming the department of Public Instruction, he dreams away the remainder of his life in "fat contented ease."

M. Gaimard, the President of the Scientific Commission, which the French government despatched about a year ago into the north of Europe, for the purpose of making a series of observations on several of the more puzzling natural phenomena, has returned to Paris. The results of the expedition will shortly be submitted to the Academy. M. Arago, who drew up the programme, flatters himself, that a new light will be thereby thrown upon the true character of the Aurora Borealis, which has heretofore been the subject of so many vague and contradictory explanations.

You have, no doubt, heard of the melancholy death of poor Nourrit. He was only in his thirty-sixth year, and was to have returned to France in a fortnight.

The Opera House was closed on Monday night: a voluntary mark of respect for the fate of one who had been for years its brightest ornament. This was suggested, it is said, by Duprez. A subscription has been opened for transporting the body to France. Nourrit was obviously in a state of mental alienation. According to his own confession to his friends, he one night walked for three hours on Waterloo-bridge, with the intention of throwing himself into the Thames. Nourrit is not the only artist whom an impulse of wounded pride has of late hurried on to a violent death. Baron Gros, the celebrated painter, shot himself about a year since, because an obscure journalist happened to criticize rather severely one of his pictures.

While speaking of artists, I must not forget Mademoiselle Rachel, of the *Théâtre Français*, who is still the lion of Paris. Twelve months since, the old classic dramas of Racine, Corneille, and even Voltaire, had fallen into such disrepute, that it required a solemn vote of the Chamber of Deputies, backed by a grant of several hundred thousand francs, to prevail on the directors to bring any of them forward; and when they did, the pit was as thinly tenanted as the church of St. Roch, when high mass and music are wanting. No sooner, however, did Mademoiselle Rachel appear, than Racine and Corneille became the popular dramatists of the day. Victor Hugo, who had patched up several monstrous dramas, was forced to thrust them back into his portfolio, where it is to be hoped they will "rest in peace." Mademoiselle Rachel seems to have been providentially sent to cure us of our romantic propensities, which had almost sapped society to its very foundation. When there is a great impulse to be given in France, it is a female who is commissioned for that purpose; and yet, notwithstanding the bright examples of Joan of Arc, Charlotte Corday, and Mademoiselle Rachel, the institutions of the country still retain their *sauve spirit*! Mademoiselle Rachel, I ought to add, although far from handsome, has attracted a crowd of fashionable admirers, and, among the rest, a Spanish grandee, who has, it is stated, made a tender of his hand to the young Jewess, which, with a spirit worthy of her sires, she declined.

M. d'Abadie has arrived from Abyssinia, and brought with him three of the natives, one of whom, the servant of the hierarch of Abyssinia, he left at Rome, to be instructed in the principles of the Christian faith. The other two have accompanied him to Paris. One is a boy of nine years old, whom he purchased as a slave, and whom he intends to send back to his native country with a scientific and religious education. The

last is a young man, aged eighteen, called Gebra Oegzia—i. e. the servant of my lord. His complexion is very black, but his features are agreeable, and his person good. He was introduced a few evenings since, by M. d'Abadie, at the *soirée* of M. Jomard, Conservator of the Royal Library. They both wore rich turbans and robes. Formerly, the inhabitants of Eastern climes rarely visited the capitals of Europe, unless in the fictitious pages of Barthelemy, or Montesquieu; but now, in addition to the above, we have flocking in upon us native travellers from Egypt, Persia, and Constantine, all curious to know the manners of those Christian dogs, whom their forefathers despised.

In one of the late sittings of the *Athénée des Arts*, M. Laisné read a report on a new microscope, called the *Pantocratic Microscope*, invented by Professor Alexander Fischer, of Moscow, and constructed by Chevalier, our well-known optician and mathematical instrument maker. By this new microscope, the observer can, by simple and almost imperceptible movements, vary the magnifying power from 270 to 550, without in any degree, obscuring the object, and the degree of enlargement is registered on the body of the instrument. This is important, because it saves the operator from the necessity of changing the different parts of the microscope when he desires to study the same object under different degrees of magnitude. The *Athénée* fully adopted the conclusions of the report, and gave its entire approbation to the instrument.

Several new periodicals have been started of late, the more remarkable of which are, the *Revue Française*, edited by the Doctrinaire school, and the *Revue du Progrès*, the contributors to which are, Arago, the Abbé Delamennais, and De Cormenin. The last named, published, about a fortnight since, a political pamphlet, entitled, 'The State of the Question,' which has excited "a great sensation." De Cormenin is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and sits among the *extrême gauche*, or Radicals. Although no orator, he contrives to give Louis-Philippe serious annoyance by the keenness of the shafts which he occasionally lets fly at the royal prerogative. De Cormenin is remarkable as a logician, not as a philosopher. Give him a principle, and he will push it to its most extreme consequences, without offering his antagonists a single vulnerable point in the whole process of argumentation. But, the bearing of this principle on other subjects—its connexions and its consequences—are things which he rarely attends to. His intellectual vision is too microscopic to be comprehensive. The Political Characters which he has published under the pseudonyme of Timon, are the best and most interesting of his productions.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The somewhat unexpected arrival of new works has left us little space, and the hurried close of the month on a Saturday little leisure for Gossip. We may, however, as well announce here, as reserve for more formal presentation, the publication of Mr. Lockhart's 'Reply to the Statement put forth by the Son and Trustees of the late James Ballantyne.' We have read it with attention, and are, more than ever, convinced, that it would be impossible for us to unravel the mystery, which is involved in a voluminous mass of unsettled accounts, extending over a long series of years. In offering an opinion heretofore on the Ballantyne Statement, we assumed that its general accuracy was not denied, because it had remained long undisputed. Mr. Lockhart, however, has fully justified what he said in the 'Life of Scott,' of the utter want of prudence and business habits of the Ballantynes: he has fully proved, that the printing and bookselling concerns were not only started and upheld by the genius and influence of Scott, but by his money; and that the Ballantynes were, from the first, penniless, if not involved; but he has not shown, at least to our satisfaction, that the indolence and negligence of James Ballantyne was a main cause of the ruin of Scott—all parties were ruined by Ballantyne and Company; and each, in his way, appears to have helped effectually to bring about the consummation. That Sir Walter Scott was, from first to last, in utter ignorance of the true position of the concern, is, we think, equally well established; but we must believe that James Ballantyne was no better informed, or he would have remained the salaried servant of the in-

solvent Company, rather than have solicited, in 1822, (only four years before the final and lamentable close and ruin,) to be admitted a partner. However, both Statements are now before the public; and we have only to express our regret, that the tone and temper of the Reply are as little to our taste as were those of the original Statement.

We deeply regret to announce the sudden death of Professor Rigaud, of Oxford. He was, we have been informed, on a visit in London, when he was suddenly seized with illness, and died the next day. Mr. Barker, of Thetford, a distinguished scholar and member of the sister University, is also dead. We are indebted to a correspondent for the following particulars:—"Mr. Barker was the son of a vicar of Beverley, in Yorkshire, of the same name, and received the rudiments of his education in the grammar school of that town. When of a proper age he entered as a member of Trinity College, Cambridge. Soon after, he became acquainted with the late Dr. Parr, and was induced to reside with him. Previous to leaving the University, Mr. Barker distinguished himself by a Latin epigram on 'Strenua Inertia.' After residing for some years, and until his death, with Dr. Parr, Mr. Barker married, and settled at Thetford, in Norfolk, where, for nearly twenty-five years, he laboriously and unremittingly devoted himself to his favourite studies. During that time he edited a new edition of 'Stephen's Thesaurus,' and enriched it with a copious body of valuable and miscellaneous notes, and published a volume of 'Classical Recreations,' besides several of the orations of Cicero,—he also contributed many valuable papers to the *Classical Journal* and the *Museum Criticum*. After the death of Dr. Parr, Mr. Barker published two volumes of 'Parriana,' containing notices of Dr. Parr and his contemporaries, a work which, however devoid it may be of method or purpose, contains an immense collection of facts illustrative of literary history. On the breaking out of the war of Greek independence, Mr. Barker, whose political feelings were those of his early patron, became greatly interested in the cause, published a pamphlet to excite public attention, and was afterwards one of the most active members of the Greek Committee. For the last few years he resided chiefly in London, actively employed in literary avocations. His death occurred after a short illness, which was unknown to his friends, and was not attended, it is feared, by privations. Mr. Barker was a man of extensive and various information, of excellent abilities, and of prodigious memory; and all that he knew was ever at the service of the inquirer, no matter who he might be. His disposition was amiable, and eminently cheerful; his manners kind and simple; his habits uniform and exemplary. Ever anxious for the acquisition of knowledge, its possession only rendered him more humble, and eager to diffuse it. His friendship was warm and lasting, and it was a principle of his life, frequently expressed, never to quarrel with any one. It was Mr. Barker's good fortune to enjoy the friendship of many of the most distinguished men of his day; and he kept up an extensive literary correspondence with the most celebrated scholars, both at home and abroad. Unfortunately for himself, Mr. Barker's acquaintance with men was not so profound as with books, and his belief in the goodness of every one he met was unbounded. Besides the works we have before mentioned, he published an 'Inquiry into the Authorship of Junius's Letters,' an edition of 'Anthon's Lempriere's Classical Dictionary,' 'Noah Webster's English Dictionary,' and a translation of 'Julius Sillig's Dictionary of the Artists of Antiquity.' He had long projected and collected considerable materials for a Life of Professor Porson, which, together with his correspondence, and other papers, it is to be hoped will one day be given to the public."

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO IS NOW EXHIBITED at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY, by brilliant Artificial Light. Constantly illuminated from Two o'clock in the afternoon, and throughout the day in dark or unfavourable weather.—Open from Ten in the Morning until Nine in the Evening.—Admission 1s. each.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 25.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. F.R.S. Pres. in the chair.

Extracts from the following papers were read:—
1. A Letter from Dr. Bowring to J. B. Pentland, Esq., Her Majesty's Consul-General in Bolivia.

My dear Sir,—I have examined carefully the map of the Lake of Titicaca, by M. d'Orbigny, to which you have directed my attention, and am astonished to find that it is an exact copy of one which I made in 1833, and which I gave to that gentleman on his departure from Bolivia. I cannot, therefore, express in too strong terms my surprise that M. d'Orbigny should have published in his own name, as founded upon his own observations, a work of mine—and you will greatly oblige me by stating the fact to the Geographical Society of London and to the Institute of France, under the patronage of which, I understand, M. d'Orbigny's travels were published—thereby claiming for one of your countrymen the merit of having produced the first tolerable delineation of that extraordinary inland sea. Your own survey will already have rendered it evident, that my map, which M. d'Orbigny calls his, although better than any which preceded it, is still very far from being correct—I can only answer for the small portion I had then visited, and which was confined to the south gulf,—the groups of islands of Aygachi, and the vicinity of the Straits of Tiquina,—the north-west part being founded upon a MS. map, which I discovered in the collection of the Marquis Pinedo, and which I have since ascertained to be full of errors. In support of my reclamation, I may further state that I accompanied M. d'Orbigny in his only visit of a week to the Lake of Titicaca, which was confined to a hasty excursion along a small part of its south-east shores, between Tiayguanacu and Hachacache. On looking over the atlas of M. d'Orbigny's travels, I have observed several views of the extraordinary Peruvian rivers which you know to exist at Tiayguanacu and in the islands of Titicaca and Coati, and which, although stated to have been made by M. d'Orbigny, are from my pencil—especially those of the two latter localities, the birth-places of Peruvian civilization, and which M. d'Orbigny never visited.

I am, &c.,

J. C. BOWRING.

2. On the Geography of the Country around Cuzco, by Mr. Bowring.

After describing the present state and the remarkable remains of the former state of the city of Cuzco, the author gives an account of Urubamba, in the rich and picturesque valley of the Yucay, about twenty miles north-west of the capital, and of the villages Ollantay-tambo and Choquequana, noted for their remains of Cyclopean and ancient architecture, and the former for a suspension-bridge of a double arch, resting upon a pier of polygonal construction, in the centre of the stream. Mr. Bowring also throws some light on the course of the rivers Yanatili and Uca-yali; and, during a residence of some years in this part of America, has made himself master of the Quichua and other Indian languages, a subject which has been far too much neglected by our travellers in general.

Mr. Pentland then gave an outline of his travels in Peru and Bolivia, during the last two years.—Landing at Arica in August, 1837, Mr. Pentland proceeded to La Paz, the then Bolivian seat of government, to which he had been appointed Her Majesty's Consul-General. On his road he remained a short time at Tacna, a large town fourteen leagues distant from the sea-port, and the residence of the principal foreign merchants. Having determined its position, he crossed the Western Cordillera, by the Guallillas pass, which he found to be 14,700 feet above the level of the sea. At this point persons ascending from the low countries bordering upon the Pacific, suffer severely from the effects of a highly rarefied atmosphere, and there are examples of individuals having died from this cause. Near to the Guallillas pass, Mr. Pentland examined a gigantic undertaking, planned and conducted by one of our countrymen,—a canal destined to carry the waters of a river which now flows in an opposite direction, across a pass of the Western Cordillera into the valley of Tacna, for the purposes of irrigation. The

work was planned by an Englishman named Scott, and undertaken chiefly by the British merchants at Tacna, and affords another example of the enterprise of our countrymen in every land. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of this work, when it is known that the point where the river of Uchumama enters the canal is 14,652 feet above the level of the sea, that the extent of it will be 40,000 yards before it reaches the culminating point of the Andes, over which it must pass, and that the whole of this work must be conducted in a country devoid of population, and of the necessities of life, in consequence of its great elevation, which falls little short of that of the highest points of the Alps. As Mr. Pentland has promised to lay before the Society a detailed account of his geographical labours in Bolivia and Upper Peru, some of the excursions he made need only be noticed here. In the spring of last year, he visited the Western shores of the great Lake of Titicaca, the ancient Peruvian province of Collao, the fertile valley of the Yucay, and fixed his residence for a short time at Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas. With the exception of General Miller, it is believed that Messrs. Bowring and Pentland are the only persons who have visited Cuzco with a scientific object; indeed, we possess no other information respecting it than what is contained in Alcedo's compilation. The position of the far-famed Temple of the Sun, now the Church of Santo Domingo, was found to be in 13° 31' south lat., 72° 4' west long., and at an elevation of upwards of 11,000 feet above the sea. During his stay Mr. Pentland formed a plan of the ancient and modern city, and examined the many remains of Peruvian architecture, that still remain; but, as he proposes to publish a work on the subject, it is unnecessary here to enter into any detail. Mr. Pentland laid before the Society several drawings of those ruins, and dwelt upon the extraordinary style of Cyclopean construction of the ancient Peruvians, no less remarkable from the care and nicety with which the huge masses of stone are united than from their enormous mass—some of the blocks of which they are composed exceeding 150 tons in weight. After remaining at Cuzco, Mr. Pentland visited the no less remarkable ruins of Ollantay-tambo, and the north-west extremity of the great Eastern Cordillera, and had an opportunity of observing a third instance of a river cutting through the Andes, where the Yucay passes from the basin of Ollantay-tambo, and Urubamba, into that of Santa Ana; the other two instances being those of the river of La Paz, at the south-east base of Illimani, and the Mapi, at the north-west of the Nevado of Sorata, mentioned in one of his former papers, published in the *Geographical Journal*. During this journey, Mr. Pentland determined, by astronomical observation, the position of nearly forty points, and, by barometrical means, their elevation above the sea; and fixed both the positions and elevations of every important point of the eastern Cordillera, between the parallels of 16° and 13° lat. Mr. Pentland subsequently visited the east and north-east shores of the Lake of Titicaca, which had never been examined by any scientific traveller, during which he completed his survey of that vast inland sea, and which he has promised, assisted by Mr. Arrowsmith, to lay before the Society, as soon as he has completed the computation of his observations, which amount to more than 2,000. On the eastern shores of Titicaca, he found a large agricultural population, almost exclusively composed of Indians, who speak the Aymara language, and discovered several extensive ruins of the ancient Peruvians, especially of sepulchral monuments, and which would appear to indicate a much denser population in those countries than now existing. "In a third excursion into the Valley of Sorata," said Mr. Pentland, "I examined the course of the River Mapi, where it cuts through the East Cordillera, at the north-west foot of the Nevado of Lachisani, a part of the gigantic mass of Ancochuma (the Nevado of Sorata), and fixed the position of this curious break in the chain, and of the several villages of the provinces of Larecaja and Muñecas, one of which is remarkable from its being inhabited by a population of about 3,000 persons, the male part of which is exclusively employed as itinerant quacks and fortune-tellers, and who, leaving their country with a bag of simples, collected in the hot valleys on the eastern declivity

of the Cordillera to Chile, at 11,000 feet above the sea, and speak a language distinct from the Aymara, and have a different mode of agriculture, and a different mode of life, and a different mode of dress, and a different mode of food, and a different mode of habitation, and a different mode of government, and a different mode of religion, and a different mode of art, and a different mode of science, and a different mode of industry, and a different mode of commerce, and a different mode of society, and a different mode of civilization, and a different mode of progress, and a different mode of improvement, and a different mode of perfection, and a different mode of glory, and a different mode of power, and a different mode of wealth, and a different mode of happiness, and a different mode of life, and a different mode of death, and a different mode of resurrection, and a different mode of judgment, and a different mode of reward, and a different mode of punishment, and a different 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of the Cordilleras, travel from one extremity of South America to the other; they are to be met with in Chile, at Buenos Ayres, and at Bogotá, with their bag of medicines and charms; they amass during their absence considerable sums of money, which on their return are dissipated in drinking. They resemble in many of their habits our gypsies, and have a different physiognomy from the other Indians, and approach nearly that of the Jews. They speak a language among themselves, which is peculiar to this limited population, and which is totally unknown to the Aymara Indians, in the midst of whose territory the hill upon which Curba stands is situated. This isolation of a separate race (for I consider the people of Curba entirely different from the other Indians of the province) not only occurs at Curba; as I visited another district in the same province of Muñecas, Amarata, the inhabitants of which, scarcely amounting to 3,000 souls, speak a distinct language. The people of Amarata are exclusively employed in cutting wood on the declivities of the Cordillera, which they carry to the neighbouring provinces of Peru. I can only attribute this isolation of the Curbeños and Amarataños, to those colonies founded by the Incas, by transporting whole nations from one part of their extensive empire to the other." Lastly, Mr. Pentland determined the position and elevation of every point of the snowy range of the Eastern Cordillera and of the most remarkable peaks of the Western—between 19°, and 16° south lat. He has collected a considerable mass of drawings of the monuments of the ancient Peruvians; and with the data obtained during his former mission to Bolivia, he expects to be able to lay before the Society a correct map of the mountain districts of Bolivia and Southern Peru, one of the most interesting regions of South America, as connected with the history of the ancient Peruvians, and with the physical geography of the gigantic chain which extends from Cape Horn to Panama. In answer to a question, Mr. Pentland stated that he had carried the same barometer from England, during the whole of his journey, and brought it back to this country in as good a state as when it left London in 1837, almost a solitary instance of the kind—the barometer in question being one of Bunten's, a construction which, from his experience, he strongly recommends to travellers. Mr. Pentland also spoke highly of another instrument, which he found extremely useful: viz. the repeating theodolite of Gambeys, and which, in point of solidity, the numerous class of observations, both astronomical and geodesical, it can be applied to, and its minute accuracy, he considers to be unequalled.

Among the donations on the table was a fac-simile of a map bearing the date of A.D. 1351, preserved in the library of San Lorenzo, at Florence, presented to the Society by Count Gräberg of Hemsö. Also Mr. Bradshaw's recent map of railroads was exhibited, which, besides the roads, shows the section of the various lines, some of which, as the Macclesfield and Sheffield, and Stockton and Darlington, are remarkable; the highest point of the former line reaches an elevation of 760 feet above its termini, or 943 feet above the sea.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

March 16.—Prof. Wilson, in the chair.

A paper, by Mr. Traill, was read, on the Chooree and Phoolwa, the solid oil of the *Bassia butygracea*. This paper may be considered in part a continuation of the papers read at the last meeting, on the vegetable tallow of Canara. The tree producing the Chooree is not a native of the Almora Hills, but grows abundantly in the Goor Khalee province of Dotee, where the oil is largely prepared as an article of commerce: and, being cheaper than Ghee (clarified butter), is used to adulterate that substance. It is exported to Bellary, and other parts of Rohilcund, partly in the original state, and partly as Phoolwa, which is a mixture of the Chooree with a sweet-scented oil. The author described the Chooree, when genuine, as being well adapted for burning in lamps, and stated that he had for many years used it in preference to cocoa-nut oil for that purpose; but, as the natives usually mix the flour of Indian corn with the Chooree, it was found necessary to purify it. At Birmdoe, a mound of Chooree may be purchased for eight rupees, or about 2½d. per lb. Mr.

Traill concluded by stating, on the authority of Dr. Royle, that there was every probability that the *Bassia butygracea* might be successfully cultivated in the plains of India (where its congeners, *Bassia latifolia*, or Morehwa, and *Bassia longifolia*, or Illupai-tree, flourish so well), as a young Chooree-tree obtained from the hills, where it is indigenous, flourished for many years at Saharanpore. Mr. H. Newnham stated that most of his knowledge of the properties and uses of the Phoolwa, was derived from Mr. R. Blake, a gentleman well known for his scientific attainments, and who for many years held the office of Assay Master to the mint at Fettehghur. Since then, Mr. Newnham had seen it frequently employed as an external application, and had himself employed it successfully in cases of rheumatism, chronic pains, and stiffness of the joints. He considered it worthy the attention of European surgeons as a substitute for the unctuous substances in common use, and for which its valuable properties, and unchangeable nature well adapted it. Mr. E. Solly described this substance as being a solid oil, similar to the vegetable tallow of the piney-tree, but containing more elain or fluid oil, and hence well designated as a butter. He stated that it was solid at all ordinary temperatures; became soft and pasty at about 90° Fah.; and required a heat of near 120° to melt it completely. He found a specimen of the Phoolwa, or preparation of Chooree and sweet oil, which was brought over five years ago by Mr. Traill, to consist of 60 parts of solid oil, 34 of fluid oil, and 6 parts of vegetable impurities: these latter, however, both from the smallness of the quantity and their nature, appeared to be derived from the seeds, and not to be impurities intentionally introduced. A specimen of the Chooree, which had been in this country upwards of thirteen years, and which was slightly altered by keeping, contained 82 per cent. of solid oil. He found that by boiling a portion of this slightly altered substance in alcohol, the smell and the pale yellow colour which it had acquired through age were removed, and it then appeared as a perfectly white substance, of a rather greater consistence than tallow, burning very well, and having a very beautiful appearance when cast in moulds; hence he had little doubt it would prove a valuable addition to the solid oils already known in commerce.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Artists' Conversazione	Seven P.M.
MON.	Entomological Society	Eight.
TUES.	Horticultural Society	Three.
	Linnean Society	Three.
WED.	Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione	Eight.
	Society of Arts	p. Seven.
THUR.	Zoological Society	Three.
FRI.	Botanical Society	Eight.

FINE ARTS

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

We do not remember a better Exhibition of the Society of British Artists than the present. Its conductors complain, we believe, that their Rooms are used, and then deserted, by all the rising painters in succession, without considering how far this feature of their Exhibition may give it the advantage of variety over others—the Water Colour Society, for instance, where a perusal of the Catalogue brings the whole array of drawings by familiar hands before the eyes of the experienced visitor.

The two most ambitious pictures are Mr. Latilla's *Seven Bishops blessing the People previous to their Commitment to the Tower* (11)—a work claiming only the expressive notice of silence; and Mr. Hurlstone's *Scene from the Deformed Transformed* (145), where Olympia, hard pressed by the riotous soldiery in St. Peter's, clings to the crucifix, which, in another instant, is to crush her assailants. There is always some deficiency or superabundance in Mr. Hurlstone's pictures, which stands between them and first-rate excellence. Here, the composition appears to us clever, though inartificial—the two ravishers press forward with an eagerness which gives an identity of gesture and attitude effective rather than otherwise; and the head turned towards the spectator, with its bronzed complexion and tempestuous black hair, set off by the Salvalor-like crimson cap and green feather, is as strongly cast in the mould of brigand beauty as it is richly coloured. Mr. Hurlstone, however, has failed in the figure of the maiden—failed

in expression: there is nothing of haste, nothing of sudden terror visible;—her scorn is too deliberate and concentrated, and her fluttering drapery and flying attitude are not consistent with the contempt seated on, not startled to, her lips. Mr. Hurlstone has other pictures here, remarkable for his usual beauties and blemishes of colouring: among the best of these may be instanced his *Italian Mariner Boy* (190), and his *Girl and Dog* (424), which, were the complexion of the child less factitious, would leave us little to desire.

Mr. D. Cowper's name is new to us, but has become the name of a friend, in right of three out of the four pictures he exhibits. There are faults in *Sleep* (473) which amount almost to awkwardness in attitude and discordant colouring; but then they are accompanied by a redeeming originality. It is a fancy portrait of a lady in a rich velvet mantle, half recumbent, half propped-up, as she dreams on a sofa in an open balcony, relieved against a background of lurid evening clouds. The charm is in the rich and slumbrous beauty of the countenance, which is a near approach to Etty's sumptuous manner, but without Etty's sensuality (the word being used in its wide sense). *The Merry Mood* (80), by the same hand, is another nymph, kept wide awake with her own mirth. In this picture, too, the similarity just pointed out is observable. No. 236 (*the Aged Captive*) is a prison-interior, the story being told in the title: perhaps the least striking of the three, but still excellent. The merit of all has been already recognized by those personages far more important to the artist than any critic, speak he ever so critically—namely, purchasers.

Mr. Prentiss exhibits a pair of very highly-finished pictures; the first, *The Prodigal's Return* (113), though executed with too porcelain-like a smoothness, falls little short of Wilkie. The title suggests a care-worn but indulgent mother, a stern grey-haired father, a pleading sister, and, behind the kneeling youth, the old homely family servant, who loves him, perhaps, the best of all. Her head is the finest in the group. We have intimated that superfine finish is the fault of Mr. Prentiss; the very picture on the wall of the chamber is touched with the care of a miniature; and, in the open music-book on the pianoforte, 'Home, sweet home,' is not merely indicated, but the whole music absolutely written out. This is being over-particular, and the result is constraint and feebleness of effect. Mr. Prentiss's other picture—*Borrowed Plumes* (102)—is perfect among the low comedy class. A clumsy housemaid, overtaken by a fit of vanity, while sweeping her lady's dressing room, has stuck upon her head the newly-arrived turban, and regards herself, in the glass, with a jolly complacency which is capital: the contrast between the paradise plume, and her curl-papers, is not more perfect than between her honest plebeian face, and the portrait on the wall,—a picture of sour and stale aristocracy. With this, as a composition of like character, we may couple *The Housebreakers Alarmed* (301), by Mr. Buss.

Mr. Robertson's full-length portrait of *G. Henneage, Esq.* (189), is, perhaps, the best work, of its class, in the Exhibition. Among the figure-pieces of merit, we may notice *Seclusion* (26), by Mr. Hawkins: a rich glade, with a lake, where a Musidora is about to bathe; and Mr. Woolmer's *Dorothea* (423); in which, however, the figure of the disguised maiden strangely reminds us of a former Dorothea—by Mr. Middleton, we believe: and *Beatrice* (505), listening to Hero and Ursula, among the honeysuckles, by Miss F. Corbux; in which all the grace and all the mannerism of that clever lady are put forth to the uttermost;—and, lastly, express our satisfaction at Mr. Dawe's farewell to his ancient extravagancies, implied in his choice of so homely a subject as his *Fisher Boys on the Sussex Coast* (246), which is clever, after its kind.

There are many landscapes of more than average merit; Mr. Tomkins's architectural scenes, save for a certain chalkiness of tone, tread closely after Prout's excellent drawings; the best, perhaps, are (122) *On the Seine, near Rouen*, and (201) *Croix de St. Pierre, Rouen*. The Nasmyths, and Mr. Hoffman, too, are liberal exhibitors. Mr. Allen, again, whose name we hardly remember, makes a goodly show with his (81) *On the Tone, Somerset*, and his landscapes, numbered 85, and 207, (the latter a large composition, with

some rich, though over-gaudy effects of foliage). Besides these, we must specify Mr. Wilson's shore scenes, and his composition (235), which, as a wild piece of highland scenery, is excellent; and Mr. Linton's *City of Argos* (104), which would be admirable in its gorgeousness, were not already surfeited with embarkations, and the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of classic architecture, and classic warfare; and Mr. Egerton's *Fall of Niagara* (127), which, for the sobriety of its colouring, we prefer to anything we have seen from his pencil; and the moonlight scenes (169 and 223), by Messrs. Child and Crome. We must once again, at parting, commend Mr. Zeitter's sketches of foreign landscape: they would be perfect, if they were not "sicklied o'er" with too grey and pearly a tone; and Mr. Shayer's groups of gipsies, and farmers, and fisher-boys—these only require to be set in landscapes of freer air, to stand very high among contemporary pictures of their class. As it is, they fail for the want of that fresh, delicious atmosphere, which gives such a charm to the pastoral and marine compositions of Collins.

MISCELLANEA

Historical Committee.—The society called the Historical Committee of Sciences, have determined on publishing some curious letters written by celebrated men, and which are in the hands of individuals; such as those of Linnaeus, in the possession of M. de Jussieu; Gassendi and Descartes, belonging to M. Lebrun. Also many of the manuscripts contained in the Royal Library of Paris, among which is the Harmonicon Céleste of Viète, long supposed to be lost.

Edentata.—M. de Blainville has read a memoir to the French Academy of Sciences, which forms the second part to that we have already noticed as treating of the Megatherium. The principal subject of that now before us is the animal called Megalonyx by Jefferson; and M. de Blainville takes considerable pains to prove, that the late Baron Cuvier classed it with the sloths, in the *Annales du Muséum*, although in the second edition of the *Fossil Remains*, published in 1825, he referred it to the Tatoo, or armadillo tribe. M. de Blainville thinks it to be the type of a species between the ant-eaters of the New World, and those of the Old, which alone possessed teeth. From the Megalonyx M. de Blainville passes to the fossil Pangolins, and, as if the most important object with him were the desire to convict Baron Cuvier of, at least, hasty judgment, he states, that the existence of a fossil species in Europe was admitted by M. Cuvier, although he had only seen a finger joint, found in the sands of Eppelesheim, on which to rest his conclusion. The memoir is ended with a number of general conclusions; the most valuable of which are, 1st, that the ancients appear to have known only one species of this group, and all those which live in our own times are confined to limited spaces, and are few in number; and it is from western intertropical Africa, the Indian Archipelago, and especially South America, that these few proceed; 2nd, the different genera are rigorously confined to their own soils, the Scaly Edentata, or Pangolins, and the Orycteropi to the Old World, the Tatoo and Myrmecophaga to the New; 3rd, their fossil remains are found in tertiary formations and diluvium, either lying in the open soil, or in caves; 4th, the fossil species are of superior size; 5th, Europe, which presents none in recent times, formerly possessed a very large species, the remains of which have been found in two places, Eppelesheim and Sansans; 6th, America offers three species; 7th, the Megalonyx can scarcely be considered as a fossil, although not known in a living state, as its bones still contain a great quantity of gelatine, the joints still possess cartilage, and the toe joints their nails.

Invertebrate Animals.—M. Lefebvre, a naval officer in the French service, who is about to travel in Abyssinia and the countries bordering the Red Sea, has solicited instructions from naturalists as to what objects he should especially turn his attention in their branches of science. Among others we have perused those of M. Audouin, and extract a few of his recommendations for the benefit of others. The Gulf of Suez is extremely rich in mollusca, zoophytes, crustacea, and annelids, and it is very desirable that the fugitive colours of the Doria, Bursatella, Onchidia, and Tritonia, &c., should be delineated. The animals

of several of the shells, also found in the Red Sea, are hitherto unknown; for instance, the Anatolia, and the same may be said of the zoophytes, concerning which, it would be highly important to possess the particulars of form as well as colour, both of which alter so quickly; those of the polypi with flexible stems, would be particularly interesting. The annelids of that part are also generally wanting in collections, and are much desired, as several form distinct and remarkable genera. The crustacea of the Arabian gulph are well worthy of attention; the *Micippa platipes*, *Xantho granulatus*, *Ruppelia tenax*, and forty other species in the single order of Decapoda, are only known by description; but still more are wanting among the smaller kinds, such as the Lerneæ, and those of a red colour in the natron lakes. It is supposed, that many new spiders may be found in Abyssinia, and the genus *Lycosa*, to which the Taran-tula belongs, should be especially examined. It is, however, chiefly the class of insects which may be enriched by a journey to Abyssinia: among the Coleoptera, although known, the habits and the larvae of many remain in obscurity, and of all, the locality should be carefully noted, as tending to elucidate the geography of insects. Great confusion still exists respecting that especially African family the Orthoptera, and several individuals are particularly desired of each species, with an account of the injuries they produce, the means opposed to their ravages, the periods at which they show themselves, and their emigrations. It is equally of importance to ascertain the habits, and possess the species which are useful to mankind; and new documents respecting the manna of the Israelites would offer great interest. It has been recently supposed, by M. Ehrenberg, to flow from the tamarix, in consequence of the puncture of a small insect of the genus *Coccus*, and it is now eaten by the Arabs and Greek monks of mount Sinai, as honey with bread. It would be curious to know if it be only found in Arabia Petrea, and if the mountains of Abyssinia offer any analogous shrub or insect.

Bones.—Dr. Gerdy, who has been making important observations on the structure of bones, confirms the modern opinion of the great vascularity of the bony tissue.

Lithography.—An application of lithography to pottery has been offered by M. Légié, the proprietor of one of the largest lithographic establishments in Bordeaux. By means of this invention, for which a patent has been granted, common plates and dishes will bear copies of many of the great works of the first painters.

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Under the Patronage of their Excellencies, Earl and C. of
MULGRAVE.

JAMES TANCRED returns his most sincere thanks to their Excellencies the Lord and Lady Lieutenant, and the Irish Court, instead of encouraging a Foreign Manufacture, since their arrival in this Country, have given a decided preference to his Cork Manufactory that enables him to give Employment to a great number. J. T. would be unworthy of a continuance of their Excellencies' patronage were he to forget to return the deep-thank of his working people, which he does, wishing their excellencies may be alayed for many years by any human incident or mishap. Returns his most sincere thanks to the Nobility, &c. J. T. strenuously calls on your assistance to aid him in giving employment to over 200 people, whose sole dependence rests on his employment, the principal part of which are Females, who have a strong claim on the Ladies in particular; and if not ably supported by the preference given to him, he will be under the necessity of disemploying the major part of the above number, though reluctantly to his feelings. J. T. calls on the Clergy of all persuasions to assist him in his noble work of giving employment to such a large number of working People, &c. He also, in justice to his friends and for their satisfaction, wishes to let them know, that carrying on such a heavy trade, these 20 years, he has honestly and punctually paid every man Twenty Shillings to the Pound. J. T. wishes to acquaint the friends of the working classes that—when any of his working people are sick, they are assisted by a pecuniary weekly allowance till recovered; if death should occur they are buried at our own expense. J. T. pays annually his Doctor and Apothecary for advice and Medicine; and feels happy to acquaint the Public that there is no distinction made with respect to the Religious feelings of any individual, which, he is confident, will be hailed by all classes of the community.

N.B.—Wedding Orders and Funerals supplied at the shortest Notice and at Low prices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. M.—W. J. S. T.—C. De la P.—H. B.—W. H.—received. We are obliged to J. W., but decline. Mr. Woolhouse's letter arrived too late for insertion—it shall appear next week.

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REVIEWS

A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines; with upwards of Twelve Hundred Engravings on Wood. By Andrew Ure, M.D. &c. Longman & Co.

WE have delayed our notice of this work longer than we should otherwise have done, from its peculiar character and the manner of its publication. From the nature of a dictionary, it is not possible to judge of the sufficiency of the work until it has proceeded through a considerable portion of the alphabet, because, what seems deficient under one letter may be supplied in another; and, in this instance, from the work having been published in monthly parts, we have been hitherto deprived of the means of comparison.

The work is manifestly designed to form one of a series of encyclopedical volumes, wherein a great quantity of information is to be condensed into a small compass, and arranged in a form the most convenient for frequent reference. Such a series will, when completed, form a valuable library of practical knowledge. The specimens we have already seen of these works, are such as do great credit to the publishers, who formed the design, and to the authors who have executed the respective divisions. Loudon's *Encyclopædia of Agriculture* has now given proof of its value by a third edition; his *Encyclopædia of Gardening* is to be seen open on the table of every scientific gardener, and of every man who values his garden, from one end of this garden-covered island to the other,—from the region of the heath to that of the myrtle. McCulloch's *Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation*, is to be found in the library equally of the merchant and the man of general information.* Of the *Dictionary of Practical Medicine*, by Dr. Copland, we heretofore expressed our approbation; and we offered an opinion somewhat less favourable, we regret to say, of Murray's *Encyclopædia of Geography*. Taken, however, as a whole, and judging by the specimens already published, we consider this series of works to be one of the most valuable produced for many years; and we look forward to the publication of the *Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art*, with confidence and special pleasure, as a work much wanted. None can conceive, who have not witnessed them, the difficulties encountered in the attempt to get up sterling substantial works of this kind: few are aware of the extent of knowledge, of reading, and of sustained effort in collecting, writing out, and digesting such works.

We do not know any one individual whose name would furnish a better guarantee for the scientific and practical character of a *Dictionary of the Arts, Manufactures, and Mines of Great Britain*, than Dr. Ure. We say any one individual, because, when we first opened the early numbers of the work, we felt disposed to cavil at the execution of various portions, which might have been more profoundly and practically handled; but on following up our examination, as the successive numbers have reached us, we have arrived at the conviction that there is more original, valuable, and new matter in this volume, than we have ever seen in any work of a similar character. We know men who could have written better articles on specific subjects than Dr. Ure has done; but we know no man who could have written equally well on all.

Dr. Ure is first known as the Chemical Professor of the Andersonian University at Glasgow. There he became distinguished by his original researches in chemical science, and intimately

* A supplement is just published, in which the information is brought down to the latest period.

associated with the progress and improvement of the arts and manufactures of the extensive manufacturing districts around the city. Thus early acquainted with the chemical arts, and instrumental in their advancement, Dr. Ure has been ever since engaged in developing their progress through the agency of the press; and has acquired that power of clear and concise description and explanation, which familiarity with the subject and experience in illustrating it can alone confer. The author and his subject have grown together into maturity and importance: setting out with a store of theoretical science, a wide range of subsequent and varied experience has given to him that practical knowledge of facts and circumstances, by which alone science can be judiciously and effectually applied to the Arts. These circumstances are exactly such as are most suited to claim confidence for the present work, and ensure the means of deserving it.

The work itself is of a nature calculated to confer upon the arts and manufactures of the country benefits of two descriptions,—to improve the condition of all the manufactures, by making known to each manufacturer not only the best means of producing his articles as practised in this country, and the principles of his various processes, but, by placing beside these the processes followed in other countries, to enable him to incorporate into his own system the economical or mechanical improvements of other nations. It is further well known to the student of the practical arts, that there exists among the practical artists and manufacturers of this country a vast accumulation of important facts of observation and valuable truths of induction, laboriously gathered during lives—and it may be, generations—of industrious activity, which still floats about in the thoughts and verbal communications of illiteracy—not to say illiterate men, which it is of importance to unite, and fix in a systematic aggregate of what is called practical science, and which might otherwise come, in the changes of procedure, to be forgotten by all, or remain for ever known only to few; but which is, by such a work as this, deposited in an orderly manner as on the shelves of a manufacturing museum, to be preserved and brought out at another epoch for the instruction of a future generation, and to exhibit to all the knowledge of a few. Science, also, in the abstract, receives back in this shape the harvest of the seed she herself had sown, and has returned to her the produce of her germinating truths, with the cumulative interest of new facts, illustrations, and proofs—of her more abstruse speculations. In every point of view, a work like the present is to be regarded as a benefit done to theoretical science, to commerce and industry, and an important addition to a species of literature the exclusive production of the present century and our present state of peace and civilization.

The execution of the details of the work is, on the whole, satisfactory. We have, however, to regret that some person was not employed to draw and superintend the execution of the woodcuts who was conversant in the practical nature of machinery. The cuts are sometimes defective, and at variance both with the truth and with the letter-press description. It is not sufficient to have diagrams of this kind drawn or superintended by a mere artist, however clever: to do the reader and the subject justice, the artist should have a thorough knowledge of the things he is representing, and should read with care the letter-press which they are designed to illustrate. The cuts are sufficiently minute and laborious, but they are occasionally minutely and laboriously wrong. They are, however, numerous and well chosen.

On examining the articles of the work, we

find the chemical portions of it much better executed than the mechanical: this was to be expected, from the nature of the author's previous professional occupation. It might have been well had he studied mechanics and machinery somewhat more carefully before entering on the work.

We cannot more appropriately introduce the reader to the great subject of modern manufactures, than by the following passage, under the word *Automatic*:—

"AUTOMATIC.—A term which I have employed to designate such economic arts as are carried on by self-acting machinery. The word 'manufacture,' in its etymological sense, means any system or objects of industry executed by the hand; but in the vicissitude of language, it has now come to signify every extensive product of art which is made by machinery with little or no aid of the human hand; so that the most perfect manufacture is that which dispenses entirely with manual labour. It is in our modern cotton and flax mills that automatic operations are displayed to most advantage, for there the elemental powers have been made to animate millions of complex organs,—infusing into forms of wood, iron, and brass an intelligent agency. And as the philosophy of the fine arts, poetry, painting, and music, may be best studied in their individual master-pieces, so may the philosophy of manufactures in these its noblest creations. The constant aim and effect of these automatic improvements in the arts are philanthropic, as they tend to relieve the workman either from niceties of adjustment, which exhaust his mind and fatigue his eyes, or from painful repetition of effort, which distort and wear out his frame. A well arranged power-mill combines the operation of many work-people, adult and young, in tending with assiduous skill a system of productive machines, continuously impelled by a central force. How vastly conducive to the commercial greatness of a nation and the comforts of mankind home industry can become, when no longer proportioned in its results to muscular effort, which is by its nature fitful and capricious, but when made to consist in the task of guiding the work of mechanical fingers and arms, regularly impelled with equal precision and velocity by some indefatigable physical agent, is apparent to every visitor of our cotton, flax, silk, wool, and machine factories. This great era in the useful arts is mainly attributable to the genius of Arkwright. Prior to the introduction of his system, manufactures were everywhere feeble and fluctuating in their development, shooting forth luxuriantly for a season, and again withering almost to the roots, like annual plants. Their perennial growth then began, and attracted capital in copious streams to irrigate the rich domains of industry. When this new career commenced—about the year 1770—the annual consumption of cotton in British manufactures was under four millions of pounds weight; and that of the whole of Christendom was probably not more than ten millions. Last year the consumption in Great Britain and Ireland was about two hundred and seventy millions of pounds, and that of Europe and the United States together four hundred and eighty millions. In our spacious factory apartments the benignant power of steam summons around him his myriads of willing menials, and assigns to each the regulated task, substituting for painful muscular effort upon their part the energies of his own gigantic arm, and demanding in return only attention and dexterity, to correct such little aberrations as casually occur in his workmanship. Under his auspices, and in obedience to Arkwright's polity, magnificent edifices, surpassing far in number, value, usefulness, and ingenuity of construction, the boasted monuments of Asiatic, Egyptian, and Roman despotism, have, within the short period of fifty years, risen up in this kingdom, to show to what extent capital, industry, and science, may augment the resources of a state, while they meliorate the condition of its citizens. Such is the automatic system, replete with prodigies in mechanics and political economy, which promises in its future growth to become the great minister of civilization to the terraqueous globe, enabling this country, as its heart, to diffuse along with its commerce the life-blood of knowledge and religion to

myriads of people still lying 'in the region and shadow of death.'"

Of these truths the present work affords decisive evidence in almost every page.

In Germany, the manufacture of vinegar affords an excellent illustration of chemical refinement, and allows the finest vinegar to be obtained at the lowest price—unhappily our excise laws do not permit the British manufacturer to adopt it, but the process has all the beauty of a popular experiment.

"Under a large case, which, for experimental purposes, may be made of glass, several saucer-shaped dishes of pottery or wood are to be placed in rows upon shelves over each other a few inches apart. A portion of the black platina powder moistened being suspended over each dish, let as much vinous spirits be put into them as the oxygen of the included air shall be adequate to acidify. This quantity may be inferred from the fact that 1,000 cubic inches of air can oxygenate 110 grains of absolute alcohol, converting them into 122 grains of absolute acetic acid and 64½ grains of water. The above simple apparatus is to be set in a light place (in sunshine, if convenient), at a temperature of from 68° to 86° Fah., and the evaporation of the alcohol is to be promoted by hanging several leaves of porous paper in the case, with their bottom edges dipped in the spirit. In the course of a few minutes a most interesting phenomenon will be perceived. The mutual action of the platina and the alcohol will be displayed by an increase of temperature and a generation of acid vapours, which, condensing on the sides of the glass case, trickle in streams to the bottom. This striking transformation continues till all the oxygen of the air be consumed. If we wish then to renew the process, we must open the case for a little and replenish the air. With a box of twelve cubic feet in capacity, and with a provision of 7 or 8 ounces of the platina powder, we can, in the course of a day, convert one pound of alcohol into pure acetic acid fit for every purpose, culinary or chemical. With from 20 to 30 pounds of the platina powder (which does not waste) we may transform daily nearly 300 pounds of best spirits into the finest vinegar. Though our revenue laws preclude the adoption of this elegant process upon the manufacturing scale in this country, it may be regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of chemistry where art has rivalled nature in one of her most mysterious operations."

We have already stated that those parts of the Dictionary which are chemical are well executed. Those, on the other hand, which relate to the mechanical manufactures are often defective:—thus, the account of the *Block Machinery* is bald and imperfect; and we regret this, as that machinery ought to be more extensively known to manufacturers than it is, being applicable to many other purposes: indeed, we have seen the block machinery, on a small scale, near Newcastle, performing a large quantity of work in a simple form, in the yard of a private manufacturer, and expect to see its use become more general with advantage to the commercial and shipping interests; we wish, therefore that it had been exhibited in such a form as would have allowed manufacturers to copy its beautiful arrangements. Passing onward, we turn to *Button-making*, and glancing hastily over it we find it defective; indeed, we should infer from it that Dr. Ure never looked at any part of a button manufactory but the chemical process of gilding the buttons. He describes the shanks of the buttons, or eyes which attach them to the cloth or garment, as "made by hand"! What! in this era of automatic machinery, are button-shanks made by hand? The Doctor next describes a patent process for eyes raised out of the back of the button, with which he fills three or four pages, for no other reason, that we can find, except that Mr. Newton, of the Patent Office, could furnish the necessary wood-cuts and specification with the least possible trouble to the Doctor. As the common machine for making the button-shanks, or eyes, is omitted

altogether in this work, we have given the following short account from our memorandum book, noted down after visiting the manufactory.

The button shank machine is capable of connecting a continuous coil of copper wire into perfect button shanks or eyes, at the rate of 200 per minute, and the force of a child is sufficient to move it. A horizontal axis and small fly-wheel are turned rapidly round, and in each revolution all of the following operations are performed: 1. A pair of iron fingers grasp the end of the long coil of wire, push it forward, and, measuring off the proper length for an eye, lay it in the proper place, and retire. 2. A round mandril presses down the middle of the eye, bending it round half of its circumference. 3. At this instant a small hatchet cuts it off from the coil. 4. Two dies embrace the mandril, pressing the eye into contact with its entire circumference, so as to make the eye smooth and round, forming a perfect circle of wire. 5. A large hammer now knocks down the sharp ends of the wire into a round smooth head, capable of being soldered to the bottom. 6. The ring, thus complete, is removed from its place. 7. Pushed off the mandril. 8. Deposited in the box. The machine does all this 200 times in a minute. This little machine costs about 50*l.*, and is in common use in the whole Birmingham district. How the Birmingham button-makers will laugh when they read the following account, which the Doctor gives in this Dictionary:—

"Button-shanks are made by hand, from brass or iron wire, bent and cut by the following means:—the wire is lapped spirally round a piece of steel bar; the steel is turned round by screwing it into the end of the spindle of a lathe, and the wire by this means lapped close round it till it is covered. The coil of wire thus formed is clipped off, and a wire fork or staple, with parallel legs, put into it. It is now laid upon an anvil, and by a punch the coil of wire is struck down between the two prongs of the fork, so as to form a figure 8, a little open in the middle. The punch has an edge which marks the middle of the 8, and the coil being cut open by a pair of shears along this mark, divides each turn of the coil into two perfect button-shanks or eyes."

How far back in time this representation may have been true we cannot at present exactly say, but it is published in 1839.

The article on *Leather*, again, is by no means satisfactory; there are many parts of the process which might be very much improved by an accurate account of the foreign methods: the mode of preparing the French varnished or polished leather, which so much excels our imitations, is altogether passed over. But, though we have thought it our duty, considering the importance of such a work to this manufacturing country, to point out where a little more care or a little less self-confidence would have enabled Dr. Ure to avoid error and improve the work in some of its details, we sincerely desire to give him all the praise he so unquestionably deserves for the energy, ability, and success with which he has gone through his laborious duty; for we consider the work, as a whole, a great boon to the British manufacturing public.

A Winter Journey through Russia, the Caucasian Alps, and Georgia, into Koordistan. By Captain R. Mignan. 2 vols. Bentley.

THESE volumes remind us of Soame Jenyns's description of a country dinner,—

Where, by and bye, the second course
Comes lagging like a distanced horse.

Their publication has been delayed until most of the interest attached to the persons with whom Captain Mignan became acquainted has past away, and the political guesses of the author have been superseded by historical facts. Ten years have made a great change in the political aspect of the East: the Balkan is no longer

regarded as an impregnable barrier; steam-boats plough the waves of the Black Sea; the line of the Euphrates has been minutely surveyed, and the coast of "Araby the blest" is laid down in our charts with reasonable accuracy; the politics of Persia, and its relations with Russia and Turkey, have undergone a complete revolution; the overpraised and over-rated Abbas Mirza, the crafty Futteh Ali, and the gallant Major Hart have disappeared from the scene, and given place to an obstinate blockhead ready to be duped by any one who will pander to his depraved passion: everything, indeed, is changed, except the bigotry of the Turks, the perfidy of the Persians, the ambition of the Russians, and the bravery of the Circassians, upon all and each of which the changes have been rung until Echo itself is weary.

Still, these volumes are not wholly destitute of interest: the Koords have preserved the impress of distinct nationality better than any of the races subject either to Turkey or Persia; they still exhibit the traits which Xenophon ascribes to their ancestors, the Carduchian mountaineers, who attempted to intercept the Ten Thousand, and display the unyielding spirit of their countryman Saladin, who baffled the Christian hosts in the second crusade. Captain Mignan mentions a curious instance of the strength of their ancient customs and prejudices.

"The mehmandar told me, a man of a certain tribe had the day before murdered his father. 'He will, of course, be put to death,' I observed. 'I do not think he will,' said the mehmandar: 'he is himself heir, and there is no one to demand the blood.'—Will not the prince of the country take care that this paricide does not escape?" "The waly," he coolly replied, "cannot interfere in a case like this, unless appealed to; and, after all, if the affair be agitated, the murder will be compounded. Among Koords, who are always at war, the life of an active young man is much too valuable to be taken away on account of a dead old one!"

Though almost to a man marauders and robbers, they are generous and kind to such travellers as claim their hospitality. Captain Mignan, his lady and children, found a generous host in the first Koordish chief whose village they visited; and the entertainment provided for them illustrates the character of this unchanging people:

"After being served with some delicious cheese made from the milk of sheep, and several excellent flat muffin-shaped cakes of bread, the chieftain of the village invited me to his own quarters, which were situated across an oblong square court-yard. A sheep was slain, and, having been stuffed full of almonds and raisins, was now roasting before a roaring fire, around which several attendants were crouched. We discussed our meal à l'Arabe, and afterwards some of the party got up and danced around the room with great energy. They then chanted a war cry, which our mehmandar, Seyyud Abdallah, assured me related to their robbing exploits, and to their successes over the Turks and Persians. They also had a regular chorus, in which all occasionally joined, and which pointed at the dishonour of a Koord flying from battle to his tents, where not only the tribe itself, but the very dogs shun the coward—

None shall wed the flying slave,
E'en dogs shall bay the dastard knave.

Seyyud Abdallah declared the whole party were marauders, and that some of them actually boasted of the number of Kuzilbashes they had shot."

A very candid guide, whom Captain Mignan employed to conduct him through a jungle, gave satisfactory evidence of the marauding propensities of his countrymen:—

"During the march, we passed a well-mounted troop of suspicious-looking fellows, who, as they greeted our guide, inquired most particularly after our health, and excited something more than my curiosity. I therefore told our servant, Meerza Hoossain, to ask him if these strangers would have relieved the mules of their loads, had we been fewer in number, or less prepared? 'To be sure, he re-

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plied; 'and see (meaning his own villagers) would do the same. Do you suppose that a Koord has any scruples, when a fair opportunity offers?"

The women in Koordistan enjoy more freedom than is usual among the oriental tribes.

"On entering the house of a Koord, you are not annoyed by the females rushing in every direction to escape notice. During our stay amongst them, we invariably met them unveiled, even when in the presence of the other sex. When they paid a visit to my lady, they expressed no wish that I should withdraw, on the contrary, they preferred my being present. It is not the etiquette of the country that they should dine with their lords, neither is it customary to ask after the health of a man's wife, but to say, as they do in Arabia, 'How is your house?' But in every other respect they enjoy perfect liberty."

Most of the mountaineers are shepherds; they are strongly attached to their mode of life, probably from witnessing the oppressions to which their brethren of the plains are subject, especially those who are under the rigid government of the Pasha of Bagdad. Some shepherds, whom our travellers met, invited them to stay in the mountains, where alone independence could be maintained:—

"These pastors possessed no fixed habitations, but wandered about the country with their dark-brown tents, and sheep. They saluted us as we passed, and received the usual reply, 'Aleikoum salaam; Ullah weakoom!' God protect you; unto thee be peace! When we told them that our course lay to the 'Burrah,' or flat country bordering the great rivers of Irak and Mesopotamia, they said, 'You had better change your dress, and join us: you know not our happiness on these hills; here we live secure from oppression; and, should the pasha come to rob us, we enter the rugged passes of our mountains, where he can never find us.' The women always accompany their husbands in these fights. They all ride on *cavalier*, and no horsemen can ascend the heights, or gallop down the declivities, with greater boldness."

Captain Mignan adds little to our information respecting the Pashalick of Bagdad or the navigation of the Tigris and Euphrates. He complains rather bitterly that he has been deprived of the honour derived from the survey of the Euphrates, which he asserts that he was the first to propose. We do not wish to enter on this controversy, but must observe, that if our author's statement be correct, hard measure has been dealt him by the Company.

Having traversed southern Persia without meeting any important adventure, Captain Mignan proceeded to embark at Bushire, where he had an opportunity of seeing some of the piratical Cassimees, the remnant of the once powerful Wahabees. The most successful and most dreaded of these pirates was Rahmah bin Jaubir, of whom we have the following description:—

"I was present at the last interview this buccaner had with the English. It was at Bushire, in the British residency, in the presence of that accomplished officer, General Sir Ephraim Stannus, who was then holding the high office of political resident in the Gulf of Persia. Rahmah's appearance was most ferocious. His shirt had not been changed from the time it was first put on; no trousers covered his spindle shanks; a capacious woollen cloak, or abba, encircled his shrivelled figure; and an old ragged kefiâh, or head-kerchief, with green and yellow stripes, was thrown over his head. His dry, sallow body was riddled with wounds, and his wizened face most fearfully distorted by sabre gashes and by the loss of an eye. His hands were long and narrow, like the claws of a bird of prey, and his left arm had been shattered by cannister shot. The bone between the elbow and the shoulder being completely crushed in pieces, the fragments had worked themselves out, exhibiting the arm and elbow adhering to the shoulder by flesh and tendons alone. Notwithstanding this, he valued it from its useful properties; 'For,' said he, stretching out his long, ghastly finger, adorned with the only ornament he wore—a huge, silver-mounted seal-ring, engraved with Arabic characters, 'I wish nothing better than

the cutting off with my yambeeah (dagger), as many heads as I can sever at one blow with my boneless arm."

Several anecdotes of the cruelty and audacity of these pirates are related by our author, but the most singular circumstance connected with their history is the toleration of their atrocities by the government of Bombay.

"It is not at all surprising that such audacious acts were perpetrated by the Joasimees, when the following indisputable fact, the result of consummate ignorance and imbecility, is made known. The Honourable East India Company's cruiser 'Fury,' commanded by the brave Lieutenant Gowan, was bearing despatches of importance from Bassorah to Bombay, which had been brought by Tartars from Constantinople into Turkish Arabia. In running down the gulf, Gowan was attacked by a Joasimee fleet of boats, which he fired at right and left, until they sheered off, having sustained a heavy loss. On Lieutenant Gowan's arrival at the presidency he called upon the governor with his despatches, and of course, officially reported the affair; but, what was his astonishment to find, that instead of being complimented in squadron or general orders for his spirited resistance, and for preserving the despatches, he received a most severe reprimand, for daring to molest the innocent and unoffending Arabs of the Persian Gulf!"

The mention of Arabia leads the author to give an account of the expedition sent against the Arab pirates under Sir Lionel Smith, in the year 1821. Captain Mignan served on the expedition, and he gives a very graphic account of the storming of Beni-Boo-Ali; but details of battles and sieges are rarely interesting to any but military men, and we therefore pass them by.

Before taking leave of these volumes we are reluctantly compelled to protest against dissertations introduced for no purpose but to swell the work. The Captain should leave commentaries on Xenophon and Herodotus to riper scholars, for in some passages his learning halts sadly, and in others there seem to be traces of a different hand. The work would have been all the better if it had been limited to a single volume, for the make-weight that has been added only serves to perplex and distract the attention of the reader.

Statesmen of the Times of George III. By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., and Member of the National Institute of France. 2 vols. Vol. I. Knight & Co.

WHEN Dr. Johnson was sailing among the Hebrides, "the sea threat'ning the welkin," and the sailors, finding that his endless questionings and intermeddlings did but mar their labours, they put a rope in his hand, and bid him hold on, and hold taught; and the great lexicographer, thus, as he supposed, serviceably employed, offered no further interruption. Is there no rope to be had for Lord Brougham? Never surely was there a man so afflicted with a little leisure—his sense of superabundant vitality amounts to positive pain—mischief itself is, with him, preferable to inaction. We confess, therefore, that in our unbounded love for our dear country, we prefer reading twice over his Lordship's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, to witnessing his explosions, with their possible consequences, in the House of Lords, or having to deplore the mysterious disappearance of a ministry, "leaving behind them only a strong smell of sulphurous vapour." In the present critical juncture of affairs, the publication before us comes opportunely to relieve our uneasiness concerning the author's "whereabouts"; for whether its getting up be a rope given him by his friends, or a voluntary escape into the purer regions of literature, it will afford breathing time to his dear friends and victims, so long as it occupies public attention, and is therefore one chance the more for old England in the approaching crisis. Under

any other circumstances, we should be less disposed to give the stranger welcome; for the volume itself is a sad disappointment.

Before, however, we proceed to the work, we must take leave to note as among its singularities, that there is no mention, in the advertisements or title-page, of the previous appearance in print of a large portion of its contents—that his Lordship, now that his articles on 'The Diary,' and the preliminary gossip to his 'Speeches,' were well nigh forgotten, has thought fit to collect and re-arrange his forces; and each particular paragraph figures here as "a Statesman." Neither is the fact noticed in the Preface, for Preface there is none; and it is only when the reader arrives at the Appendix, that he will find any acknowledgment that the purchaser is *minus* his one pound one, and *plus* an old friend with a new face. It may be said, that there would have been an indecorum in so publicly acknowledging the identity of the senator and the reviewer; but besides that we (being "*orfèvres, Maître Josse*") do not see the disparagement, there is really no mystifying the circumstance. As well might it be attempted to conceal the humanity of a chancellor under that monstrosity of a wig, in which state etiquette disguises its idol, as to sink, by a title-page omission, the reviewer, who figures in truth, and fact, if not expressly by name, in the body of the publication. But our objections to this course are not confined to the mere title-page. We cannot perceive the advantage to literature which is to accrue from such a stringing together of the pearls of periodical criticism. In all such writing (especially as it has been carried on in our own times), there is so much predominance of the occasional over the permanent—so much that is only partially and temporarily true—that its utility ceases with its application. We do not think, moreover, that the frame of mind in which such articles are composed is adapted to the cool and philosophic views of men and things, necessary to a substantive political work, destined to benefit mankind. In the instance of the present volume, there are numberless passages upon which every newspaper politician can lay his finger, as written not to illustrate the subject, but to make a palatable hit at some public character, who happens, for the moment, to be his Lordship's "favourite aversion." Such party-coloured patches, though pleasant enough in their proper places, are wholly unworthy of a writer of higher pretensions, and are eminently calculated to detract from the value of the work they disfigure: indeed, throughout the entire texture of the volume before us, the leaven of this periodical writing is perceptible; and to that leaven we may perhaps attribute the circumstance, that the sketches are far less descriptive of the statesmanship, than of the oratory and political intrigues of the parties to whom they relate. So far from being contributions to history, we regard such documents as containing much which the true historian should reject, if he means history to be anything more than unprofitable gossip, or a satire on mankind, and an exposition of the text of Oxenstiern. The great defect of this publication is, that, as a reflection of the author's mind, it exhibits him more as the shrewd barrister and the brilliant talker at Brookes's, than as the legislator, the philosopher, and the statesman,—such as was anticipated from, and foreshadowed in, the Henry Brougham of former times. Above all, we miss, in his estimate of the statesmen of George III., a searching exposure of their deplorable ignorance of all beyond the details of official routine, of their utter want of large principles—their deficiencies as to political economy, finance, human nature,—to that doctrine which the general aspect of European society

then declared in its every feature, and to the inevitable tendency of the past in its influence on the future. Throughout the whole of the great revolutionary war, our statesmen crept on from day to day, and from event to event—now elated beyond measure by the capture of some sugar island, or the destruction of some flotilla, and now again depressed by the defection of some royal nincompoop from their ill-combined leagues; but never looking beyond these contingent and disturbing forces, to the permanent and regulating laws which hurried all things on in their predestined orbits. Judging by the superior illumination of the present day, we consider the speeches of George the Third's statesmen to resemble much more the debates of juvenile academics, than the discussions of practical and influential public personages.

But though Lord Brougham has not thought it "right that this should be so set down," we must in justice state, that something of the kind was evidently floating in his mind during the composition of the several papers which make up the volume; for, in his summing up, he has plainly pointed at one of the main causes of the effect defective,—the predominance of the aristocratical element in our government, and the spirit of party to which it has given rise:—

"Suppose some one from another hemisphere, or another world, admitted to the spectacle which we find so familiar, and consider what would be its first effect upon his mind. 'Here,' he would say, 'stand the choicest spirits of their age; the greatest wits, the noblest orators, the wisest politicians, the most illustrious patriots. * * Here stand all these "lights of the world, and demigods of fame;" but here they stand not ranged on one side of this Gallery, having served a common country! With the same bright object in their view, their efforts were divided, not united; they fiercely combated each other, and not together assailed some common foe; their great exertions were bestowed, their more than mortal forces were expended, not in furthering the general good, not in resisting their country's enemies, but in conflicts among themselves; and all their triumphs were won over each other, and all their sufferings were endured at each other's hands! 'Is it,' the unenlightened stranger would add, 'a reality that I survey, or a troubled vision that mocks my sight? Am I indeed contemplating the prime of men amongst a rational people, or the Coryphees of a band of mimes? Or, haply, am I admitted to survey the cells of some hospital appointed for the insane; or is it, peradventure, the vaults of some pandemonium through which my eyes have been suffered to wander till my vision aches, and my brain is disturbed?' Thus far the untutored native of some far-distant wild on earth. * * We know more; we apprehend things better. But let us, even in our pride of enlightened wisdom, pause for a moment to reflect on this most anomalous state of things,—this arrangement of political affairs, which systematically excludes at least one-half of the great men of each age from their country's service, and devotes both classes infinitely more to maintaining a conflict with one another than to furthering the general good. And here it may be admitted at once, that nothing can be less correct than their view, who regard the administration of affairs as practically in the hands of only one-half the nation, whilst the excluded portion is solely occupied in thwarting their proceedings. The influence of both Parties is exerted, and the movement of the state machine partakes of both the forces impressed upon it; neither taking the direction of the one nor of the other, but a third line between both. This concession, no doubt, greatly lessens the evil; but it is very far indeed from removing it. Why must there always be this exclusion, and this conflict? Does not every one immediately perceive how it must prove detrimental to the public service in the great majority of instances; and how miserable a make-shift for something better and more rational it is, even where it does more good than harm? Besides, if it requires a constant and systematic opposition to prevent mischief, and keep the machine of state in the right path, of what use is our boasted

representative government, which is designed to give the people a controul over their rulers, and serves no other purpose at all? Let us for a moment consider the origin of this system of Party, that we may the better be able to appreciate its value, and to comprehend its manner of working. * *

"The history of English party is as certainly that of a few great men and powerful families on the one hand, contending for place and power, with a few others on the opposite quarter, as it is the history of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts. There is nothing more untrue, than to represent principle as at the bottom of it; interest is at the bottom, and the opposition of principle is subservient to the opposition of interest. * * It cannot surely, in these circumstances, be deemed extraordinary that plain men, uninitiated in the Aristocratic Mysteries, whereof a rigid devotion to Party forms one of the most sacred, should be apt to see a very different connexion between principle and faction from the one usually put forward; and that without at all denying a relation between the two things, they should reverse the account generally given by Party men, and suspect them of taking up principles in order to marshal themselves in alliances and hostilities for their own interests, instead of engaging in those contests because of their conflicting principles. In a word, there seems some reason to suppose that interest, having really divided them into bands, principles are professed for the purpose of better compassing their objects by maintaining a character and gaining the support of the people."

Here, indeed, is a great truth fully declared; but even this is so far from being put forth for a philosophical purpose, that it is disfigured with party allusions and modern instances, to serve a purpose, to a degree that has compelled us to abridge our extract. It may be, that an exposure of the system was intended, and that, in this heaping of confusion upon Whigs and Tories, and this systematic lowering of the morality of public men, Lord Brougham imagines that he is laying the foundation for a future millennium of public spirit and political honesty: if so, we must, in all plainness, assure his Lordship, that much more is wanted to insure the result; and that one personal example of high moral character, of exemption, not only from party views, but from party spleens, and of straightforward devotion to noble and elevated ends, would do more to abate the nuisance, than whole volumes of clever articles, and deer-stalking manœuvres before the enemy. In the meantime, the admission of the people to a larger share in the representation is breaking up party, and is forcing even on its most desperate adherents a greater degree of knowledge, and the practice of more honesty.

There are few, if any, writers of our times, whose works furnish more useful maxims, more serviceable developments of partial truths, than Lord Brougham's; but his habitual devotion to special purposes, and perhaps also the immense variety of subjects which he has handled, preclude the hope of finding in them any entire system of fertilizing philosophy. His parliamentary and forensic habits, too, are favourable to the indulgence of one-sided views, and to the adoption of notions because they suit the occasion. Thus, to take a very small, but not the less illustrative instance of the ease with which he adopts an idea and drops it again, *en passant*, in the very opening of the volume he speaks with contempt of the "narrow understanding of George the Third" (p. 6), yet in a note on page 14 he talks of his "vigorous understanding." This, it is true, may be a mere slip of a pen—an oversight in the hurry of composition; and we assume it rather as a convenient explanation of our own meaning, than as a matter of charge. A better and a fuller instance will be found in his estimate of Burke (reprinted from the *Edinburgh*), which, though otherwise full of striking and admirable views, is, as a whole, neither phi-

losophic nor consistent in all its particulars. Of the newer parts of the volume, the sketches of Loughborough, Gibbs, Perceval, and Thurlow are written *con amore*. The sketch of Lord North, though sufficiently interesting on its own account, seems to have been written for the express purpose of attacking the present ministry and Lord Durham. That of Lord Mansfield is done with great effort and care, and, as far as we know, is less personal in its application. Of Lord Thurlow, he speaks with perhaps well-merited contempt. With poor "*Stat nominis umbra*," his Lordship is especially indignant, whether on account of the general political dishonesty of that writer, or of a possible personal *ricochet* application to some modern offender against his Lordship, we cannot say; but he deals with him much more severely than Lord Byron did, unveiling his offences in terms of great bitterness.

Briefly, we may observe, that the new matter introduced into the volume possesses the known characteristic merits and defects of his Lordship's habitual style: as a whole, the book is merely a pamphlet grown into a volume, but will be found amusing by the class for whose use it has been especially manufactured.

Deerbrook: a Novel. By Harriet Martineau. 3 vols. Moxon.

In the 'Illustrations of Political Economy,' Miss Martineau gave tokens, not merely of close observation of character, and a strong poetical feeling for nature, but also of such creative and dramatic power, as made us look forward with interest to a novel from her hands. We recollected the coiner's wife in her 'Berkeley the Banker,' the blind child in her 'Cousin Marshall,' though it is years since we encountered them; and naturally, therefore, expected, in this her more mature effort, a work of fiction whose vitality and freshness should put to shame the feverish and conventional things, which are thrust upon us by the hundred, as pictures of human life. Such a work, though not in every point equaling our expectations, is the novel before us. It is a village tale, as simple in its structure, and unambitious in its delineations, as one of Miss Austen's: but including characters of a higher order of mental force and spiritual attainment, than Miss Austen ever drew—save, perhaps, in 'Persuasion.' It contains no ambitious scenes, no passages written at the reviews, like pictures touched up in the exhibition-room. The reader must bear with some prosiness and some triviality in the outset of the tale; and if he cannot become interested without the rant of melo-dramatic dialogue, he had better not attempt to follow in their vicissitudes the "family in the corner-house." If, however, he be content with simple fare, he is secure of finding in 'Deerbrook,' something better than mere amusement—namely, that pleasure which opens, elevates, and humanizes the mind. In short, equally for its tendency and its truth, this tale is a valuable present to the middle classes.

We have intimated, that 'Deerbrook' has, in some respects not fulfilled our expectations, and shall mention our objections, because it is possible that one so sincere as its authoress, may take them into account in the contrivance and execution of future works of imagination. The dialogue disappoints us: and a mastery over dialogue is essential in a story whose progress is marked by conversations rather than events. Miss Martineau has not separated herself so entirely from her characteristic habit of speculation as was desirable. She makes her hero Hope, her heroine Margaret, and Margaret's friend Maria, the lame governess, utter, in conversation, truths and sentiments which, indeed, would not be kept back by the sincere, but which, with the

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sincerest, could only rise to such a perfection and completeness, in moments of deep and lonely contemplation. Strong emotion does not harangue: two unhappy friends opening their hearts to each other, would hardly begin thus systematically:—

"Here we will not talk at all, unless we like; and we will each groan as much as we please."—"I am sorry to hear you speak so," said Margaret tenderly. "Not that I do not agree with you. I think it is a terrible mistake to fancy that it is religious to charm away grief, which, after all, is rejecting it before it has done its work; and, as for concealing it, there must be very good reasons indeed for that, to save it from being hypocrisy. But the more I agree with you, the more sorry I am to hear you say just what I was thinking. I am afraid you must be very unhappy, Maria."

We could offer other illustrations more striking than the above, but one is enough to indicate the nature of our objection. By way of relief, let us now exhibit our authoress more successfully employed than in registering words: namely, in tracing thoughts. To explain the following scene, it is enough to say, that Margaret is domesticated with a newly-married sister, whose jealousies make her unhappy; that her brother-in-law (for reasons we will not divulge,) is unable to offer her support and sympathy—that she has become attached to a young man, conceiving herself sought by him, and that she has just received the tidings of his engagement to another:—

"Margaret was, for an hour or two, possessed with the bad spirit of defiance. Her mind sank back into what it had been in her childhood, when she had hidden herself in the lumber-room, or behind the water-tub, for many hours, to make the family uneasy, because she had been punished,—in the days when she bore every infliction that her father dared to try, with apparent unconcern, rather than show to watchful eyes that she was moved. * * * This spirit, so long ago driven out by the genial influences of family love, by the religion of an expanding intellect, and the solace of appreciation, now came back to inhabit the purified bosom which had been kept carefully swept and garnished. It was the motion of this spirit, uneasy in its unfit abode, that showed itself by the shiver, the flushed cheek, the clenching hand, and the flashing eye. It kept whispering wicked things,—"I will baffle and deceive Maria: she shall withdraw her pity, and laugh at it with me." "I defy Edward and Hester: they shall wonder how it is that my fancy alone is free, that my heart alone is untouched, that the storms of life pass high over my head, and dared not lower." "I will humble Philip, and convince him." . . . but no, it would not do. The abode was too lowly and too pure for the evil spirit of defiance: the demon did not wait to be cast out; but as Margaret sank down in her chamber, alone with her lot, to face it as she might, the strange inmate escaped, and left her at least herself. Margaret was in agonized amazement at the newness of the misery she was suffering. She really fancied she had sympathised with Hester, that dreadful night of Hope's accident: she had then actually believed that she was entering into her sister's feelings. It had been as much like it as seeing a picture of one on the rack is like being racked. But Hester had not had so much cause for misery, for she never had to believe Edward unworthy. Her pride had been wounded at finding that her peace was no longer in her own power; but she had not been trifled with—duped. Here again Margaret refused to believe. The fault was all her own. She had been full of herself, full of vanity; fancying, without cause, that she was much to another when she was little. She was humbled now, and she no doubt deserved it. But how ineffably weak and mean did she appear in her own eyes! * * * And then what a set of pictures rose up before her excited fancy! Philip going forth for a walk with her and Hester, after having just sealed a letter to Miss Bruce, carrying the consciousness of what he had been saying to the mistress of his heart, while she, Margaret, had supposed herself the chief object of his thought and care! Again, Philip discussing her mind and character with Miss Bruce, as

those of a friend for whom he had a regard! or bestowing a passing imagination on how she would receive the intelligence of his engagement! Perhaps he reserved the news till he could come down to Deerbrook, and call and tell her himself, as one whose friendship deserved that he should be the bearer of his own tidings. That footstep, whose spring she had strangely considered her own signal of joy, was not hers, but another's. That laugh, the recollection of which made her smile even in these dreadful moments, was to echo in another's home. She was stripped of all her heart's treasure, of his tones, his ways, his thoughts,—a treasure which she had lived upon without knowing it; she was stripped of it all—cast out—left alone—and he and all others would go on their ways, unaware that anything had happened! Let them do so. It was hard to bear up in solitude, when self-respect was gone with all the rest; but it must be possible to live on—no matter how—if to live on was appointed. If not, there was death, which was better. * * * Margaret lay down at last, because her eyes were weary of seeing; and she would fain have shut out all sounds. The occasional flicker of a tiny blaze, however, and the fall of a cinder in the hearth, served to lull her senses, and it was not long before she slept. But oh, the horrors of that sleep! The lines of Maria's mind stared her in the face—glaring, growing, gigantic. Sometimes she was trying to read them, and could not, though her life depended on them. Now Mrs. Rowland had got hold of them; and now they were thrown into the flames, but would not burn, and the letters grew red hot. Then came the image of Philip; and that horror was mixed up with whatever was most ludicrous. Once she was struggling for voice to speak to him, and he mocked her useless efforts. O how she struggled! till some strong arm raised her, and some other voice murmured gently in her throbbing ear,—"Wake, my dear! Wake up, Margaret! What is it, dear? Wake!—Mother! is it you? O, mother! have you come at last?" murmured Margaret, sinking her head on Morris's shoulder. It was some moments before Margaret felt a warm tear fall upon her cheek, and heard Morris say,—"No, my dear: not yet. Your mother is in a better place than this, where we shall all rest with her at last, Miss Margaret." "What is all this?" said Margaret, raising herself, and looking round her. "What did I mean about my mother? O, Morris! my head is all confused, and I think I have been frightened. They were laughing at me, and when somebody came to help me, I thought it must be my mother. O, Morris, it is a long while—I wish I was with her."

Another objection which we have to make to Miss Martineau's novel is, that her better characters are too much idealized. Nothing can be more true in its *village tone*, than the picture of the society at Deerbrook—than the rivalry between Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Rowland,—than the mean, but not unfriendly gossip of the former, or the malicious spirit of the latter, which drives her into heavy social crimes. The subordinate characters too are cleverly sketched, in particular the Lady Eleanor Butler, and Miss Pensonby of the worsted-shop, whose fine language is life itself. Nothing can be more natural than that a vindictive, unprincipled woman, such as Mrs. Rowland, should, by her machinations, set a whole neighbourhood by the ears,—or that an honest vote given by a physician should subject him to such persecutions on the part of the vulgar, that he should be mobbed, impoverished, and all but ruined. This may be true: but it is above nature, that this physician, and his jealous wife, and his distressed sister-in-law, should welcome such heavy trials—that, in the exultation of their own spirits, they should positively enjoy the household labour, entailed on them by the superstition of their enemies. Serenity and hopefulness may pilot the virtuous through dreary times; but they are exaggerated to a point, we fear, unexampled, if not unattainable.

Here again, to illustrate our objection, we have but cited one out of many instances which the book presents. We must now, however, offer a specimen of Miss Martineau's scene painting. It

is taken from the time of pestilence and poverty—when the physician's wife is confined up stairs: he has been summoned abroad, and Margaret (the sister) and Maria (the lame governess) are passing the evening together, talking over trials in the same house where (vol. 1. p. 291.) they had gossiped over the bright prospects of the newly married pair, with such exquisite enjoyment, little more than twelve months before. The quietness and reality of the following scene raise it high in our estimation:—

"Hark! what footstep is that?"—"I heard it a minute or two ago," whispered Maria, "but I did not like to mention it." They listened in the deepest silence for awhile. At first they were not sure whether they heard anything above the beating of their own hearts; but they were soon certain that there were feet moving outside the room-door. "The church-clock has but lately gone twelve," said Maria, in the faint hope that it might be some one of the household yet stirring. Margaret shook her head. She rose softly from her seat, and took a candle from the table to light it, saying she would go and see. Her hand trembled a little as she held the match, and the candle would not immediately light. Meantime, the door opened without noise, and some one walked in and quite up to the gazing ladies. It was the tall woman. Maria made an effort to reach the bell, but the tall woman seized her arm, and made her sit down. A capricious jet of flame from a coal in the fire at this moment lighted up the face of the stranger for a moment, and enabled Maria to "spy a great beard under the muffer." "What do you want at this time?" said Margaret. "I want money, and what else I can get," said the intruder, in the no longer disguised voice of a man. "I have been into your larder, but you seem to have nothing there." "That is true," said Margaret, firmly; "nor have we any money. We are very poor. You could not have come to a worse place, if you are in want." "Here is something, however," said the man, turning to the tray. "With your leave, I'll see what you have left us to eat." He thrust one of the candles between the bars of the grate to light it, telling the ladies they had better start no difficulty, lest they should have reason to repent it. "There were others with him in the house, who would show themselves in an instant, if any noise were made." "Then do you make none—I beg it as a favour," said Margaret. "There is a lady asleep up-stairs, with a very young infant. If you respect her life, you will be quiet." The man did not answer, but he was quiet. He cut slices from the loaf, and carried them to the door, and they were taken by somebody outside. He quickly devoured the remains of the pheasant, tearing the meat from the bones with his teeth. He drank from the decanter of wine, and then carried it where he had taken the bread. Two men put their heads in at the door, nodded to the ladies before they drank, and again withdrew. The girls cast a look at each other,—a glance of agreement that resistance was not to be thought of: yet each was conscious of a feeling of rather pleasant surprise that she was not more alarmed. "Now for it!" said the man, striding oddly about in his petticoats, and evidently out of patience with them. "Now for your money!" As he spoke, he put the spoons from the tray into the bosom of his gown, proceeding to murmur at his deficiency of pockets. Margaret held out her purse to him. It contained one single shilling. "You don't mean this is all you are going to give me?" "It is all I have: and I believe there is not another shilling in the house. I told you we have no money." "And you?" said he, turning to Maria. "I have not my purse about me; and if I had, there is nothing in it worth your taking. I assure you I have not got my purse. I am only a visitor here for this one night,—and an odd night it is to have chosen, as it turns out." "Give me your watches." "I have no watch. I have not had a watch these five years," said Maria. "I have no watch," said Margaret. "I sold mine a month ago, I told you we were very poor." The man muttered something about the plague of gentlefolks being so poor, and about wondering that gentlefolks were not ashamed of being so poor. "You have got something, however," he continued, fixing his eye on the ring on Margaret's finger. "Give me that ring. Give

it me, or else I'll take it." Margaret's heart sank with a self-reproach worse than her grief, when she remembered how easily she might have saved this ring,—how easily she might have thrust it under the fender, or dropped it into her shoe, into her hair, anywhere, while the intruder was gone to the room-door to his companions. She felt that she could never forgive herself for this neglect of the most precious thing she had in the world,—of that which most belonged to Philip. "She cannot part with that ring," said Maria. "Look! you may see she had rather part with any money she is ever likely to have, than with that ring." She pointed to Margaret, who was sitting with her hands clasped as if they were never to be disjoined, and with a face of the deepest distress. "I can't help that," said the man. "I must have what I can get." He seized her hands, and, with a gripe of his, made hers fly open. Margaret could no longer endure to expose any of her feelings to the notice of a stranger of this character. "Be patient a moment," said she; and she drew off the ring after its guard, made of Hester's hair, and put them into the large hand which was held out to receive them; feeling, at the moment, as if her heart was breaking. The man threw the hair ring back into her lap, and tied the turquoise in the corner of the shawl he wore. "The lady up-stairs has got a watch, I suppose." "Yes, she has: let me go and fetch it. Do let me go. I am afraid of nothing so much as her being terrified. If you have any humanity, let me go. Indeed I will bring the watch." "Well, there is no man in the house, I know, for you to call. You may go, Miss; but I must step behind you to the room-door;—no further,—she shan't see me, nor know any one is there, unless you tell her. This young lady will sit as still as a mouse till we come back." "Never mind me," said Maria, to her friend. While they were gone, she sat as she was desired, as still as a mouse, enforced thereto by the certainty that a man stood in the shadow by the door, with his eye upon her the whole time. Margaret lighted a chamber candle, in order, as she said, to look as usual if her sister should see her. The robber did tread very softly on the stairs, and stop outside the chamber-door. Morris was sitting up in her truckle-bed, evidently listening, and was on the point of starting out of it, on seeing that Margaret's face was pale, when Margaret put her finger on her lips, and motioned to her to lie down.—Hester was asleep, with her sleeping infant on her arm. Margaret set down the light, and leaned over her, to take the watch from its hook at the head of the bed. "Are you still up?" said Hester, drowsily, and just opening her eyes. "What do you want? It must be very late." "Nearly half-past twelve, by your watch. I am sorry I disturbed you. Good night." As she withdrew with the watch in her hand, she whispered to Morris, "Lie still. Don't be uneasy. I will come again presently."

The turquoise ring, it should be told, is Margaret's solitary memorial of her love-trial. But we must end, though we leave many things to be said, by others, concerning the merits and defects of 'Deerbrook.'

Songs and Ballads. By Samuel Lover. Chapman & Hall.

Minstrel Melodies. By the Author of 'Field Flowers,' &c. Longman & Co.

It has been said of Lover that, finding Moore's shoes at the door of the room where their owner lay sleeping, he stepped into them, and ran away. Indeed, a remarkable similarity of style is discernible between some of the lyrics collected in this volume and those which have given the Irish melodist an European reputation. Perhaps the explanation of this similarity lies in the word *Irish*—that is, in the nationality of both of the song-writers. Is it not nationality which has made both Moore and Lover sow their lyrics with allusions, and similes, and *conceits*, so thickly, that the person singing them must needs realize the fairy tale of the King's Daughter, from whose mouth dropped pearls and diamonds?—the same nationality which makes the common acquaintance you meet in Merriam Square inform

you, if you ask after his health, "that he has not *made* enough on his bones to bait a mouse-trap"—and the most obscure Cork bard who sings his Munster melody of love and botheration, declare himself

—intoxicated in Cupid's clue?

Did not the *Athenæum*—industrious in gathering—recently furnish a prose instance of this distinctive difference, in the advertisement of the Cork glove manufacturer, patronized "by the Earl and C. of Mulgrave"? Let any one compare this last spontaneous effusion with the most highly-seasoned advertisement elaborated by George Robins's scribe—the one all fancy and philanthropy, the other mere cold "dictionary words"; and we think that even that one single exercise of comparison must conduct him to our *g. e. d.*—which indicates the peculiar difference between the lyrist of Ireland and those of England.

But Lover, if closely resembling Moore, is not a servile copyist; in some of his songs, and those which we like the best, the genuine quaint racy Irish humour peeps out, as well as the rich Irish imagination. We remember nothing from the hand of the older, and more famous song-writer, which at all resembles—

Molly Carew.

Och hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost;
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 'tis *dhramas* and not sleep that comes into my head,
And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!
You're complainer than Nature
In every feature,
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
'Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky,
And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same!
Och hone! weirastru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme,
Tho' there's one BURKE, he says, that would call it *snub*-
lime.

And then, for your cheek!
Troth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather.
Then your lips! oh, machree!
In their beautiful glow,
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were scarce. I suppose, long ago,
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Och hone! weirastru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You face me all ways
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the owl chate
Wouldn't play you your favourite tune.
And when you're at mass,
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you,
I am, Molly Carew,
While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purly face get a peep,
Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it,
The loss of my wandherin' sow!
Och hone! weirastru!
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me—and more,
And you'd look very queer if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street,
Troth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise
To think 'twasnt you who came to it!
And faith, Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say
"Katty Naile, name the day."
And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day,

Yet if you don't repent
Before Easter, when Lent
Is over, I'll marry for spite!
Och hone! weirastru!
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night!

It would not be difficult to multiply quotations further to illustrate and commend—the collection of Lover's songs set to music, lies on every pianoforte; and every reader "with a singing face" has probably made familiar friendship with at least half of the *cahier*. We wish that his success would induce other Irish song writers to bestir themselves:—"Father Plout," for instance, and in a gentler vein, Mrs. Norton, who well knows the true proportions in which song and poetry may be mingled:—and Darley, who finishes almost too highly, and writes almost too musically to leave enough for his partner, the musician, to do. There is a poet, too, we think, bearing the name of Ferguson, whose verses have appeared too sparingly in the periodicals, inasmuch as they evidence lyrical faculties of the highest order. Few of those who read it will have forgotten 'The Forging of the Anchor,' which appeared in *Blackwood* some years ago. 'The Fairy Thorn' (published in the same periodical), and 'The Forester's Complaint,' (published in the *Dublin University Magazine*), have been ascribed to the same hand. These two following verses from the latter, surely justify our desire that their author should do his part in adding to the stores of Irish song. The forester being lovesick, thus singeth:—

In our blithe sports' debates
Down by your river,
I, of my merry mates
Foremost was ever;
Skillfullest with the flute,
Leading the maidens,
Hearkening by moonlight mute
To its sweet cadence,
Sprightliest in the dance,
Tripping together,
Such a one was I once,
Ere she came bither!
Wo was me, e'er to see
Beauty so shining,
Ever since, hourly
Have I been pining!

Loud now my comrades laugh
As I pass by them,
Broadsword and quarterstaff
No more I ply them,
Coy now the maidens frown
Wanting their dances,
How can their faces brown
Win one who fancies,
Even an Angel's face
Dark to be seen would
Be, by the Lily-grace
Gladdening the greenwood?
Wo was me, e'er to see
Beauty so shining,
Ever since, hourly
Have I been pining!

It may very possibly be objected, that the "Forester," "broadsword and quarterstaff" included, is rather English than Irish. Well, at all events, let his creator do something for "his mystery," whether in the land of "bold Robin Hood," or in "the gem of the sea." Not that England is so poor in song-writers, that we have any occasion to steal or seduce recruits from other countries. To say nothing of those who have been—have we not now Barry Cornwall, and Ainsworth, and Hood,—all "cunning men" in their vocation; to say nothing of that most prolific of all melodists, Haynes Bayly, only made feeble by his fertility: and for table songs, James Smith, (who, we are sorry to hear, is in the retirement of severe indisposition), and Hamilton Reynolds, and "many others more"! But, lest catalogue-making run us out of breath, it may, for discretion's sake, be well to close this rambling notice. This shall be done by a specimen from the volume above coupled with Mr. Lover's. If the writer do not equal the English songsters just enumerated, he has an easy flow of rhyme, and a certain control over the well-approved thoughts and images, which give him a place among the second-rates. The

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following is neither the best nor the worst thing in his collection :—

The Pilgrim Child.

A stranger child, one winter eve,
Knocked at a cottage maiden's door;
"A pilgrim at your hearth receive—
Hark! how the mountain-torrents roar!"
But ere the latch was raised, "Forbear!"
Cried the pale parent from above;
"The Pilgrim child, that's weeping there,
Is Love!"

The Spring-tide came, and once again,
With garlands crown'd, a laughing child
Knock'd at the maiden's casement pane,
And whispered "Let me in," and smiled.
The casement soon was opened wide—
The stars shone bright the bower above;
And lo! the maiden's couch beside
Stood Love!

And smiles, and sighs, and kisses sweet,
Beguiled brief Summer's careless hours;
And Autumn, Labour's sons to greet,
Came forth, with corn, and fruit, and flowers,
But why grew pale her cheek with grief?
Why watched she the bright stars above?
Some one had stole her heart—the thief
Was Love!

And Winter came, and hopes and fears
Alternatèd swelled her virgin breast;
But none were there to dry her tears,
Or hush her anxious cares to rest,
And often as she opened the door,
Roared the wild torrent from above;
But never to her cottage more
Came Love!

Tredgold on the Steam Engine; its application to Navigation, Manufactures, and Railways.
Edited by W. S. B. Woolhouse.

WE should not again have returned to this subject, but for a letter since received from Mr. Woolhouse, the editor. It will be remembered by our readers, that this new edition of Tredgold's work had long been heralded with much pomp as a great National Work on which no expense had been spared, and on which the greatest practical and scientific talent of the country had been brought to bear. When, however, the work was published, we, like most other practical men with whom we are acquainted, were miserably disappointed. We found, it is true, that the collection of plates brought together by the publisher's industry was most valuable, and we pronounced on them the highest eulogy. Valuable materials had also been collected, which might, if judiciously handled, have formed portions of a valuable work; and so far the publisher at least had done his duty. But we found further, that the scientific information had not only not been brought down to the present improved state of our knowledge, but that the errors in an edition twelve years old, had all been left uncorrected, and new ones abundantly accumulated. We therefore proceeded, as in duty bound, to point out a few of the more important omissions and grave errors, for the purpose of preventing practical men and students from being thereby misled. We showed that the Editor was perfectly innocent of all knowledge of his subject when he performed the first part of his editorial duty—for he had omitted in his list of experiments on Steam, the valuable series of the French Academy, the valuable practical experiments of the Committee of the Franklin Institute, the later experiments of Dr. Dalton, and had retained in their place old and erroneous data. In that important part of the work which assumes to direct the practical man in his construction, we found errors and deficiencies innumerable, and made an exposure of some of those which were most likely seriously to mislead. We pointed out that pages 116, 122 contained rules the reverse of correct practice; that page 134, and the whole chapter to which it belonged, would lead the reader into error, and leave him in ignorance of essential practical information; that the whole subject of explosion of boilers was defective, and Prof. Bache's important experiments totally omitted; that the three pages 157—160 were absolute and unadulterated error from beginning to end; pages 162, 163, and all the articles from 332 to 338 inclusive, nonsense, and in direct opposition to all sound theory and judicious practice. These errors, however, were only a very small number of the extensive list which we had found; but the exposure being neither an agreeable nor a grateful task, we only gave so many as we thought actually required to put our readers on their guard against

trusting implicitly to such a work, or giving to reprinted matter the authority of established truth. We refrained from making use of our materials further than our duty imperatively required; but, notwithstanding our lenity, the Editor has felt himself called on to write us the following remonstrance:—

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

26, Cornhill, March 27, 1839.

SIR.—I much regret to find in your numbers for Feb. 9 and Mar. 2, that you have permitted the insertion of a rather unbecoming attack upon me as editor of the new English edition of Tredgold's work on the Steam Engine. It is unworthy of notice, on my part, as a personal matter; but I do consider the misguidance of students, and of the practical members of the profession generally, to be a subject of too serious an importance to justify me in withholding from them a few brief observations; and I doubt not that your desire to put your readers in possession of correct information, will induce you to favour me also with the insertion of what I have to say. To avoid unnecessary inconvenience, I shall confine myself to the leading points, and use my utmost endeavours to be concise and explicit.

Your reviewer, in his first attack, accuses me of ignorance of what the Academy of Sciences of Paris had done by way of experiments on the properties of steam, and, in the most summary way, sets down Farey's as the very best, and Tredgold's as the very worst book on the theory of the steam engine.

That the French Academy of Sciences have gone through a long series of experiments, is a fact almost as notorious as the existence of the steam engine; but, amongst scientific men, it is no less notorious that these experiments did not lead to any new principle, or to any improvement in the applications of steam power. For this reason, I considered it unnecessary to extend the pages of the work by the introduction of these experiments. It happens rather fortunately that a new edition of Tredgold's work, just now published in Paris, has been received into this country almost immediately after the appearance of the English edition; it is edited by M. Mellet, Ingénieur Civil, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Polytechnique; and I have to observe that he also has deemed it unadvisable to give any account of the experiments of the Academy.

With respect to the comparison of the treatises of Farey and Tredgold, I should be sorry to say anything uncalled for to the prejudice of the former, which is, no doubt, a deserving work; it may suffice to assert the fact, that the opinion expressed by the reviewer is in direct opposition to that of almost every intelligent engineer. As an instance of indisputable authority on this very point, I would submit to your readers the recorded opinion of M. Mellet, viz. that the treatise of Tredgold is more instructive, and more complete than that of Farey, notwithstanding the latter is quite as recent and more voluminous. This opinion is embodied in the following extract from M. Mellet's preface to the new French edition:—

"Supérieur de beaucoup aux écrits superficiels publiés jusqu'à ce jour sur les machines à vapeur, plus instructif et plus complet que le livre tout aussi récent et plus volumineux, de M. Farey, le Traité de Th. Tredgold a le mérite de réunir en un seul volume les notions les plus importantes sur le sujet." &c.

As another evidence of the high estimation in which Tredgold's book is held, both in this country and on the continent, I may state that it has already run through a sale of no less than six thousand five hundred copies! and certainly the important contributions, replete with practical information, which the new edition has received from engineers, ship-builders, and others, who command the highest eminence in their several professions, have considerably augmented its value. It would be needless to offer any conjecture as to the reason why these invaluable additions have met with no notice whatever in the review.

I have only to add, that the nature of the error in pages 157—160 is distinctly explained in the "Errata," &c. at the end of the volume; that the error in articles 332—338 is likewise pointed out in the errata; and that the other subjects noticed by the reviewer are either points of dispute, points of no consequence, or points on which the reviewer is erroneous in his opinion.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. S. B. WOOLHOUSE.

N.B.—Absence from town has prevented my addressing these remarks to you before.

The reader who has perused our articles (Nos. 589, 592) will scarcely require from us any comment on this letter, in the way of reply: the ludicrous weakness of the defence is conclusive as to the justice of our criticism. The Editor confesses his omission of the experiments of the French Academy; his silence also is proof that he was utterly unacquainted with the American experiments, and with the recent experiments of Dr. Dalton, on both which points he says, wisely, not a single word. As to the grave omissions we have pointed out, he is equally silent; of the equally grave errors, not a word, except that two of them are noticed in the errata. We have looked in vain for these errata in the volume which contains the subjects we reviewed, and which volume had gone through the press and was issued long before the others followed it; but, at last, in the subsequent volume, we find the said errata, which, be it observed, were not printed until the former had been criticised by the public: and accordingly we find that the Editor is indebted to Prof. Willis, of Cambridge, for putting him right in one of the gravest of his errors, which

we find also noted in our own multitudinous list; and in regard to the others, the Editor, while he does not state to whom he is indebted for this correction, tacitly admits that he had allowed whole sheets of erroneous matter to pass through his hands into this second edition, without having been able to detect their falsity! Surely this bears us out in our supposition, that when the Editor undertook the charge of the work he was wholly unacquainted with the subject, and that it was not until he had reached the end of the second volume that he had the good fortune to be made aware of errors which any competent person must have detected at the first glance. If it will serve the Editor, we have the pleasure to inform him, that not only is the remark of Mr. Willis perfectly just, but also that another of Mr. Woolhouse's parallel motions (fig. 9, pl. x. B.), has been misunderstood and misexplained by him, as his operation depends on a principle with which he is entirely unacquainted.

While the Editor thus admits all the facts we have stated, he has only to adduce against them that a M. Mellet is of opinion that Tredgold's work is better than Farey's. It is truly absurd to hear a French authority cited on one of those practical subjects on which the French themselves would perhaps admit that they are less competent to judge than almost any nation,—one of those subjects in which at any rate they are so far behind us! If it were a point of etiquette, of fashion, or of refined artifice in some transcendental department of abstract mathematics, we might perhaps find an arbiter in France to whose authority an Englishman would at once bow; but, on a practical inquiry about steam engines! that court is surely not the most competent. However, the Editor, having found it more advisable to treat the question as a matter of authority than on its own merits, was perhaps right in adducing his best, although he had to travel for it out of this, the most competent tribunal in the world.

But even here, as matter of authority, we can give a stronger proof of the correctness of our opinion. Our opinion had scarcely issued from Wellington Street, when we received a letter from the very highest authority in this country, a gentleman whom we had not the honour of personally knowing, but whose name and talent we have long respected. In this letter he states that he had arrived, by his independent perusal, at the same conclusions which we have expressed in our review; but it is better to give his own words. He states that—

"He made a cursory perusal of Tredgold's Steam Engine, and intended to have revised the various rules laid down for proportioning the parts of steam engines, but after going through a few, found such a number of totally false rules that the rest did not appear worth further inquiry. The errors are so great that no practical man could avoid finding out (after a few attempts to make use of the rules), that they are mere off-hand notions, without any foundation either in true theory or actual practice. This circumstance seemed to render the book harmless, whereas if it had been less extravagantly wide of the truth, it might have misled practical men, and introduced a mispropounding of engines, which, without causing actual fractures, would have rendered them less efficacious and more liable to fractures. As the matter stands, no engine of any kind has ever been made according to Mr. Tredgold's rules; and if one were to be constructed, it never could be made to do any good, for it would be a monstrosity of disproportion in all its parts. Mr. Tredgold's book has had the effect of increasing the contempt which practical men have been accustomed to feel (even when they do not express it) for mathematical investigations on the subjects of their pursuits, &c. The new edition of Mr. Tredgold's book is a strange anomaly." &c.

To this letter is appended 74 pages of errors noticed by the writer in his cursory perusal! Surely if authority is to decide the question, our readers will not for a moment hesitate between that of a French translator and the very highest practical authority in this country, whose name it is unnecessary to drag into this matter, as every one acquainted with the subject must see whom we mean.

We trust that our readers will pardon us for deviating from our general course, in having entered on this little matter of controversy. But they will excuse us when we say that we have done so because Mr. Woolhouse has stigmatised our review as "an attack upon him." Now we take leave to say, distinctly, that when the reviews were written, we had never in our life seen Mr. Woolhouse, nor heard well or ill of him. From the title-page we learn that he is actuary of an insurance office, and we hear that he was formerly employed as assistant in the Nautical Almanac office, the duties of which he ably dis-

charged, and we have reason to believe that he is well qualified for the accomplishment of involved and complex calculations, and should feel extremely sorry if anything we have said should seem to imply the contrary; we have spoken of him only as the editor of a theoretical and practical work on the steam engine, on the grounds immediately before us. We wish Mr. Woolhouse well in the departments of study for which he is qualified; we also wish well to his publisher, who has, on his part, got up the work, in some of its departments, with a spirit and enterprise worthy of success. But, with the knowledge we possessed of the serious deficiencies and errors of the work, justice to the public demanded a faithful exposure, which, after what we have just shown, our readers will, we are sure, think not only fair, but lenient and gentle.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Tis an Old Tale and often Told. 1 vol.—*The Fergusons, or Woman's Love and the World's Favour.* 2 vols.—We couple these novels together, because the second might wear the title of the first with equal propriety. Having said, that good-feeling and good-breeding on the part of its writer, are more clearly discernible in 'The Fergusons' than in other novels of its class—which is the fashionable—we are at a loss how further to unfold the hackneyed love-makings, misunderstandings, jealousies, fears, and disappointments, the scenes whereof are the Opera-Almack's—the Chiswick gardens—the white-bait house, and all the other authentic resorts of the gay world. Nothing can be more guiltless of exciting any "portentous interest," (as the puffs would phrase it,) than the tale of the fortunes of the Fergusons, two brothers, the one gallant and popular, the other studious and reserved: in spite of these dissimilarities, loving each other heartily, and in spite of this love crossing each other's path, so effectually, as to protract the story to the requisite length. The 'Old Tale,' in a single

volume—though scarcely less familiar in its incidents, is told with far greater power. A "cousin Dorothy," who is the poor spinster relation, domesticated in a merchant's family, narrates with more than the average force, pathos, and simplicity, the struggles between love and ambition in her favourite of the flock, Viola Sidney; at the same time artlessly displaying a sweet, unrepining, sensible nature of her own, which makes us sorrow at the painful close of Viola's story, because she sorrows. The incidents, we have said, are hackneyed, but the authoress has wisely kept clear of all the clap-traps of superhuman generosity, and impossible reconciliations. She has painted life, not exactly as it is, but that portion of it to be found in the vale of tears and shadows—and we should be glad to meet her in a story where subject and space allowed a larger intermixture of sunshine.

Fauna Boreali-Americana. Part IV. The Insects, by the Rev. W. Kirby.—This volume contains the entomological portion of the work upon North American Zoology, published by the aid of a government grant. The Mammalia, Birds, and Fishes, have already appeared, under the superintendence of competent naturalists, and the task of describing the Insects has fallen into the hands of the venerable Kirby. We observe, that the author offers a few general remarks on the structure and probable affinities of several of the primary groups among the Coleoptera, and dips a little into certain speculations as to the value of nouns of number, in helping us to a system which shall harmonize with the laws of nature. The great bulk, however, of Mr. Kirby's labour consists in the enumeration and description of species, to the amount of 400 or 500, all of which have their technical names translated into English; and the family terminations in *ide* are also Anglicized by the change of the diphthong into *ans*. Coloured figures of some few of the most interesting species are given, and the work may altogether be regarded as a valuable summary of Arctic Entomology.

Minor Poetry.—Penelope's web itself was not a more endless task than the attempt to keep up with the minor versifiers of England. *The Betrayal*, by the Rev. S. Bellamy, is a poem in five books of blank verse, founded on that part of scripture history which relates the treason of Judas Iscariot. Next comes a *New Metrical Version of the Psalms of David*, by C. F. and E. C., in which will be found smooth and solemn verses; but a larger proportion far below the sublimity of the subject. *Selma, a Tale of the Sixth Crusade*,—*The Demons of the Wind*, &c., by Henry Longueville Mansel, and *The Reign of Lockrin*, belong to the romantic school: the first is written in a close and not infelicitous imitation of Scott's metrical tales; the third (which is the cleverest, in spite of a most clumsy attempt at smartness upon critics and criticism contained in its notes) is a legend of ancient Britain in the Spenserian stanza.

List of New Books.—Bickersteth's *Private Devotions*, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Blomfield's *Agamemnon of Æschylus*, 5th edit. 12s. bds.—Prendergast's *Edipus Tyrannus*, and English Prose Translation, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Montgomery's (Robert) Works, Vol. II. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Lynch's *Measures for Ireland*, 8vo. 5s. cl.—Brougham's *Statements of the Time of George the Third*, 1st series, royal 8vo. 21s. cl.—Willis's *Poeciliaries by the Way*, new edit. 6s. cl.—Lord Durham's Report, 8vo. 7s. cl.—Lingard's *England*, Vol. X. 6s. cl.—Eisdell on the Industry of Nations, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. bds.—The Minister's Family, 12mo. new edit. 5s. cl.—Abridgment of Ancient History, 12mo. 4s. bd.—Simeon on the Humiliation of the Son of God, 32mo. 1s. cl.—Dunlop on the Drinking Usages of Great Britain, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Keith's *Measurer*, new edit. 12mo. 5s. bd.—Morgan's *Ophthalmic Surgery*, 8vo. 18s. cl.—Evans's *Spirit of Holiness*, 4th edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Girdlestone's *Comments on the Old Testament*, Part IV. 8vo. 9s. cl.—Mountain's *Writings of Lactantius*, 8vo. 6d. bds.—Shelley's Works, Vol. III. 5s. cl.—No Work, or Economy and Extravagance, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Steggall's *Manual for the College of Surgeons*, 12mo. 12s. 6d. cl.—Miller on the Unsettled State of the Law, 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Roscoe's *London and Birmingham Railway*, 8vo. 16s. cl.—Literary Character, by I. Plaracel, new edit. 6s. cl.—Milton's *Life of Gibbon*, 8vo. 9s. cl.—Impey's *General Stamp Acts*, new edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Transactions of the Meteorological Society, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 42s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for MARCH, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society,
BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1839. MAR.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			9 A.M. J. Bar. Ther.	Diff. of Wet and Dry Bulb Ther.	External Thermometers.				Rain in inches, Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.	
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.			Fahrenheit.		Self-registering					
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.				Lowest	Highest						
F 1	30.030	30.022	44.3	29.944	29.938	45.9	39	03.1	46.3	46.2	39.7	47.7	.041	E	(A.M. Lightly overcast—rain during the night. P.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. Evening, The same.)	
S 2	29.868	29.862	44.7	29.910	29.904	41.9	39	03.4	45.7	52.8	42.8	46.3		SSE	Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day.	
3	30.068	30.060	45.9	30.054	30.050	48.0	40	01.8	43.7	50.7	41.6	53.3		N	(A.M. Cloudy—light fog and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, The same.)	
M 4	30.052	30.044	43.7	30.044	30.036	44.9	36	02.4	40.3	41.6	36.8	50.3		NE	Fine—light clouds—high wind throughout the day. Ev. Sharp frost.	
T 5	30.108	30.100	40.2	30.068	30.060	39.8	32	03.1	35.2	34.7	33.8	37.0		NE	Overcast—lt. brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Cloudy—sharp frost.	
W 6	29.854	29.846	38.2	29.744	29.738	38.9	29		32.5	31.7	31.6	32.8		NE	(A.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—snow and wind. Evening, Cloudy—light snow.)	
T 7	29.526	29.518	34.6	29.496	29.488	36.3	26		30.7	33.5	27.4	31.7		NW	(A.M. Dark heavy clouds—brisk wind. P.M. Snow—brisk wind. Ev. Evening, Overcast—snow—high wind.)	
F 8	29.748	29.742	35.3	29.842	29.836	36.6	28		32.2	34.8	30.0	34.7		NW	(A.M. Cloudy—snow—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds & wind. Ev. Fine—starlight night. (—starlight night—sharp frost.)	
S 9	29.948	29.942	33.3	29.976	29.970	36.6	25		29.8	35.2	26.0	30.2		NNW	(A.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds & wind. Ev. Fine—starlight night.)	
10	30.172	30.166	32.7	30.180	30.174	35.0	23		30.5	36.0	26.5	35.8		E	Overcast—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Overcast—sharp frost.	
M 11	30.182	30.176	34.8	30.136	30.128	38.2	28		36.5	41.8	29.9	37.8		E	(A.M. Fine—nearly cloudless—light wind. P.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. Evening, Fine and starlight—frost.)	
T 12	30.074	30.066	37.7	30.050	30.044	39.7	29	02.9	35.4	42.4	32.8	36.3		NE var.	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. Evening, Overcast.)	
W 13	30.048	30.042	39.6	30.012	30.004	41.4	34	02.3	40.7	50.2	34.8	43.5	.022	NE	(A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind. Ev. (A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Overcast—light rain.)	
T 14	30.014	30.006	42.3	30.024	30.016	45.0	36	00.8	45.7	52.6	40.7	50.2	.216	SE	Overcast—lt. rain & wind nearly the whole day. Ev. Dark heavy clouds.	
15	29.806	29.800	47.2	29.522	29.514	48.5	42	01.3	46.7	50.3	45.6	47.5	.327	S	Overcast—light rain & wind nearly the whole day. Ev. Dark heavy clouds.	
S 16	29.260	29.254	48.6	29.238	29.232	50.2	43	03.5	46.8	50.2	42.3	50.8	.250	SW	Fine—lt. clouds & wind throughout the day. Ev. Overcast—lt. rain.	
17	29.464	29.456	46.5	29.588	29.582	46.4	36	02.1	39.8	42.3	38.0	51.2	.044	NE	Lightly overcast—lt. wind the whole of the day, as also the evening.	
M 18	29.880	29.872	41.3	29.916	29.908	41.3	33	02.5	35.8	37.7	34.8	41.0		NW	Overcast—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Very light rain.	
T 19	30.022	30.014	40.3	30.006	30.000	41.9	32	02.2	37.0	44.3	33.3	38.0		W	(A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
W 20	29.968	29.962	41.3	29.848	29.842	44.0	35	02.7	41.2	47.2	36.2	41.7		W	Overcast—light brisk wind throughout the day. Evening, Light rain—brisk wind.	
T 21	29.616	29.610	45.2	29.630	29.624	47.6	40	02.3	46.7	51.8	41.2	48.2	.077	W	Overcast—light brisk wind throughout the day, with occasional showers. Evening, Overcast.	
F 22	29.700	29.696	51.9	29.700	29.694	50.0	44	04.3	47.2	50.3	42.4	48.8	.016	SW	(A.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy. Ev. The same.)	
S 23	29.700	29.696	48.3	29.660	29.654	50.0	43	03.7	50.5	54.5	44.3	51.2		S	Cloudy—lt. brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Overcast—lt. rain.	
24	29.682	29.674	49.8	29.666	29.662	53.0	44	03.0	47.4	53.0	46.8	48.3	.088	S	(A.M. Cloudy—light wind—rain early. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
M 25	29.648	29.644	52.2	29.636	29.628	51.2	43	04.2	47.7	48.8	41.8	49.3		S	(A.M. Fine—lt. clouds & wind. P.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. Ev. Ditto.)	
T 26	29.810	29.806	50.8	29.912	29.904	49.3	39	03.6	44.2	46.4	41.7	45.2		NE	(A.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. Evening, Cloudy—light wind.)	
W 27	29.670	29.662	47.3	29.524	29.518	49.4	42	02.6	48.0	52.3	42.2	48.8	.044	S	(A.M. Overcast—brisk wind—rain early. P.M. Cloudy—light rain. Evening, Cloudy.)	
T 28	29.386	29.380	53.3	29.296	29.292	51.0	44	04.2	48.8	52.2	42.7	51.5	.133	S	(A.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy, with showers. Evening, Overcast—light rain.)	
F 29	29.454	29.448	48.2	29.516	29.508	48.7	42	03.0	43.7	42.7	40.3	53.2	.291	NNW	Overcast—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Cloudy—brisk wind.	
30	29.762	29.756	45.7	29.784	29.778	45.8	35	04.1	41.2	41.6	35.0	45.7		ENE	(A.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. Evening, Overcast.)	
31	29.612	29.604	42.7	29.544	29.540	44.8	37	02.5	41.0	45.7	37.2	43.0		E	Overcast—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Heavy rain.	
MEAN.	29.811	29.804	43.5	29.789	29.783	44.6	36.1	02.9	41.3	45.0	37.4	44.2	1.549	Sum. Mean Barometer corrected.....		{ 9 A.M. 3 P.M. F. 29.775 .. 29.750 C. 29.767 .. 29.740

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

MY OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Let poets coin their golden dreams,
Let lovers weave their vernal themes,
Or paint the earth all fair;
To me no such bright fancies throng:
I sing a humble hearthstone song
Of thee,—my old Arm-chair!

Poor,—faded,—ragged,—crazy,—old,
Thou'rt yet worth thrice thy weight in gold:
Ay, though thy back be bare;
For thou hast held a world of worth,
A load of heavenly human earth,
My old Arm-chair!

Here sate,—ah, many a year ago,—
When, young, I nothing cared to know
Of life, or its great aim,—
Friends (gentle hearts!) who smiled and shed
Brief sunshine on my boyish head;
At last the wild clouds came,—

And vain desires, and hopes dismayed,
And fears, that cast the earth in shade,
My heart did fret,
And dreaming wonders, foul and fair;
And who then filled mine ancient chair,
I now forget.

Then Love came—Love!—without his wings,
Low murmuring here a thousand things
Of one I once thought fair:
'Twas here he laughed, and bound my eyes,
Taking me, boy, by sweet surprise,
Here,—in my own Arm-chair.

How I escaped from that soft pain,
And (nothing lesson'd) fell again
Into another snare,
And how again Fate set me free,
Are secrets 'tween my soul and me,—
Me, and my old Arm-chair.

Years fade:—Old Time doth all he can:
The soft youth hardens into man;
The vapour Fame
Dissolves: Care's scars indent our brow;
Friends fail us in our need:—but Thou
Art still the same.

Thou bring'st calm thoughts, strange dreamings,
sleep,
And fancies subtle (sometimes deep);
And the unseen air
Which round thy honoured tatters plays,
Is rich with thoughts of other days,
That quell despair.

Let the world turn, then,—wrong or right;
Let the hired critic spit his spite;
With thee, old friend,
With thee, companion of my heart,
I'll still try on the honest part,—
Unto the end!

C.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 2.

Lord Brougham, who rejoices in the honorary title of "Member of the National Institute of France," was yesterday present at the sitting of the Academy. Without intending anything disrespectful to his Lordship, I cannot but observe, what is indeed a common subject of town talk, that his manners and conduct, when he does visit us, are not exactly corresponding with our idea of the dignified demeanour which ought to characterize an Englishman of his rank and position in society, and of his distinguished literary and scientific attainments. He has such an appetite for notoriety, that he is content to feed on garbage; and whenever any dozen men are assembled together, no matter from what class or for what purpose, there is his Lordship, *se posant*, if I may use the appropriate French phrase, like an actor attending on "the sweet voices" of the groundlings after a successful debut, and waiting their pleasure.

The announcement of Daguerre's discovery has turned the brains of half the world: you sober English have certainly not escaped the infection; and the speculating Germans, as you have noticed, are hard at it. I learn, by letters just received from Munich, that Profs. Steinheil and Robel are astonishing the natives with their Photogenic pictures. It is said that they have discovered the process of M.

Daguerre, but it seems to me more than probable that their process rather resembles that of Mr. Talbot; and that by their invention pictures can be obtained not only with the aid of the camera obscura, but by the direct agency of light, so that they take, in an instant, copies of pictures traced upon blackened glass. [No doubt the process here indistinctly referred to is the same as, or similar to, that of Mr. Havell.] Daguerre's pictures are, it is known, traced upon copper[?], but Messrs. Steinheil and Robel imprint theirs upon paper. Several experiments are stated to have been made in presence of a crowd of spectators, and to have been in every instance successful.

Our literary annals have been very poor for the last fortnight. We have only had one work of any note, but that is on a subject intimately connected with the interests of Great Britain. The Count Capo de Feuillide, a literary man of some eminence, was sent over to Ireland, about the time of the last elections, by the French government, for the purpose of spying into the nakedness of the land. And naked enough he found it, if the facts given in his volumes are authentic. He arrived in Dublin the very day on which Daniel O'Connell and his antagonist were to appear before their constituents. He portrays with considerable talent and feeling the novel scenes—novel at least to a Frenchman—which passed before his eyes; and concludes every chapter with a malediction against England, to whose supremacy and legislation he attributes, rightly or not, the innumerable woes of Ireland. This work has been eagerly caught hold of by several of the leading French feuilletonists, and among the rest by Jules Janin, who re-echoes, and even exaggerates, the charges which the Count prefers against England.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The interest excited by the new art—Photogenic Drawing—still continues. Mr. Cooper, the chemist, has prepared photogenic drawing paper, and Mr. Ackermann a photogenic drawing box, for the use of amateurs and artists. In the meantime, discovery goes forward. Mr. Talbot, in his first Report, paragraph 7 (*ante*, page 115), refers to shadow pictures, formed by exposing paintings on glass to solar light. This idea has been carried out by Mr. William Havell, who has in this way produced some admirable etchings, and who last week obligingly addressed to us a full explanation of this process, but unfortunately too late for publication in Saturday's paper. "A square of thin glass," Mr. Havell observes, "was placed over the well known etching by Rembrandt of 'Faust conjuring Mephistopheles to appear in the form of a bright star.' I then painted on the high lights with thick white lead mixed with copal varnish, and sugar of lead to make it dry quickly; for the half tints I made the white less opaque with the varnish, and graduated the tints off into the glass for the deep shadows. I allowed this to dry, and the following day, Feb. 27, retouched the whole, by removing with the point of a knife the white ground, to represent the dark etched lines of the original; the glass thus painted when placed upon black paper looked like a powerful mezzotint engraving. I placed a sheet of prepared paper upon the painted surface, and, to make the contact perfect, put three layers of flannel at the back, and tied the whole down to a board. There happened to be a bright sun, and in ten minutes the parts of the glass exposed had made a deep purplish black on the paper. On removing the glass I had a tolerably good impression, but the half tints had absorbed too much of the violet ray. I immediately painted the parts over with black on the other side of the glass, which answers to the practice of engravers in stopping out when a plate is bitten in too fast by the acid—this may be wiped off, renewed, or suffered to remain, at pleasure. There is no advantage in letting the glass remain too long in the light, as it deepens the middle tints and does not blacken the shadows in the same proportion. The fixation with salt entirely failed; but with the iodide of potassium succeeded very well. The effect of the drawing may be heightened at pleasure by

* The sale of the monthly part of the Athenæum doubles that of many of the magazines, and as both must be delivered to the booksellers on the same day, we are occasionally hurried towards the end of the month, and consequently obliged to go to press with the last number somewhat earlier than usual.

touching the lights with strong iodide of potassium, and the darks with a strong solution of the nitrate of silver dropped upon tin with a camel's hair pencil; this instantly turns black: with these the drawing may be invigorated, and the whole will resemble a mezzotint print or a rich sepia drawing. A blackened etching ground readily suggested itself, it having been done many years ago, but I preferred a white ground, made of white lead, sugar of lead mixed with wax and copal varnish: this may be laid on very thin with a silk dabber, or thick by repeating the process; or the various opacities may be introduced according to the subject and effect proposed. Transfer the outline in soft pencil, by rubbing on the back of the paper, and proceed to etch with the etching point, a knife or any hard point to make the bolder lines. Thus, with the glass placed on black paper, the work will look like a spirited drawing with pen and ink, or under the hands of the engraver, a highly-finished engraving. If the semi-opaque ground be prepared, various middle tints will readily be obtained, and by touching the high lights with opaque white, or with black at the back, a variety of effects may be produced similar to the double lithography. These processes may be applied to original designs, copies from paintings, portraits, figures, or landscapes; to circular letters, to the multiplying of manuscripts, with illustrations in any part of the page, &c., without the aid of engravers, printers, or presses. Any number may be produced at the same moment of exposition to the light; every pane of glass in the windows of a house may be occupied, by having a back-board to fit the frames, and layers of flannel or wadding to make the contact perfect; and the house being darkened is the more favourable for the preparation of the paper and fixation of the photogenic drawings. Its present difficulties and defects are the paper requiring some niceties of manipulation, and only one side of the sheet can be employed. All these will be vanquished, for we shall have paper made of a quality and size favourable to the reception of the process. At present, I have found the Bank note post paper the best—probably it may be worth while to make two pages adhere together, as the paper is very thin. Then there is the drawback of fixing and drying, &c., and few of each subject can be done in the course of the day, unless there be duplicate glasses; yet, as the preparation on the glasses never wears out, causes no dirt, may be altered, improved, and retouched at any time, and only requires care not to break them, the art is perfectly available to those who wish to publish a limited number of illustrations with manuscripts, where it would not be worth the expense of employing engraving or printing; but it is doubtful if it can ever be made to rival the beauty of the former or the facility of the latter. There are many other applications of this photogenic process, provided any very transparent substance be made sensitive to the operation of light, such as horn, isinglass, or goldbeater's skin. This being accomplished, the transfer of prints, letter-press, or types will be very easy." While on this subject, we may observe that some of our contemporaries continue to argue respecting the discoveries of Mr. Fox Talbot and M. Daguerre, as if a doubt yet existed as to priority. There can be no doubt on the subject. Mr. Talbot himself states that for four or five years his attention has been directed to the subject; whereas there is abundant proof that M. Daguerre had made great progress in his discovery—had indeed produced many drawings, more than a dozen years since. But we repeat, that the processes are entirely different, and the results different; and having seen specimens of all, including among the best those of Mr. Talbot, Sir John Herschel, and Mr. Havell, we distinctly state that those of M. Daguerre far excel any which have been produced in this country.

The paragraph alluded to in the following letter was translated from the published Reports of the proceedings of the French Académie des Sciences:—

Edinburgh, April 2, 1839.

Sir John Robison has been so obliging as to call my attention to a trifling inaccuracy in the Athenæum of the 23rd of March, in so far as you mention him as being engaged in making the experiments, in reference to the vermilion appearance presented on a clot of blood, corresponding to the figure of the green part of the ornament at the bottom of a porcelain vessel with which it had been in contact. The observation was made by me some time ago, while prosecuting some inquiries, into the state of the blood in eruptive diseases, which were communicated to the meeting of the British Association at Dublin in 1835. I have since been

engaged in conducting experiments, with the view of ascertaining how the effect is produced, at one of which Sir John Robinson and Professor Forbes did me the favour to attend, and the result of which was noticed in a communication made at the time by the former to his friend, M. Arago.

I am, &c.,
P. S. K. Newbigging, M.D.

The March number of the *Quarterly Review* (No. 136.), is sufficiently various in its contents, and on the whole, a good number. The most generally interesting articles in it are,—on the Natural History of the Sperm Whale, by Thomas Beale (*Athenæum*, No. 397.), a work replete with amusing and instructive narrative—on Paraguay, which is a résumé of the accounts of the Robertsons, and of Renger and Longchamps—and a review of Telford's Autobiography, alike interesting to the man of science and the philanthropist. The review of Scott's Granada is less to our taste, though written with considerable power. The reader cannot go on sneering with the reviewer (at least, we cannot) through nearly forty pages, and there is too much unreal mockery and antipathy in the style to be agreeable. The article on India will be read with attention by all to whom India is a matter of interest; and the number of such readers has increased, is increasing, and assuredly will not soon be diminished. Of the articles which will be first read—those on Sir F. Head, and the Puseyite controversy—we purposely abstain from speaking; though the theological dispute must lead to consequences unforeseen by the parties who have commenced it, and therefore invites notice. After all, it is but the old dispute between authority and conscience, carried into a new field; and the world, as it has hitherto done, will decide for itself, without listening to the exaggerations and assumptions of either party.

The first finished of the many announced pictures of the Coronation is that by Mr. Parris. The artist has done his utmost to produce not merely an exact representation of the royal cloth of gold and the episcopal purple, and the noble ermine which enriched the pageant—but to make a picture; and, compared with any of his previous works, he has succeeded well. By the admission of one of those broad gushes of sunlight, which gave the real scene an effect so picturesque and fairy-ish (the word is Horace Walpole's), he has blended and harmonized all the otherwise fatiguing details of the background, which terminates in the music gallery, so as strongly to throw out the principal group—deep shades above the transept, where the peeresses sat, giving the due equipoise of more solid and grave tones. Something must always be sacrificed in these representations; and here, that the young Queen and her attendants might assume the prominence required, the aisle, where the ceremonial took place, has been something narrowed, so as to have a more closet-like appearance than the reality—but the fault exists only to a trifling extent. It is impossible for us to attempt to enumerate the personages whose portraits Mr. Parris has introduced,—as a whole, successfully.

The Society of British Artists announces a series of conversaciones to be held on alternate Saturday evenings, commencing April 6th, to which strangers are to be admitted on payment. The plan includes not merely the exhibition of the pictures, but also the delivery of lectures on artistic subjects: and if well carried into effect, is worthy the consideration and patronage of all who do more than talk about art.

The musical season of London has fairly set in. The Societa Armonica began its concerts on Monday, with an excellent programme of instrumental and vocal music: the most prominent item in the former division, was Beethoven's symphony in A flat, which was correctly but coarsely executed by a band more powerful, if we mistake not, than the Society has been worth in former seasons. Greater perfection of execution is impossible, so long as it remains a question with the orchestra, whether its members are to look for guidance to Mr. Mori, the leader, or Mr. Forbes, the conductor, (per bill). We know not whether it is to be considered as cause or effect of such a divided reign, that the latter gentleman performs his evolutions with so entire an independence of the requisitions of the orchestra—or of the score. Mr. Forbes is a clever pianist, but assuredly, at the Societa Armonica, he stands in a false position. The singers announced, were Mrs. A. Toulmin, Miss F. Wyndham, Miss Woodyatt,

Sig. Brizzi, the brothers Giubilei, and Sig. F. Lachlach. To guard against the possibility of mistake, however, it is fair to add, that the temptations of Herr David's violin-playing enticed us away from their well-known, though well selected songs, duets, and concerted pieces,—at the close of the symphony. And to make amends for our omission, we may state (though it be an exception to the rule of never noticing any but public performances,) that Herr David's violin playing improves upon acquaintance. There is in it, that thorough-going soundness, brilliancy, and expression, under the control of a well-trained and earnest mind, which make us rate it very highly. In chamber music, he leaves nothing to be desired. As we have no disposition, under the circumstances, for severe criticism, we shall content ourselves with announcing the performance of Mr. Charles Hart's oratorio 'Omnipotence,' which took place on Tuesday, at the Hanover Square Rooms,—and proceed with other matters to be,—or which have been. A M. Panofka, a violin player, has just arrived, whom the public will possibly have an opportunity of hearing at the Philharmonic Concerts. Besides M. Tilmant, a Monsieur Artot, also a violinist, is shortly expected. Döhler and Thalberg are announced as likely to pay us another visit. Madlle. Clara Wieck, so distinguished, it is said, above all pianistes, is at Paris. The *Musical World* of last week noticed the departure from Prague, of a Herr Dreischock, who is one of the most wonderful among the wonderful on the same instrument. Without any splenetic tendencies, such announcements are beginning to lose their value with us. In addition to the Italian singers, of whom M. Laporte has the exclusive possession, and Madame Albertazzi, who was to make her appearance last night at Drury Lane, and Signor Ivanoff, a Madlle. de Riviere has arrived, for the concerts; and a Madame Willent Bordogni, daughter of the celebrated singing-master—Madlle. Placci, too, is coming.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

THE GALLERY FOR THE EXHIBITION AND SALE OF THE WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS, IS OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

This striking and interesting Exhibition, which excited such intense curiosity thirty years ago, in Paris and London, is now revived at the Royal Gallery of Practical Science, Adelaide Street, West Strand, where it is to be witnessed daily, in addition to other innumerable sources of attraction.

Admittance to the whole, One Shilling.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 21.—The Marquis of Northampton, Pres. in the chair.

Thomas William Fletcher, Esq. and the Rev. Thomas Gaskin, were elected Fellows.

The following papers were read:—

1. Description of a Compensating Barometer, adapted to Meteorological Purposes, and requiring no Corrections either for Zero or for Temperature: by Samuel B. Howlett, Esq.

In the instrument here described, there is provided, in addition to the ordinary barometric tube inverted, in the usual way, in a cistern of mercury, a second tube of the same dimensions, placed by the side of the former, and likewise filled with mercury, but only to the height of twenty-eight inches above the level of the mercury of the cistern. This tube is closed at its lower end, and fixed to a float supported by the mercury in the cistern; and it bears, at its upper end, an ivory scale three inches in length. The elevation of the mercury in the barometric tube is estimated by the difference between its level and that of the mercury in the closed tube, and is measured on the ivory scale by the aid of a horizontal index, embracing both the tubes, and sliding vertically along them. As the float which bears the closed tube to which the scale is attached rests freely on the mercury in the cistern, and consequently always adjusts itself to the level of that fluid, no correction for the zero point is needed; and, as every change of temperature must similarly affect the columns of mercury in both the tubes, after the scale has been adjusted so as to read correctly at any given temperature, such as 32°, which may be effected by comparison with a standard barometer, every other reading will correspond to the same temperature, and

will require no correction. The author considers the error arising from the difference of expansion corresponding to the different lengths of the two columns of mercury, and which will rarely amount to one-fourth-hundredth of an inch, as too small to deserve attention in practice, being, in fact, far within the limits of error in ordinary observations. Subjoined to the above paper is a letter from the author to Sir John Herschel, containing a statement of comparative observations made with a mountain barometer, and with the compensation barometer, from which it appears that the use of the latter is attended with the saving of a great quantity of troublesome calculation. The comparative observations are given in a table, exhibiting a range of differences from +.012 to −.016 of an inch.

2. An Account of the Fall of a Meteoric Stone in the Cold Bokkeveld, Cape of Good Hope: by T. Maclear, Esq., in a letter to Sir J. F. W. Herschel.

The appearance attending the fall of this aerolite, which happened at half-past nine o'clock in the morning of the 13th of October, 1838, was that of a meteor of a silvery hue, traversing the atmosphere for a distance of about sixty miles, and then exploding with a loud noise, like that from artillery, which was heard over an area of more than seventy miles in diameter—the air at the time being calm and sultry. The fragments were widely dispersed, and were at first so soft as to admit of being cut with a knife, but they afterwards spontaneously hardened. The entire mass of the aerolite is estimated at about five cubic feet.

3. Chemical Account of the Cold Bokkeveld Meteoric Stone, by Michael Faraday, Esq. D.C.L., in a letter to Sir John F. W. Herschel.

The stone is stated as being soft, porous, and hygroscopic; having, when dry, the specific gravity of 2.94, and possessing a very small degree of magnetic power, irregularly dispersed through it. One hundred parts of the stone in its natural state, was found to consist of the following constituents: namely,—

Water	6.5	Alumina	5.22
Sulphur	4.24	Lime	1.54
Silica	28.9	Oxide of Nickel43
Protoside of Iron	33.22	Oxide of Chromium7
Magnesia	19.2	Cobalt and Soda, &c.	atrace.

4. Notes respecting a new kind of Sensitive Paper: by Henry Fox Talbot, Esq.

The method of preparing the paper here referred to, consists in washing it over with nitrate of silver, then with bromide of potassium, and afterwards again with nitrate of silver; drying it at the fire after each operation. This paper is very sensitive to the light of the clouds, and even to the feeblest daylight. The author supplies an omission in his former memoir on photogenic drawing, by mentioning a method he had invented and practised nearly five years ago, of imitating etchings on copper plate, by smearing over a sheet of glass with a solution of resin in turpentine, and blackening it by the smoke of a candle. On this blackened surface a design is made with the point of a needle, the lines of which will of course be transparent, and will be represented by dark lines on the prepared paper to which it is applied, when exposed to sunshine. The same principle may be applied to make numerous copies of any writing.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 27.—Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Owen, 'On a Tooth and part of the Skeleton of the Glyptodon, a large quadruped of the Eocene order, to which belongs the tessellated bony armour, figured in Mr. Clift's description of the Megatherium, and has been supposed by some naturalists to have belonged to that animal.' The first notice of the remains of a large fossil Eocene mammal, associated with fragments of a tessellated bony armour, is an extract from a letter by Don Damasio Larrañaga, curé of Monte Video, inserted at the end of Cuvier's description of the Megatherium, (Oss. Foss. Tom. 5, Part I. 1823.) The bones noticed in that communication were found in the alluvium of the Rio del Sauce, a tributary of the Solis Grande. The next observations bearing on the question, are contained in Weiss's Geological Memoir, on the provinces of San Pedro del Sul, and the Banda Oriental, (Berlin Trans. 1827.) The bones were collected by Sellow, the Prussian traveller, and were obtained in part near the Araucario,

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in the province of Monte Video, and partly in the proximity of the Rio Janeiro. These remains were not described by Weiss, but, after the death of Sellow, they were confided to Professor D'Alton, who has given an account of them in the Berlin Transactions for 1833: and he states, that the bones did not belong to the Megatherium. In 1832, Mr. Clift described part of the fossil remains, brought to England from Buenos Ayres, by Sir Woodbine Parish, found at Villanueva, south of the Rio Salado; and the remainder form the subject of Mr. Owen's memoir. They consist of the extremity of a jaw with three alveoli, also of portions of a humerus and a scapula, nearly a perfect radius, and parts of a fore and a hind foot; likewise of fragments of a thick tessellated shell or armour, found about twelve inches below the mass of bones. On the first inspection of these remains, it was evident, both to Mr. Clift and Mr. Owen, that they did not belong to the Megatherium, and that the grooves in the alveoli of the fragment of the jaw, also exhibited a mode of dentition differing more widely from that of the existing subgenera of armadillos, than the respective dental characters of these subgenera differ from one another. Mr. Clift, therefore, in his description of the Megatherium, gave no account of the tessellated bony covering, brought to England by Sir Woodbine Parish, or of the bones associated with it. Soon after the arrival of these remains, casts were made by the College of Surgeons, and sent to different museums, including that of the Jardin du Roi, at Paris, where they attracted the attention of M. Laurillard and Mr. Pentland. These naturalists were also induced to conclude, that the shell and bones were not portions of the Megatherium; and they inferred, from an examination of the portion of the foot, that the fossils belonged to an extinct animal allied to the armadillos. More recently, Sir Woodbine Parish received intelligence of the discovery in the bank of a rivulet, near the Rio Matanza, twenty miles south of Buenos Ayres, of an entire skeleton, including its tessellated coat of mail, and with the account there were transmitted to him one of the teeth and a sketch of the animal itself. On examining the tooth, Mr. Owen did not hesitate to pronounce, that it indicated a new sub-genus of the armadillo family, for which he proposed the name of Glyptodon, in reference to the fluted or sculptured character of the tooth. Subsequently, on comparing it with the fragment of the jaw before alluded to, he perceived that the peculiar longitudinal ridges in the socket, precisely corresponded with the characteristic flutings in the tooth, and thus the shell, with the other remains, found at Villanueva, were ascertained to belong to the same species as those of the perfect animal discovered in the banks of the Matanza; and the bony mail proved not to be a portion of the Megatherium, but of the Glyptodon. Mr. Owen then pointed out some peculiarities exhibited in the sketch of the animal, and which demonstrate that the Glyptodon is distinct from any of the existing armadillos, but he confined his anatomical descriptions to the remains which have been brought to England, and were exhibited on the Society's table. The tooth is a fragment, but the grinding surface, and upwards of an inch of the crown, are perfect. The whole length was probably about four inches, and there is no indication of a diminution in any of its diameters from the grinding surface to the opposite fractured end; in this respect it agrees with the abrupt termination of the socket in the fragment of the jaw. The teeth were much more compressed than in the Megatherium, and they differ still more materially in their intimate structure, which corresponds with that of the armadillos. The teeth of the Glyptodon differ in a marked degree from those of any known species of armadillo, being traversed through their whole length both on the inner and outer sides, by two broad and deep angular grooves, so as to divide the grinding surface into three portions, joined together by the contracting isthmus interposed between the opposite grooves. In the lower jaw the sockets turn inwards, as in the Toxodon, and the teeth by their complicated form indicate a transition from the Edentata to the Pachyderms Toxodon. The modifications in the locomotive extremities also bespeak a similar tendency in the Glyptodon to the multungulate Pachyderms.—Mr. Owen then proceeded to explain the points in which the remains of the Glyptodon agree, or differ, from those existing or extinct mammifers

with which it is most closely allied, but we cannot attempt to give more than the general inferences at which he arrived. Of all the Edentata, recent or fossil, the Glyptodon approaches most nearly to the species of Dasypus, in the structure of the ungual phalanges; but in their shortness, as compared with their breadth and depth, they resemble still more the ungual phalanges of the Pachyderms. The short broad terminal phalanges of the Glyptodon must have been encased in corresponding short and strong hoof-like claws, and "I would ask," observed Mr. Owen, "if we have not here a modification of the base of the anterior column of support, which relates immediately to the necessity of carrying so ponderous a cuirass, as that which undoubtedly covered the body?" There cannot be a greater contrast than is presented between the short broad and flat phalange of the Glyptodon, and the long compressed claw-bone of the Megatherium, which, with its bony ungual sheath, bespeaks an instrument, the employment of which in scratching, digging, and perhaps defending its possessor, was of more consequence in the living economy of the individual, than mere subserviency to support and progression. Mr. Owen does not deny to the Glyptodon the power of applying its stout fossorial anterior extremities to all the purposes to which the armadillos, his nearest congeners, apply theirs. The bones of the hinder extremities, when arranged in their natural juxtaposition, present a foot of such singular proportions, as to be without a parallel in the animal kingdom, but expressly modified to form a base to a column, destined to support an enormous superincumbent weight. From the examination of these bones of the feet, Mr. Owen also infers, that the Glyptodon cannot be called an armadillo without using an exaggerated expression, still less can it be considered a species of Megatherium, but that it offers the type of a distinct genus, which is much more nearly allied to the Dasypodid, than to the Megatheroid families of Edentata.

Mr. Owen afterwards showed that the portions of armour described by D'Alton, and those obtained by Sir Woodbine Parish present the closest resemblance in point of structure; but that from this agreement alone it could not be satisfactorily inferred that the animals were specifically the same, in consequence of the near resemblance which different species of armadillo present in the structure of their tessellated armour. The parts of the skeleton, however, obtained both by Sellow and Sir Woodbine Parish, prove that they are positively identical in species, and, therefore, that the only portions of tessellated armour transmitted to Europe testify to their having formed part of the structure of an Edentate animal, widely differing from, and, as proved by the comparative measurements, much smaller than the Megatherium. He then proceeded to the inquiry, whether the Megatherium had a long coat of armour, a question which at present must rest on arguments afforded either by modifications of the skeleton, analogous to those which in the armadillos have relation to their osseous coat of mail, or by other peculiarities indicative of a similar relation. In reasoning from the analogy of the armadillos, the only quadruped which possesses a carapace, there is presented to our observation a skeleton which affords throughout that family a constant and unvarying series of well-marked modifications, in direct relation to such a carapace as the Megatherium has been supposed by some naturalists, and De Blainville more particularly, to possess. The modifications of this nature in the pelvis of the armadillo, are the following:—1. The anchylosis of a great number of vertebrae forming a very large sacrum. 2. The great antero-posterior development of the spines of the sacral vertebrae, which thus constitutes a continuous vertical ridge of bone, bearing immediately the superincumbent weight by the correspondent development of a ridge from the median line of the under surface of the armour: this weight is further transferred from the sacrum to the thigh bones by two points on each side; one of these, the ischium, is anchylosed to the posterior part of the sacrum,—the second and more characteristic mode, is by the conversion of the iliac bone into a stout three-sided beam, passing straight from the thigh joint to abut against the anterior part of the sacrum, where the weight of the shell is greatest. In the pelvis of the Megatherium, the sacral vertebrae

do not exceed four; the spinous processes are small, and are not locked together as in the armadillos, but are separated by intervals, as in the sloths. In no species of armadillo is the ilium expanded, while it is greatly developed in the Megatherium; and among the Edentata the nearest approach to this structure is exhibited by the sloths. Another and still more striking character in the skeleton of the armadillo in connexion with its armour, is the remarkable production of a part of the vertebrae from above the anterior articular process on each side in a straight direction upwards, outwards and forwards to nearly the level of the extremities of the true spinous processes. Now these oblique processes, which are thus developed in no other quadruped except in the loricated Edentata, precisely correspond in position and use with the tie-beams in the architecture of a roof. In the Megatherium, these oblique processes—these tie-beams—are wanting, and this part of the vertebral column corresponds with that of the hair-clad sloths and ant-eaters. The broad ribs of the Megatherium have likewise been supposed by some naturalists as indicative of a bony armour, but the ribs of the sloths and the ant-eaters are broader and stronger than those of the armadillos. Again, the prodigious strength of the bones of the leg of the Megatherium has been urged as a proof that the animal had a bony armour; but Mr. Owen showed, that this great strength was requisite for the support of the enormous pelvis, which, as already stated, is unprovided with any apparatus for bearing a weighty coat of mail.

A description was then given of some remains of the Glyptodon deposited in the Museum at Monte Video; and the author, in conclusion, expressed a hope that the anatomical descriptions embodied in the paper, would fully establish the Glyptodon as a distinct genus on both dentary and locomotive organs; and he trusts that he has vindicated the opinion of Cuvier with reference to the Megatherium, by demonstrating it to be in reference to its tegumentary covering as well as in its osseous system, more nearly allied to the ant-eaters and sloths than to the armadillos.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society	Two. P.M.
	Society of British Architects	Eight.
MON.	Geographical Society	Nine. P.M.
	Architectural Society (Visitors)	Eight.
TUES.	Society of Arts (Illustr.)	Eight.
	Zoological Society (Sci. Bus.)	p. Eight.
	Geological Society	p. Eight.
WED.	Medico-Botanical Society	p. Eight.
	Society of Arts	p. Seven.
	Literary Fund	Three.
	Royal Society	p. Eight.
THUR.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight.
	Royal Society of Literature	Four.
FRI.	Astronomical Society	Eight.
	Royal Institution	p. Eight.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, FARINELLI; and THE KING OF THE MIST.
On Monday, LA GAZZA LADRA; after which THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK; and THE KING OF THE MIST.
Tuesday, Mozart's Opera of THE MAGIC FLUTE.
Wednesday, Mozart's DON JUAN; and THE KING OF THE MIST.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, RICHELIEU; with LODOISKA; and THE OMNIBUS.
On Monday, RICHELIEU; and FRA DIAVOLO.
Tuesday, THE TEMPEST; after which THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.
Wednesday and Thursday, RICHELIEU.

THE LYCEUM (LATE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE).
This Evening, LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE; with BACHELOR'S BUTTONS; and THE SILVER CRESCENT.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Thursday evening the theatre re-opened, with Madame Persiani as *La Sonnambula*: the harbinger of the rest of the Italian choir, who have, by this time, all arrived in town. Though "one swallow does not make a summer," we may prophesy a brilliant season to come, if we are to take as earnest the exquisite performance of the orchestra, the precision of the chorus on this occasion, and the singing and the acting of the first-arrived of the rival queens. Madame Persiani has gained in *embonpoint* since last year; her voice may have been treated with a dip in Medea's magic cauldron—so much fresher does it appear to us, than it was a twelvemonth ago. The consciousness of increased health and strength, together with the warmth of her reception, (to say nothing of the gentle stimulus of a

feeling of rivalry,) were obvious throughout the whole of the evening. We never heard her sing so well, or pour out her delicate, original, and various cadences, with such a profusion—rich, but not wasteful. Madame Persiani is the only *artiste* we have ever heard, who, trusting largely to improvisation for her ornaments, succeeds more frequently than she fails. Even when she is most *composite* in her inspirations, there is the presiding spirit of a sound musician everywhere visible, harmonizing ornaments in themselves essentially different, as we see arabesques and rich framework, with here a trace of the Gothic, there of the Roman; but the whole, after its kind, consistent and complete. Her reception was enthusiastic. Signora Ernesta Grisi, who was to have made her *début* as *Lisa*, did not appear.—Madame Bellini, in her absence, taking the part. It gives us pleasure to advert to the engagement of Tamburini by M. Laporte.

Time was when "Easter pieces" were considered as much a matter of course as "Christmas pantomimes," and a pretty romance with lively songs and beautiful scenery, or a grand spectacle, was regularly provided for the holiday folks. Now we have these things all the year round, and but for the "mained rites" of Lent and the blank of Passion Week, which give a little élat to Easter, the theatrical doings are nothing extraordinary. This year *DRURY LANE* was the only theatre that catered expressly for the holiday visitors, and though we, therefore, give precedence to 'The King of the Mist' in our week's chronicle, the merits of the spectacle—albeit the glittering effulgence of his misty Majesty's abode is not veiled by any exhalations whatsoever—are of a very ordinary kind; and the story possesses little interest, although the incidents are somewhat startling. A very ancient shepherd named *Martin*, who is old enough to know better, tempts *Peter Block*, a poor henpecked innkeeper, to the caverns of the Brocken to search for gold, and then solicits the favour of being stabbed, as the price of the treasure. *Peter* declines the offer; at which *Martin*, who has lived long enough to be weary of life, casts his chrysalis, and appears in the butterfly form of *The King of the Mist*; shows *Peter* a dazzling perspective of gold, and sends him home laden with as many bullion bricks as he can carry. With this there is mixed up the usual portion of love-making and merry-making, diablerie and mystery, scolding and sighing; and some picturesque scenery, the best of which is the golden palace of the King of the Mist, and the Brocken at sunset. H. Wallack, as old *Martin*, looked and spoke like Methuselah himself; Compton as *Peter Block*, and Mrs. C. Jones as his termagant spouse, played their parts *con amore*: M'Ian's dress and manner as the villain of the piece also deserve a word of praise.

'Isaak Walton,' at the *OLYMPIC*, did not offer a bait sufficiently tempting, to attract the shoals of Easter-tide, and those whose more sober tastes and angling associations drew them thither, may have been disappointed at the appearance of the piscatorial Patriarch on the stage. Not but that Farren looks as like old Isaak, as if he had sat for the portrait, instead of the portrait to him, but simply because the character is unfit for the stage, and the attempt to dramatize such undramatic materials, as *Piscator* meeting *Venator*, and going fishing together, and hearing a milk-maid sing at a hedge ale-house, must of necessity be a failure. All that meets the eye, however, is perfect: Fleet Street as it was a century or two back, with a mob of 'Prentices like the 'Grecians' of Christ's Hospital, arrayed against a party of Templars, and dispersed by the City watch; Tottenham Cross, as it appeared when skirted by the meads of the Lea river, on a fresh summer morning at sunrise; the meadows at noon, with the milk-maid at the stile, and the old public house with its walls stuck about with ballads, and a peep over the fields by sunset—these, and the gipsies, are worth sitting out a dull piece to see: and, above all, to hear Vestris sing the old ditty, 'Come live with me and be my love.' It is impossible to object to her finished execution of the song as out of keeping with her assumed character of milkmaid. The scenery is painted by Telbin, who rivals Stanfield in finish and clearness, and atmospheric brilliancy. Keeley is excessively droll in a little farcical trifle, called 'The Garrick Fever,' in which he plays a stroller,

who presents himself to a country manager, as Garrick come to perform *Hamlet*. Keeley dresses the part after Dighton's caricature of Stephen Kemble in that character, looking like a globe of black-velvet girdled by an elliptic of blue riband, and surmounted by an arctic-circle of powder. Miss Agnes Taylor is really a charming *Ophelia*, and wears her hoop with becoming grace, and Mrs. Macnamara as an antiquated spinster, might have walked out of a print of the "Fashions," in the *Lady's Magazine* of the time; Brougham, too, as an 'Irish fire-eater,' looks the personification of a military salamander.

The luckless *LYCEUM* has been opened by Mr. Penley, a country manager of experience, with a company of tolerable efficiency, almost wholly provincial.—Mrs. Stirling being the star, the re-appearance of which in the theatrical hemisphere all admirers of talent, beauty, and vivacity must hail, as did the audience on Monday. After delivering a smart address, she appeared as the clever and capricious *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*; and though wanting the finished grace of the high-bred woman of fashion, her spontaneous gaiety and animation carried her through: the best passage of the performance was her personation of the highwayman, which was dashing and determined, without a particle of vulgarity. The piece itself is not ill-written, but it possesses no interest beyond the one character, save the scenery and costumes which, but for the inevitable comparison with the Olympic and Covent Garden, would be accounted complete and appropriate. A dull farce and commonplace melo-drama followed; we must hope for better opportunities for the development of the talent of the company. Mrs. B. Penley showed a sprightly manner, and a pretty and well-cultivated voice; and we had glimpses of excellence in the other performers.

The attraction of 'Richelieu' at COVENT GARDEN still continues, and a revival of the venerable and once all-popular operatic melo-drama of 'Lodoiska' was added for the holiday folks. It is got up in the effective way in which everything is done at this theatre.—The *HAYMARKET* offered no novelty, the proper Easter piece, 'The Devil and Dr. Faustus,' not being ready; but *Power* was all-sufficient.—The lions and tigers at the *St. James's* have been succeeded by a troop of dancing dogs and monkeys, whose performance is as tedious as it is stupid.

MISCELLANEA

Manuscripts.—Great havoc has been committed in Rome among some valuable manuscripts which were supposed to be in a place of safety; they belonged to a school founded by Innocent X., and were of the time of Clement VIII. One of them were accidentally discovered in the shop of a pork-butcher, a search was made, and twenty-eight closets were found to have been emptied by the cook of the seminary, who had sold them to tradespeople. The Cardinal Lambruschini, then sent Professor Carti, accompanied by some gendarmes to the different shops, and only such a portion was reclaimed as refilled seven of the closets.

Druidical Remains.—In the mountains of Ardes, some very curious remains of Druidical worship have been found. The spot is very wild, and is supposed to have been the site of a forest now destroyed. On digging below the grass, a layer of charcoal, mixed with a pounded vitrified substance, presented itself, in the midst of which was buried an urn, containing a second, also vitrified, and of a square form, in which were placed those fragments of bones which were not consumed by fire. Round this vase, and at equal distances, are three lamps. Within the excavation are fragments of vases of different forms, resembling the most beautiful Roman pottery.

Arsenic.—M. Orfila has discovered a method of detecting the smallest atoms of arsenic, even when administered in solution. For this he used a lamp, the hydrogen gas of which was produced by a piece of zinc, steeped in diluted sulphuric acid. The arsenic, however small the quantity, when exposed to the flame of this gas, is carried along by it, and if a cold substance be presented to the end of the narrow tube conveying the flame, the arsenic will be deposited on it like a spot.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. d'Abbadie's letter has been received; it shall appear next week.

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REVIEWS

A Voice from America to England. By an American Gentleman. Colburn.

In a gossiping article on the *Westminster Review*, written so lately as December last [*Athen.* 580], we called our reader's attention to Miss Martineau's statements concerning the condition of the Transatlantic Abolitionists. The picture offered in her 'Martyr Age of America,' represented this party as a nucleus of honest enthusiasts, exposed to all the violence of mob exasperation,—a minority injured in their properties, endangered in their persons, covered with obloquy and ridicule, but yet increasing in numbers and in influence, and spreading their associations throughout the various states of the Union, in spite of great general hostility. Such a picture we viewed, at the time, with a mixed feeling of curiosity and awe, as pregnant with consequences of deep future import; but it little prepared us to believe that Miss Martineau's *martyrs* were so soon to be converted into assailants. If the work before us is to be believed, to this complexion they have already come: not only have the Abolitionists assumed an aggressive attitude, but they offer a front of such wide extension, as, in our author's opinion, threatens to overrun not only American slavery, but the American constitution into the bargain.

"The Anti-slavery Society," says the American gentleman, "is an *imperium in imperio*, self-created, self-governed, and irresponsible, with a head, a cabinet, a legislative power, secretaries, and under-secretaries, subsidiary agents, under a complicated and well-devised system of operations, collecting and disbursing monies in the service, claiming to occupy the entire field belonging to the jurisdiction of the United States, so far as this question is concerned, and extending itself over it as fast as possible."

And again, in a note:—

"In the American Anti-slavery Society, is set up a political machinery, independent of the State and having no connexion with it, acting upon the public mind, and taking under its charge the appropriate business of the Government. * * In 1838, this Society professes to have under its control 40,000, nearly one-fourth, of the votes of the State of New York; and we may suppose, a like proportion, in the Northern and Eastern States. Here, then, is not only a considerable, but a stupendous, political organization, independent of and hostile to the State, and which has assumed the customary forms of political action in the State, and for State purposes. * * Already, the organization now under consideration, has acquired to itself a large fraction of the political power of the State, and is openly driving for the ascendancy. Besides, that the peace of the Union is disturbed, and its integrity menaced, by these operations, the spectacle of the rise and progress of such a power, within the limits and on the territories of the republic, independent of the State, is a most extraordinary anomaly. * * The American Anti-slavery Society is virtually a State for all its purposes of action. It has a Constitution, a legislative and executive power, a polity with its minor and larger departments, its secretaries and fiscal operations, and its subsidiary agencies without number. It imposes contributions, and can raise money to an indefinite amount. * * Instead of confining itself to the correction of opinion in a legitimate way, it has put itself to the task of remodelling the machinery of society; and the latter is now its principal occupation. Confiding in the power of its own organization—as well it might—and not dreaming that its legality in relation to the political structure of the State, would be drawn in question, it has looked upon the field as its own, and concluded, that it had only to enter, to be victorious."

So unexampled a spread of opinion is too startling to be passed over "without our special wonder"; and it has induced us to pause over a volume which otherwise has no very strong claim on our critical notice. We are, however, all the

more disposed to the course we have taken in respect to it, on account of the forbidding aspect of a style dry and pedantic, and of a defective and ill-reasoned theory, too likely to render the Voice from America disregarded. For we think the phenomena its pages disclose deserve a wider consideration than they are likely, so presented, to obtain; and that they who can vanquish the tedium of perusal, and can reason independently on the facts, may find the nut worth more than from the unpromising husk that contains it they might presuppose.

We say "reason independently," for the work is violently *ex parte*, and written either under a most feverish excitement, or a sinister interest. The anonymous author, indeed, informs us that he is no inhabitant of a slave state, that he holds no property of the kind, that he "detests," "abhors" slavery—was born (?) and educated to hate it," and "will use all his influence to bring it to an end"; but to all this we must reply, that he is anonymous; and that there is so much internal evidence of ill-feeling towards those who favour abolition—so much weak and untenable argument—so much plain sophistry—such outbreaks of petulance and temper, as would justify the supposition that the writer is nothing better than a paid advocate. We think it necessary to premise thus much, not because we apprehend that our readers on this side the Atlantic are in any danger of being seduced into toleration of the sin of slavery. The English nation has shown the intensity of its feeling on the subject; and the people having bought and paid for their right to denounce the crime, will not lightly part with it on such arguments as are advanced by the American gentleman. A knowledge, however, of the bearings and prejudices of a writer, is a very necessary ingredient in appreciating the weight of his testimony, and, in the present instance, at least, in discovering what he is about.

Had the 'Voice from America' exhibited less of partisanship, there is much in it with which we should coincide. No one acquainted with the United States but must acknowledge that the slavery question is surrounded with the greatest difficulties, requiring the utmost calmness and judgment in the handling. No one, we imagine, will dispute that opinion is the mainspring of the government of that country, and that there is danger that a nation, like an individual, may commit grievous errors under a temporary intoxication. It is also pretty generally known that America is over-dosed with religious stimuli; that the descendants of the "pilgrim fathers" have inherited a fanatical temperament, at once gloomy and excitable; that the voluntary system, by placing sects and pastors in jealous rivalry, to outbid each other in preachings and in doctrines, has administered to this temperament; that the solitude and simplicity of rural life favour their efforts; and that education, instead of resisting, aids in propagating an epidemic and diseased enthusiasm. We must, therefore, feel satisfied that there is danger to be apprehended from a collision between the interested prejudices of the south, and the heated enthusiasm of a majority of the northern population. We may admit, also, that a government of opinion is unstable, and that a self-governing nation requires an education which excludes the gentle, feminine, *laissez aller* happiness, which is some compensation for the manifold disabilities of those who "are governed without knowing how." But we cannot go the length of the innuendo implied in these statements,—namely, that the Americans do not know what is best suited to themselves; or if the will of the people has overthrown the federal constitution to establish a more "radical" spirit of government, that the same autocracy of opinion will not suffice to remedy any evils that

may be found in experience to arise out of that combination. We cannot admit that because a people may go wrong, that therefore a constitutional power should be erected to fetter it in its march, and dictate to the governed what is and what is not for their good. In short, we are ready to go along with our author in considering that there is much in the present aspect of American opinion requiring amendment; but we cannot say that it is so ready for a straight-waistcoat, as not to be safely trusted with the management of its own affairs.

The peculiarity of American religion, according to our author, is its political character:—

"The political character of American religion, in its own peculiar type, is to be traced to the character of the first settlers of the country, particularly of New England. The Pilgrim Fathers, so called, and the community which they founded, were strictly a religious body, and all their politics were religious, except, perhaps, 'the keeping of their powder dry.' The first organization of this society was in the form of a Christian church—puritanical. They designed their body politic to be religious, and to be governed by religious laws. One of their leading legislative acts was the singular summing up, 'that the laws of the Bible should be the laws of the Commonwealth.' The Church, of course, was to be the Court; and if anybody knew, they were supposed competent to settle all questions that might arise out of the administration of such a code. Religion was at the bottom and top, in the deep soul, and pervaded the whole body of this primitively-modelled community. * * It is not difficult to see how the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England should deem themselves entitled to a political influence, or how they should hardly be able to keep their hands off from political affairs, in the management of their religious concerns. They came by it legitimately—by a moral necessity. Their fathers prayed, expounded the Bible, sung psalms, made and administered the laws, and punished delinquents, political and religious, in the same primary assemblies. And they did all this with their armour on, and went forth from these assemblies to do battle with the heathen round about them. Practically, they made no distinction between a law of the Commonwealth and a law of God. They were religious men—a religious State—religious in everything; and they set up society in America under the theory and purpose of making everything conform to religion, and bend to its authority."

But this primitive condition has passed away. On the establishment of independence, the church was formally separated from the state; and as our author contends, it has erected itself into a power beside the state, and greater than the state. The symptoms of this condition are found in an extensive system of voluntary associations for the furtherance of religious objects; and in the exercise of the powers thus obtained in the tampering with elections, and other interventions in politics:—

"The separation of Church and State, and other causes, have given rise to a new species of social organization, before unknown in history; and one of a very important and formidable character, and prolific of great results, though public attention has not yet been much directed to it, as involving such a tendency. Within the space of about thirty years it has entirely changed the character and aspects of the American religious world. * * Then opened on that world the new era of the Religious and Benevolent Society system, and summoned into the field an immense body of superior and highly-cultivated talent, which had long lain inactive, and in abeyance to such a call. It was the very scheme, of all others, which the age, the state of society, and the unorganized mass of the religious world, demanded. It was the offspring of circumstances. * * The Religious and Benevolent Society system is a system so entirely independent of the State, that the State cannot reach it; it is so powerful that the State cannot contend with it; it is so all-pervading, that it comprehends the State itself, in its individual parts,

and in its most vital and influential portions. It has stolen a march on the public, on 'the powers that be,' on the world. It has called out and disciplined to its various offices some of the best and most cultivated portions of the mind of the country—some of the most talented, active, ambitious, and aspiring spirits. * * The system is a new one, and has given birth to a new era, an era of self-originated, self-organized, self-governed, independent, irresponsible, permanent, popular associations, of unlimited powers, which have asked no leave to be, and submit to no control; which are forming the public mind according to their own will, and directing it to their own purposes. * * Whereunto there must needs be associations, national and subsidiary, and agencies innumerable—consolidated and centralized governments in this department of society, supervised by presidents, secretaries, and boards of managers, putting in requisition—on account of the variety, extent, and vastness of these concerns—as much talent, sole devotion, and practical tact, as are ordinarily required to conduct the affairs of a nation. It has given birth to a new system of politics, the machinery of which is remote from public view, silent in its operation, but no less efficient on the public mind. * * As to the right or wrong of these institutions, or as to whether they are good or bad, is not, in this place, a subject of inquiry; but simply the fact of their social importance and their power. And we say, that in America, it is great; nay, we think it has obtained to a supremacy of influence over the State.—These voluntary associations are so numerous, so great, so active and influential, that, as a whole, they now constitute the great school of public education, in the formation of those practical opinions, religious, social, and political, which lead the public mind, and govern the country; at least, exercise an influence over the State, which cannot be resisted."

This is certainly a curious aspect of society. An organization thus perfect, no matter for what purpose intended, may very easily be perverted to ends neither foreseen nor desired by those who have helped to build it up; and they who have the working of it must doubtless exercise a tremendous power over the will and the conscience of their fellow-citizens. According to our author, this organization has never come into direct collision with the government till now; but it should seem that the Abolitionists have adopted the organization of the religious and benevolent societies; and that, too, with such efficacy, that their influence pervades all parts of the Union; that in the state of New York they command forty thousand votes out of the 200,000 forming its constituency; and are quite able to "turn the scale wherever they cast their influence, whether for national or state officers of government." We are strongly inclined to think that in this new feature resides much of the dislike which the American Gentleman exhibits to such associations, and his manifest desire to render them illegal. For our own parts, we perfectly agree that nothing can be more dangerous to the peace of society, and nothing less likely to reach their assumed end, than associations to make the world more religious or more moral than it is disposed to be. We go along with our author in deploring the foolish, and often ridiculous, demonstrations of a shallow and most morbid fanaticism, which some of these associations have made, and which he has described in such striking colours. We doubt not that it is the non-sense rather than the sense of a nation that is polled in such associations. But we differ from him in considering them as symptoms, rather than as causes, of the disease; and we say, that if the whole be not a monstrous exaggeration, the Abolition Societies are mere exponents of a fact that cannot be too generally and thoroughly known. If it be really true that the entire population is so penetrated with an intolerant desire to interfere with the religion and morals of their neighbours as to have regimented themselves for the purpose,—if they "comprehend the State itself, in its individual parts, and in its most

vital and individual portions," why then they are no *imperium in imperio*,—they are at once government and people, and they cannot be put down. Further, if a deep religious feeling (be it fanatical or rational) does point in the North so decidedly against slavery, as a state unchristian and intolerable to their moral sense, then, an authoritative suppression of societies is at once politically impossible, and, as a means towards an end, inefficient and absurd. In this case, the evil (if evil it be) has nothing to do with a form of government, or the question between the Federalists and the Jacksonites. Any attempt to prevent the great body of the American people from exercising a direct influence in the legislature, and superseding opinion by an immutable constitution, would signally fail, and ought to fail; and if, in the instance of the Abolitionists, there exists a zeal at war with discretion, the cure can be found only by a rational demonstration of the truth, and not by political dogmatism, and the display of a haughty and aristocratic temper.

For the rest, with every necessary abatement for the exaggerations of a heated imagination, the statements of the American Gentleman show what we have always anticipated, that the continuance of negro slavery is incompatible with American religion, with American politics, and with the concurrent sentiments of the civilized world. The material interests of the slaveholders are, indeed, a formidable obstacle in the way of a prompt and facile settlement of the question; but the obstacle is not insuperable. We doubt not that those interests, well understood, would point to such a settlement; and we are certain that the Southern states would do much more wisely in setting their shoulders to the good work, than in risking a rupture with their northern countrymen, or, worse still, abiding the natural solution of the Gordian knot—the sword, and the firebrand of an outraged race.

EMIGRATION OF THE CAPE COLONISTS.

Narrative of an Expedition into Southern Africa, during the years 1836 and 1837, &c. By Capt. W. C. Harris.

Capt. Harris, as we have already stated, devotes the last chapters of his lively volume to the history of the recent emigration of the boers from the Cape Colony; and, apparently deriving his information solely from the outcry of the colonial press, he bewails the voluntary exile of those devoted men with an angry earnestness which says more for the quickness of his sympathies than for his deep insight into the true causes and character of that movement. We shall now, therefore, endeavour to correct his misapprehensions, and shall at the same time add, in continuation of his history of the emigrants, the melancholy narrative of their struggles with the natives, in which the baleful tendency of their invasion of the interior country is fully developed.

We are ready to admit, with our author, that the emigration of about 7000 Dutch farmers (for such we believe to be their number,) from the Cape Colony since the close of the Caffer war in 1835, is a very remarkable and important event; but we cannot by any means assent to his assertion that "it has no parallel in the history of colonial possessions." What does the whole history of the Cape Colony present to our view but a series of emigrations? The Dutch government, when it established a colony on the shores of Table Bay, never thought of annexing to it a territory extending, partly over deserts, five or six hundred miles from the seat of government. But the boers, with their great herds of cattle, continually wandered beyond the boundaries in search of new pastures, and the colonial government, in order to keep these men within the re-

straint of law, was obliged, from time to time, to move in the same direction, and to mark out new boundaries ahead of their encampments. The Cape Colony was founded in 1651, but it was not till 1672 that the territory called the Cape District, immediately round the town, was purchased from the natives. Then, with the system of territorial occupation, began also that of territorial encroachment, and in 1780, or hardly more than a century from the first commencement of colonial farming, the limits of the colony were fixed at the Great Fish River and the Sneeuwbergen, at least 500 miles distant from their original position. If, therefore, at the present day, nearly sixty years since the first extension of the colonial frontier to the Great Fish River and the Sneeuwbergen, the colonial government, still following the boers, were to advance the boundary line a distance of 300 miles, to Port Natal and the Vaal River, so far would they be from incurring the blame of doing anything unprecedented, that they would be only persevering in the very course, and at the exact rate, held out for their imitation in the whole history of the colony. Policy and humanity, however, unite in prohibiting the continuance of such a progress. The boers, as they enlarged the bounds of the colony, nearly extirpated the native owners of the soil over an extent of 80,000 square miles—for the mixed race who now bear the name of Hottentots in the colony, do not, perhaps, exceed in number one-tenth of the aboriginal population, spread over the same country a century and a half ago. That the rapid territorial expansion of the Cape Colony has never been attended with a proportional increase of wealth and strength, is a plain truth, with the enforcement of which we need not fatigue our readers. It betokened the growth of a tendency to nomadic habits, and a retrograding civilization among the colonists, who preferred the boundless increase of their flocks and herds to the social advantages of industry and concentration. Capt. Harris not having bestowed much attention on the history of the colony, thus proceeds in his inquiries:—

"The first question that presents itself must naturally be, what has led to so extraordinary an expatriation? The losses to which they have been subjected by the emancipation of their slaves; the absence of laws for their protection from the evils of uncontrolled vagrancy, and from the depredations of the swarm of vagabonds by whom the colony is infested; but, above all, the insecure state of the eastern frontier, and the inadequate protection afforded by the English government against the aggressions of their wily and restless Caffer neighbours, by whose repeated predatory incursions the fairest spots have been laid desolate, and many hundreds of the border colonists reduced to ruin, are the inciting causes assigned by the emigrants, for the unprecedented and hazardous step they have taken."

Of the first of the grievances here enumerated, namely, the emancipation of the slaves, we shall only say, that if those slaves were, as Capt. Harris asserts, "prone to villany," it was well for the boer that he was released from his obligation to maintain them, and, by the establishment of the system of free labour, placed on a footing with the most prosperous nations of the earth. The colonial boer originally drove his herds into a country depastured by the cattle of numerous Hottentot tribes, and beyond the protection of the Dutch fort at Cape Town. He lived in a state of continual warfare with the aboriginals, whom, by the superiority of his arms, he was enabled to impoverish and destroy; and now, when those aboriginals are reduced to a feeble remnant, when there are laws and authorities to coerce them, though not quite so stringent and exterminating as would suit his temper, is it not singular that he should begin to feel himself insecure, and rush for the sake

of security into close quarters with his enemies, from the particular movements of the Caffers. grown in never very per of emig may be nial from the men plaining a few c sisting border

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of security further from the precincts of law, and into closer collision with the aboriginal tribes whom he is in the habit of regarding as his natural enemies. The great tide of emigration has been from the northern frontier of the colony, and particularly from the Sneeuwbergen, far removed from the annoyance of Caffre depredations; and (what is more remarkable), which has always flourished, though exposed to the incursions of much more dangerous enemies than the Caffers. These hostile incursions had latterly grown less frequent, and the northern frontier never enjoyed such complete security as at the very period when it was seized with the fever of emigration. But, in order that our readers may better understand the state of the colonial frontier, and the character and habits of the men whom our author represents as complaining of insecurity, we shall here enter into a few details illustrative of the relations subsisting between the Dutch farmers and the border tribes.

In 1826 the commissioners of inquiry at the Cape forcibly urged the necessity of drawing definitively the northern limit of the colony, and prohibiting all emigration beyond it. That emigration took place not from any sense of insecurity, but from a total want of any sensitiveness on that head. The dangers of the northern frontier were thus described by Sir B. D'Urban, in a despatch dated 1834: "I will request you here to be aware that the character of inroad upon the former line (north), and to and from the latter (north and north-east), has always been essentially different, the former being that of general pillage and murder, the latter scarcely ever amounting to more than cattle stealing." Thus it appears that the farmers of the Sneeuwbergen, the most flourishing part of the colony, were exposed to general pillage and murder, and that yet they never felt themselves compelled to emigrate for security till the very time when their implacable enemies, the Griquas, were brought under missionary control. Nay, so little stress did they lay on their security, that they carried on, to a great extent, the illicit trade in gunpowder with the native tribes, going beyond the frontier for that very purpose, and supplying the bushmen and predatory Griquas with powder under the name of onion seed. On this subject we shall extract an important passage from a despatch of the acting governor, Col. Wade, in 1834:—

"I cannot hesitate to assert (observes that officer), that however one or other cause may have tended to render those visits (of armed and mounted robbers from the Orange River) both more frequent and more barbarous of late, to the hourly increasing traffic in arms and ammunition must mainly be attributed the increased boldness of the banditti, in pursuing their system of terror and rapine within our limits. It is unquestionable that this trade is carried on not only by the regular traders who are licensed to pass the boundary, but that even the resident boers themselves engage in it. But besides these, there are also the farmers, who, in defiance of the law and the severity of its penalties, migrate beyond the boundaries, and, at the very same time that they supply the natives with these means of desolating the colony, unfortunately furnish them also with something of a reasonable pretext for doing so, by dispossessing the weak and unarmed, and occupying all the fertile spots and springs; and, it is asserted upon good authority, not unfrequently disgracing themselves by atrocities hardly less barbarous than those which the banditti inflict within the settlement. In my opinion, there is no part of the frontier affairs, which requires more prompt and decided measures than this one. In the country between the frontier line and the upper Orange River, and between the latter and the Caledon River, there are at this moment upwards of 100 heads of families, with their slaves, thus situated; having seized upon the district that best suited them, without any regard whatever to the right of property

of the natives; and it cannot, therefore, be matter of surprise, that the latter should seek to retaliate."

From this we learn, not only that the boers were habitually regardless of security, but also that they were constantly emigrating, and had settled to the number of a hundred families in one district beyond the boundary, anterior to the Caffre war. It is needless to go further in order to show that the colonial boers were always disposed to emigrate in quest of copious springs and green pastures, and that in their intercourse with the natives they never manifested either shyness or timidity, nor dreamt of any other security than that derived from their arms and physical superiority. We shall now endeavour to trace out the circumstances owing to which the emigration of the boers quickened its pace, and became a rage and fashion in 1835 and the two following years.

In the middle of 1834, an address, signed by certain merchants and inhabitants of Cape Town, was forwarded to government, praying that a colony might be established at Port Natal. The claims to the right of possession of that place were founded on its purchase, in 1689, by the Dutch government—a title certainly rendered invalid by lapse of time—and also on grants of a portion of territory made to several individuals in succession by the king of the Amazúlo, who, it is evident, nevertheless, never contemplated the perpetual alienation of the domain (see *Athen.* No. 451). The prayer of this address was refused; but, whatever might be the public grounds of such refusal, the private interests which gave rise to the scheme never relaxed the effort to carry it into execution. The colonization of Natal was a mercantile speculation, which would, perhaps, have been more profitable had government been induced to become accessory to it; but even without such assistance it might still be effected. The boers then, ever ready to emigrate, were made acquainted with the rich pastures, frequent rains, and numerous lively streams of Natal, and very little argument was wanted to give them the required impulse. The history of their first movement towards Natal we shall extract from our author's narrative:—

"Weary of the insecurity of their homes, several of the frontier farmers, who had heard much of the soil and capabilities of Port Natal, resolved to decide for themselves on the accuracy of those reports, forming a large party, and with ten or twelve wagons, proceeded to explore the country. So well pleased were they with what they saw, that they formed a determination of locating themselves in that neighbourhood, and returned forthwith for their families, when the breaking out of the last Caffre war obliged them to postpone the execution of their design."

The "insecurity of their homes," here alleged to have impelled the boers, is without foundation. The exploratory journey to Natal was made previous to the Caffre war, which bears all the blame of the pretended insecurity. The boers engaged in that journey were chiefly from the quiet recesses of the Sneeuwbergen, and their leader was Maritz, a prosperous man, residing securely in the town of Graaf Reinet.

This journey was undertaken in the middle of 1834, and at the end of that year the Caffre war broke out, respecting the causes or mode of prosecution of which we are not here called upon to enter into details. "With the Caffers," observes the acting governor, Col. Wade, "much, I am convinced, may be effected by mildness and forbearance." Nevertheless, Col. Wade appeared to his successor to be deficient in the requisite forbearance. "At the time of my arrival in the colony," says Sir B. D'Urban, "it was sufficiently obvious that a complete and effectual reformation of our system of proceeding with the native tribes (if that may be called a system which seems to have been guided by

no fixed principle, certainly by no just one,) had become absolutely necessary." In his zeal to provide for the safety of the colony, Sir B. D'Urban seems to have willingly impelled the current of public feeling, the peculiar direction of which, in the colony, he had not perhaps taken much pains to calculate, and by the violence of which he was afterwards carried away. As soon as he looked at the scene of war from the colonial point of view, he perceived that the Caffers were "dire and irreclaimable savages"; and, consequently, having in the first instance repelled their invasion, he leisurely gathered all his strength for a great stroke of vengeance. Whatever may have been the sufferings of the border colonists during the irruption of the Caffers, their losses (in property, at least) were trebled by the protracted operations of a campaign, the achievements of which were the slaughter of women and children, the burning of villages, and other needless devastation. The vaunting tone in which these several exploits were officially recounted, served only to blazon their inglorious nature. The campaign was concluded by the occupation of a large portion of Cafferland; the pressure forward on the frontier was not sought to be diminished, but was directly increased, and by a most preposterous kind of reasoning, the eastern frontier line was, for greater security, not only lengthened, but it was also drawn through the midst of, or in immediate contact with, a dense and hostile native population. Nay, the boundary line was at the same time moved forward on the western side of the mountains, at a distance from the Caffre country; and a large tract was thus added to the colony without any assignable motive.

It is probable that Sir B. D'Urban had some secret misgivings as to the wisdom of the course which he had thought fit to pursue; at all events, he spared no pains in making a party to support him. He was lavish in his distribution of lucrative posts and grants of land. The enemy's country was parcelled out among the conquerors as soon as it was taken possession of. Maps were drawn of fine estates in Cafferland, which were offered for sale in Cape Town. The boers, also, who formed the burgher force, prepared to locate themselves in the conquered province, and, indeed, there is reason to suspect that they contemplated such an issue at the very commencement of their march. It was at this very crisis, when the boers were flushed with victory, exhilarated too with the licence of free quarters, and in the best possible humour with their leader, that Maritz and his companions returned from Natal and entered the camp in Cafferland. He proclaimed at once that the unoccupied country of Natal was a perfect paradise; and his countrymen, who viewed with admiration the superior beauty and verdure of the country beyond the colony, unhesitatingly believed him, and a great emigration to Natal was immediately resolved on. This movement, however, was not provoked by any sense of "insecurity at home" or other alleged grievances. Its immediate causes were of a widely opposite character. The measures of the colonial government had set the land speculators in action; had unsettled the boers, always disposed to wander, and by the enlargement of the boundaries, had thrown down all the barriers which former administrations had been wisely solicitous to establish against migration. It was in this state of things that the specific temptation which the Cape boers are least able to resist, was presented to their view, and they resolved to drive their flocks and herds to the fresh and unlimited pastures of Natal. Thus Maritz, the future leader of the emigrant farmers, concocted his plans in the camp in Cafferland, under the eye of the governor, who not only did not discourage, but even indirectly

promoted the scheme, by consenting, notwithstanding the previous refusal of the home authorities to sanction such a proceeding, to take possession of Port Natal.

What has been said above is sufficient to show that the emigration of the Dutch farmers did not originate in the Caffer war, nor in any particular discontent with the government, but in the ordinary migrating propensity of a population not sufficiently reclaimed from pastoral habits; indiscreetly stimulated by those who ought to have checked it, and directed by self-interested speculators. But when the proceedings of Sir B. D'Urban were annulled by the Secretary of State, when his appointments and grants of land were cancelled, and when a mild and humane system of dealing with the aboriginals was emphatically prescribed, then indeed there was a burst of angry feeling throughout the colony. The governor had based his policy to such an extent on private interests, that the rejection of it operated like an attack on property. Hence the vehemence of his adherents, and of the colonial press, devoted to his cause; from the columns of which Capt. Harris has drawn, we fear, too much of his information, for, to his dabbling in such impure sources only can it be ascribed, that he has written the following passage:—

"It does, indeed, furnish matter of amazement to every thinking person, how such a state of things (on the eastern frontier) should so long have been suffered to exist; how those who have legislated for the affairs of the colony should not long ago have seen the imperious necessity, dictated alike by reason, justice, and humanity, of exterminating from off the face of the earth, a race of monsters (the Caffers), who being the unprovoked destroyers and implacable foes of her Majesty's Christian subjects, have forfeited every claim to mercy or consideration. Denied redress, however, and deprived of the power of avenging themselves of the wrongs under which they have writhed, the border colonists have at length thrown off the yoke of their allegiance," &c.

One cannot expect to find a very accurate representation of facts where there is so much barbarity of sentiment. The British government, we are happy to say, has never yet sanctioned the "exterminating" system; nor was the morality and necessity of generous conduct towards uncivilized nations first thought of under the present administration; Lord Aberdeen, in signifying his approval of the treaty with the Griquas, stated, that "it realized the view which the King's government entertained of the only policy which it becomes this country to maintain and steadfastly to pursue, in regard to the native tribes." The liberal and upright system now adopted towards the Caffers, promises complete success. The present governor of the Cape Colony, Sir G. Napier, has recently published the statement that "he sees no cause to apprehend any interruption of tranquillity on the eastern frontier, so long as the treaties now in force with the Caffers are faithfully observed by the colonial authorities;" that is to say, so long as the aboriginals are treated as human beings, and allowed to share in the administration of equal international justice. We hope that no malcontent clamour will cause any departure from a system which, if firmly and perseveringly adhered to, will redound as much to the honour of the country which adopted it, as of the individual who was its author.

As the speculators in land were in danger of being disappointed by the restoration of the conquered provinces in Cafferland, they naturally directed their attention to the intended emigration of the boors. There was no topic of ill-humour, no grievance, real or imaginary, which they did not urge on the simple and uninstructed Dutch farmers, in order to induce them to leave the colony; and the boors readily believed that life within the boundaries was intolerable, on the

authority of those who were extremely desirous to occupy their places. Their credulity was taken advantage of, to propagate among them the most extraordinary rumours,—such as that the Dutch reformed religion was to be suppressed, and Popery to be established in its stead in the colony—that heavy taxes were to be imposed on the farmers, for the benefit of the blacks—that all grants of land were to be revoked, &c. These delusions were carried to such a length, that the governor could no longer remain a neutral witness of them, but tardily issued a proclamation, warning the boors not to give ear to "the wicked and false rumours disseminated by designing men." Had Capt. Harris been aware of this proclamation, he would not, perhaps, have given himself up so completely to the party of the delusionists. These, in the meantime, reaped the fruits of their industry; and we are assured that many large farms have been purchased from the boors at an average cost of less than sixpence per acre.

The first party of the migrating boors was led by Louis Trechard, who set forward in 1835, with thirteen families; but not being acquainted with the pass over the mountains to Natal, he overshot it, and continued his march till he arrived in the latitude of Delagoa Bay, where he encamped, in the centre of extensive fertile plains, on the banks of a very large river. He seems to have moved down, in 1837, nearer to the Bay. His immense herds and flocks held out strong temptations to the natives, parties of whom made several unsuccessful attacks on his camp; but those of his party who quitted him, and directed their steps southwards to Natal, were all cut off; and he himself, with the remnant of his followers, who were reduced by fever, sought refuge, last April, in the Portuguese fort in Delagoa Bay, where he was still awaiting, in July, the arrival of some vessel which might convey him to the colony or to Port Natal.

The main body of the emigrants, amounting to perhaps 3,000 persons, remained some time encamped beyond the Orange River, in the great plains watered by the Riet and Modder rivers. In their excursions northward, they trenchoned on the territories of Moselekatse, the chief of the warlike tribe named Matabili. In 1831, that chief had been attacked, from the same quarter, by a large band of armed and mounted Griquas, who succeeded at first in driving off his cattle, but, allowing themselves to be surprised during the night, they were nearly all massacred by the enraged Matabili. Hence Moselekatse forbid the approach of the strangers from the south; and Capt. Harris very properly remarks,—

"Can it be wondered at, under these circumstances, that Moselekatse should have viewed, with a jealous and suspicious eye, the sudden advance of so formidable a body of strangers, from the forbidden quarters, to the very borders, if not actually within the confines of his territories?"

Our author's palliation of the hostile conduct of the barbarian chief towards "his very unceremonious neighbours," is certainly not without justice. Moselekatse sent a little army against the boors, who, entrenched within their waggons, saved their families from destruction in two actions; but their chief possessions—six thousand head of cattle, and forty thousand sheep—were carried off by the Matabili. This occurred in October 1836. In the following January, a party of 107 boors, reinforced by as many Griquas, and armed natives, approached the frontier town of the Matabili, from the western side, whence no danger was apprehended. They lay concealed during the night, and—(we shall now quote our author's words:—

"As the first streaks of light ushered in the eventful morning of the 17th of January, Maritz's little band suddenly and silently emerged from a pass in the hills behind the houses of the American mission-

aries; and ere the sun had reached the zenith, the bodies of 400 chosen Matabili warriors garnished the blood-stained valley of Mosega. Not a creature was aware of the approach of danger, and the entrance of a rifle ball by one of the bed-room windows was the first intimation received by the missionaries of the impending onslaught. The Matabili flew to arms at the first alarm, and bravely defended themselves, but were shot like sparrows, as fast as they appeared outside of the enclosure, nor did they succeed in perforating the leathern doublet of a single Dutchman."

Capt. Harris seems not averse to the sport of shooting the natives like sparrows; but a missionary, in his description of this action, severely condemns the cruelty of the boors, who gave no quarter: "the natives who climbed up the trees to escape were shot like birds by the fowler." Seven thousand head of cattle were the reward of this victory; the news of which, conveyed to the colony, still further inflamed the rage for emigration.

We must now leave altogether the guidance of Capt. Harris, and proceed to narrate the fortunes of that large body of emigrants who directed their steps to Natal, and the chief events of whose march were of a date posterior to that of our author's journey.

Piet Retief, described by Capt. Harris as "a gallant and distinguished field-cornet of the Winterberg," was, in reality, at one time considered a respectable Dutch farmer; but, by repeated breaches of trust, he had so completely exposed his want of probity, that he was at last obliged to hide himself in the wilderness—an incurable malcontent. He had, however, the plausibility of manner which wins the multitude, and thus he was elected commander-in-chief by the large body of emigrants encamped near the sources of the Modder river. From him emanated the manifesto in which the boors were made to renounce their allegiance to the British government. In October, 1837, Retief, with a small troop of followers, crossed the Draakberg, and, after a difficult journey over a country unexplored before, he arrived at Port Natal. It was his intention to visit Dingán, the king of the Amazúlo, in order to purchase from him the cession of some territory near Port Natal, when an event occurred which made him hasten his movements. A native chief, named Sikonyela, living west of the Draakberg, drove off, or is supposed to have driven off, in one of his forays, some of Dingán's cattle. A strong detachment of the Amazúlo, with spear in hand, followed the traces of the cattle to the camp of Retief, on observing which they turned back for reinforcement. Retief being apprised of his danger, wrote an explanation to Dingán, who replied to him, through the missionaries, that since the cattle were traced to his camp, he should be held answerable for them, and should give them up, with the thief who stole them. This being understood, Retief paid a visit to Dingán, who received him with much apparent cordiality. The barbarian chief, to display his wealth to his new guests,—whose love for the "beesties" he seems to have thoroughly understood,—showed them his smallest assorted herd of cattle, all alike, with white backs. It was found to consist of 2,400 head. His herds of red and black oxen were far more numerous. The boors saw, with surprise, the perfect manner in which these oxen were trained to join in the warriors' dance. Retief, in his letters, spoke in high terms of the neatness of the king's dwelling, which, he said, was highly creditable to native architecture.

After leaving Dingán, Retief proceeded to fulfil his engagement, by seizing Sikonyela; and this was easily effected. The unsuspecting chief was thrown into irons, and his cattle were taken from him, and given to the Amazúlo. He himself, however, was not delivered up to them—a breach of agreement, at which Dingán appears

to have Retief recon- dence secret the m Dingá as w time, he euted the hu at the natur to fee that t him, l they v that h dance boors) thus e zúlo, m display in arm reques unarm as the gradu their r their perish thirty remain only r killing him, v of att wholly friend no co whose have l Wh still w camp large e the ba 600 liv Of the part w were, ants. alarme Draak Piet U of Apr the 5th throug zúlo p battle suffere sailant numbe to fligh the ac armed in the to sud mand was s the bo Amazú ing ali accom the fie whole by Din fly, an of the of Uys In Apr their

to have taken much offence. It is probable, that Retief, whose conduct in this affair cannot be reconciled with the dictates of justice or prudence, was checked at the last step, either by secret compunctions, or by the remonstrances of the missionaries. He resolved, however, to pay Dingán a second visit, and with such a retinue as would overawe him. That chief, in the meantime, had heard of the sanguinary vengeance executed on Moselekatze, and, though pleased at the humiliation of his ancient foe, he shuddered at the thought of his formidable neighbours, naturally fearing that it might be his turn next to feel their resentment. Hearing, therefore, that the boors were about to renew their visit to him, he sent to them, to say, that he hoped that they would all come, but without their horses—that he would assemble all his army to sing and dance for them—and begged that they (the boors) would dance also. Retief and his party, thus encouraged, entered the capital of the Amazúlo, firing off their guns, and making as much display as possible of their horsemanship and skill in arms. The next day (Feb. 6, 1838), at the request of the king, they assembled on foot, and unarmed, to witness the dances. The warriors, as they danced, formed a ring round them, and gradually pressed closer, till, at a given signal, they rushed on the devoted boors, and dashed their brains out with their clubs. In this way perished seventy Dutch farmers, with about thirty attendants. Their arms and 200 horses remained in the hands of the barbarians. The only reason which Dingán could give for his killing the boors was, that they intended to kill him, whence we can perceive the extreme danger of attempting to intimidate men who are not wholly unarmed. He said, also, that he was a friend to King George's people, but would have no connexion with the Amabóro, or boors, of whose equivocal political situation he seems to have had some idea.

While the friends of the murdered boors were still wondering at their long absence, their encampments were simultaneously attacked by large detachments of the Amazúlo; and before the barbarian enemy could be repulsed, nearly 600 lives were lost on the side of the emigrants. Of the slain, about 260 were whites, for the most part women and children. 20,000 head of cattle were, at the same time, driven off by the assailants. These sad reverses of the Natal boors alarmed their brethren at the western side of the Draakberg, and a large party of them, under Piet Uys and Potgieter, set off, in the beginning of April, to take vengeance on the enemy. On the 5th, as they approached Dingán's capital, through a long defile, they observed the Amazúlo posted in front and on the heights: the battle soon commenced; and though the natives suffered most severely from the fire of their assailants, yet their courage and overwhelming numbers at length prevailed, and the boors took to flight, their leader, Piet Uys, having fallen in the action. As they were 370 in number, well armed and mounted, and lost but twelve men in the battle, their retreat can only be ascribed to sudden panic. About ten days later, a commando, or military expedition, about 800 strong, was sent from Port Natal, to co-operate with the boors. This also was cut to pieces by the Amazúlo, only 270 of the whole number returning alive to Natal. Of seventeen Europeans who accompanied the expedition, thirteen perished in the field. In consequence of this last attack, the whole country north of Port Natal was ravaged by Dingán's army; the settlers were obliged to fly, and a palpable demonstration was presented of the insecurity of the place. After the death of Uys, the boors remained a long time inactive. In August they repulsed a violent attack on their camps by their active enemy, but not

without considerable loss of sheep and cattle. At length, in December last, mustering all their forces, they made an irruption into the enemy's country, and, according to their own accounts, defeated an army of 10,000 Amazúlo with the loss of only three of their own number; but as they ultimately retreated without having completely effected the special object of the expedition,—namely, the recovery of their cattle, there seems to be little reason to rely with confidence on their boasts of victory.

About 200 Dutch families still remain in the vicinity of Port Natal, but they seem to have abandoned their original intention, of building on that site the city of New Amsterdam. The death of Maritz has deprived them of the most prudent of their leaders; and their warfare, internal disunion, and loss of industrious habits, have sadly depressed their social condition. The emigrant boors in the interior, generally, have increased their pastoral wealth, but with the sacrifice of many comforts; and their delusive hopes having passed away, they retain no hostility whatever to the colonial government. A respectable farmer and field-cornet, named Boshoff, who has lately visited the emigrants, says of them—

"They enjoy a privilege highly valued by the grazier—viz. that of changing the pasturage frequently, which, without any expense worth mentioning, tends to cause an increase of their stock to an extent of 200 per cent. beyond that within the colony. I believe these persons still pay their taxes—at least, many of them repair to Colesberg for that purpose, and also to get their children baptized; and hence they consider themselves as still within the jurisdiction of the colonial government."

These few lines throw more light on the views and temper of the emigrants, than all which systematic agitators have written of their grievances. The chief impediments to the return of the emigrants according to Joubert, another intelligent border colonist, who was sent by the government to inquire into the condition of the settlers near Port Natal,—are, first, the great number of widows, orphans, destitute and impoverished persons, who have not the means of removal; and secondly, the immense flocks and herds of the more prosperous emigrants, for which there is no room in the colony. The complete return, therefore, of the tide of emigration is by no means likely: but we shall not here venture to speculate on the probable consequences of a large community, of European race, relapsing into nomadic habits in the plains of Southern Africa; nor shall we allude to the rumoured expeditions, battles, and revolutions, in the interior, consequent on the movements of the boors, and respecting which our information is not sufficiently authenticated.

Capt. Harris remarks, in reference to the belligerent progress of the emigrants, that "a flame has been kindled in the interior, which can be only quenched with blood." We need not add a word, to show how that prophetic declaration has been fulfilled. It only remains for us, then, to express our opinion, that humanity, as well as sound policy, dictated the resolution of the governor of the Cape Colony, to send a body of troops to Port Natal. It was not intended, by so doing, to coerce the Dutch settlers, as has been erroneously asserted, but merely to preserve peace, and to check, as far as possible, all offensive measures, the wars resulting from which would be surely felt in their consequences on the frontiers of the colony. There is reason to presume, that the experienced officer commanding the detachment at Port Natal will succeed in the object of his mission. The boors are a good deal humbled by their defeats: Dingán, though in one of his forays, in August last, he made a display of 100 men on horseback, armed with guns (which, however, they were unable to

use), yet well knows the superiority of Europeans, and, indeed, has never yet shown any disposition to renounce the friendship of "King George's people."

The Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis, Author of 'The Monk,' 'Castle Spectre,' &c. With many Pieces in Prose and Verse, never before published. 2 vols. Colburn.

A hungry traveller, mocked by some courteous Barmecide with an *omelette soufflée* in place of a dinner, would not be more dissatisfied than the reader who may have anticipated from this 'Life and Correspondence' a complete biography of "wonder-working Lewis." It may, however, have been impossible wholly to avoid falling into the *soufflé* style, when writing of one like Lewis, whose genius, at once tawdry, flimsy, and facile, was the very genius certain to insure its possessor a drawing-room popularity—whether as the author of a "dear, horrible book, too improper for any one to read," or as the songwriter who made all England musical with the woes of 'Crazy Jane' and the perfidy of the Knight

Who loves, and rides away.

That popularity is now gone; and even those among our romancers who follow up the path indicated by Lewis, are required to relieve the sorceries and portents of a 'Rookwood' with the realities of a Turpin's ride. In short, the public are no longer satisfied without finding manliness of character, directness of purpose, and coherence of delineation and colour, even when we enter the remotest regions of Fancy.

But let us leave criticism, and endeavour to ramble through this ill-digested book of anecdote. Matthew Gregory Lewis—in his high-flown days he was accustomed to abuse his Christian names as discordant and homely—was born in 1775, the son of the Deputy-Secretary at War, a gentleman possessed moreover of landed property in England and an estate in the West Indies, and who married Frances Maria Sewell, the pretty daughter of Sir T. Sewell, Master of the Rolls—a young lady whom we find, now extorting a compliment from the Bishop of London, for her disposition to inquire into matters of religion, then compromising herself by some indiscretions, only hinted at in the work before us, but which led to a separation from her husband. A taste for stage effect early manifested itself in Master Matthew (the eldest of four children); he delighted in parading before a looking-glass in his mother's "gauze and feathers," and in mimicking the connoisseurship of the musical amateurs whom her taste for concert-giving attracted to the house. This last meagre trait gives the anonymous biographer the opportunity of digressing into that stage and orchestra gossip which, by iteration, has become so wearisome. There is enough, and more than enough, concerning the Wesleys—old Mrs. Wesley inclusive, who sung 'Pious orgies' before Queen Charlotte, "when upwards of seventy years of age, clad in her primitive cap and apron," and Mr. De Camp, Mrs. Mitzi, and Lord Sandwich, who played the kettle-drum at his own concerts.

More germane to the development of the peculiar genius of Lewis, were his early delight in reading 'Glanville on Witches,' and his early horror of entering the "cedar room" of Stanstead Hall, which was supposed to be haunted. The boy seems to have been affectionate, sensitive, but feeble withal—if we are to judge from the records of his school life, under Dr. Fountain, and subsequently at Westminster. At the latter place he distinguished himself by his histrionic powers. On leaving Westminster, he entered at Christ Church, Oxford, before which time his parents had separated, and his mo-

ther had gone to reside in France. Henceforward we find little but tracings of his literary and dramatic speculations, in which Mrs. Lewis appears to have been a close and sympathetic *confidante*—notices of foreign tours from his journals, done with a slightness and absence of original remark, which is singular—glimpses, few and far between, of the brilliant society in which he was a welcome guest—until we come to those journals of West Indian residence, among which, having noticed them on their appearance in a separate form (*Athen.* No. 331), we are unwilling to trust ourselves. Throughout the whole book, however, Mr. Lewis always appears as a gentleman, open-handed to a fault, and, when placed in a most trying position, as regarded his separated parents, behaving with a degree of good feeling and sound sense, hardly to be expected from one who on paper indulged in such licentious impulses of fancy and passion. The letters which are most creditable to his head and heart, are those addressed to his mother concerning her domestic trials—they are, indeed, too plain and reasonable, to be worth extracting.

There is little which can be drawn from this book for the reader's amusement—unless he be stage-struck, and then he will find abundance of talk, such as it is, about 'The East Indian,' 'The Castle Spectre,' and Miss Litchfield's monodrama 'The Maniac,' which was found too harrowing to the audience to be ever acted a second time. The following bit of farce, however, will amuse the drawing-room reader as well as the green-room enthusiast. It relates to 'The Castle Spectre.'

"The terrors inspired by the spectre were not confined to Drury Lane; but, as the following anecdote shows, on one occasion they even extended considerably beyond it. Mrs. Powell, who played Evelina—having become, from the number of representations, heartily tired and wearied with the character—one evening, on returning from the theatre, walked listlessly into a drawing-room, and throwing herself into a seat, exclaimed, 'Oh, this ghost! this ghost! Heavens! how the ghost torments me!' 'Ma'am!' uttered a tremulous voice, from the other side of the table. Mrs. Powell looked up hastily. 'Sir!' she reiterated in nearly the same tone, as she encountered the pale countenance of a very sober-looking gentleman opposite. 'What—what was it you said, madam?' 'Really, sir,' replied the astonished actress, 'I have not the pleasure of—Why, good heavens, what have they been about in the room?' 'Madam!' continued the gentleman, 'the room is mine, and I will thank you to explain—' 'Yours!' screamed Mrs. Powell; surely, sir, this is Number 1.' 'No, indeed, madam,' he replied: 'this is Number 2; and, really, your language is so very extraordinary, that—' Mrs. Powell, amidst her confusion, could scarcely refrain from laughter. 'Ten thousand pardons!' she said. The coachman must have mistaken the house. I am Mrs. Powell, of Drury Lane, and have just come from performing 'The Castle Spectre.' Fatigue and absence of mind have made me an unconscious intruder. I lodge next door, and I hope you will excuse the unintentional alarm I have occasioned you.' It is almost needless to add, that the gentleman was much relieved by this rational explanation, and participated in the mirth of his nocturnal visitor, as he politely escorted her to the street-door. 'Good night,' said the still laughing actress; and I hope, sir, in future, I shall pay more attention to number one."

One of Lewis's earlier foreign tours was taken in the capacity of *attaché* to the embassy to the Hague. He found the Dutch "more poetical and tender" than could be expected from so solidly-based a people. "My landlord," he says, "though he is nothing more than a grocer, displays a sign, representing an altar, on which repose two hearts, pierced through by a flaming arrow!" Half a dozen pages later we find, in another letter to his mother, a sketch of society—trifling enough at best—but about the most vivid which his letters present:—

"As for me, the Hague and the Dutch are as insufferable as ever. But of late I have cut the society of the place, and got into a very agreeable coterie, which assembles every other night at the house of one of the cleverest women I ever met with, a Madame de Matignon. She is the daughter of the celebrated Baron de Bretenne, who lives with her. We have also the Marquise de Bebrance, the Princesse de Leon, the Princesse de Montmorency, the Vicomte de Bouille, the Duke de Polignac, the *beau* Dillon (of whom you must certainly have heard), and, in short, the very best society of Paris. This, you must suppose, is pleasant; everybody is at their ease; some play at tric-trac; others work; others '*font la belle conversation*,' and so well, with such wit and novelty of thought, that I am much entertained by it. You will easily conceive that, after such a society, the Dutch assemblies must be dreadful. I, therefore, seldom go near them; and, indeed, a late proof of their stupidity would have terrified a man possessed of more courage than myself. An unfortunate Irishman, known by the name of Lord Kerry, being the other night at one of the Dutch assemblies, and quite overcome with its stupidity, yawned so terribly that he fairly dislocated his jaw. It was immediately set again; but he has suffered much from the accident, and is still confined to his bed. He is a man upwards of fifty; and, consequently, must have been frequently *ennui*ed before. But such peculiar *ennui* was more than he had bargained for, or had power to resist. You may think this is a made anecdote; but I assure you that I have told you the plain matter of fact. There is a Duchesse de la Force here, a sort of idiot, whom I wish you could see. She would entertain you much. Her conversation is composed of the same set of phrases, which she vents upon all occasions. One of them is '*Et les détails?*' She said, the other day, without minding her question or his reply, '*Eh bien! M. Dillon, y'a-t-il quelques nouvelles?*' '*Il n'y en a pas, Madame.*' '*Fraiment! et les détails?*' When they told her that the Queen of France was dead, she asked for the *détails*? She would make an excellent character in a comedy."

The sketches of the brilliant personages among whom Lewis moved, are sparingly and feebly supplied by the anonymous biographer. The names of Lady Charlotte Campbell (whose far-famed beauty turned the Monk's head), Lord Melbourne, and other celebrities, occur, it is true, but merely as names. The following is one of the most whimsical combinations which Lady Cork's menageries have offered for the last half century:—

"Her ladyship took a great fancy to Mr. Thomas Moore, then in the zenith of popularity and the darling of the day; and one evening took it into her head to gratify her guests with some passages of dramatic reading. Mr. Moore was the fascinating medium selected for this 'flow of soul,' upon which it seemed the lady had set her heart, but against which it proved the gentleman had set his face: he was exceedingly sorry—was particularly engaged—had besides a very bad cold—a terribly obstinate hoarseness; and declared all this with an exceedingly 'good evening' expression of countenance. Her ladyship was puzzled how to act, until Lewis came to her relief; and in a short time she made her appearance with a large Burgundy pitch plaster, with which she followed the wandering melodist about the room, who in his endeavours to evade his well-meaning pursuer and her formidable recipe, was at length fairly hemmed into a corner. Whether he there exerted his eloquence in protestations of gratitude, or in prayers for assistance we never heard, but as they say of the heroes of romance, 'he at length effected his escape.' Having one day taken into her head to have a 'raffle,' or lottery, for a charitable purpose, she mentioned her idea to Lewis, who entered into the project with great willingness, and under his direction the whole affair was managed. As it was arranged that everybody was to win something, Lewis took care that the prizes should be of a nature that would create the most ludicrous perplexity to their owners. Accordingly, on the evening appointed (for the raffle took place at a *soirée*), the assembled guests were parading the brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms burdened with the most out-of-the-way articles the ec-

centric hostess could procure; while the inventor of this novel kind of *plaisanterie* was silently enjoying the joke of their distress. Gentlemen were seen in every direction, running about with teapots in their hands, or trays under their arms, endeavouring to find some sly corner, in which to deposit their prizes; while young ladies were sinking beneath the weight, or the shame, of carrying a coal-scuttle or a flat-iron. Guinea-pigs, birds in cages, punch-bowls, watchmen's rattles, and Dutch-ovens, were perplexing their fortunate, or, as perhaps they considered themselves, unfortunate proprietors; and Lady Cork's raffle was long remembered by those who were present as a scene of laughter and confusion."

The second volume contains abundant notices of the 'Tales of Wonder' which are now chiefly remembered as having given Walter Scott one of his earliest opportunities for engaging public attention. The anonymous biographer is so far behind the time, that he quotes from the 'Fire King,' as written by Lewis, and not his Scottish contributor. He is far more at home in the processions of 'Timour the Tartar,' and the popularity of the 'Banks of Allan Water,' which song we never before knew might claim Matthew Gregory for its parent. The last passage we shall give exhibits the dramatist and ballad-writer in a most amiable point of view:—

"Being one autumn on his way to participate in the enjoyments of the season with the rest of the fashionable world at a celebrated watering-place, he passed through a small country town, in which chance occasioned his temporary sojourn: here also were located a company of strolling players, whose performance he one evening witnessed. Among them was a young actress, whose benefit was on the *tapis*, and who, on hearing of the arrival of a person so talked of as *Monk Lewis*, waited upon him at the inn, to request the very trifling favour of an original piece from his pen. The lady pleaded in terms that urged the spirit of benevolence to advocate her cause in a heart never closed to such appeal. Lewis had by him at that time, an unpublished trifle, called 'The Hindoo Bride,' in which a widow was immolated on the funeral pile of her husband. The subject was one well suited to attract a country audience, and he determined thus to appropriate the drama. The delighted suppliant departed all joy and gratitude, at being requested to call for the MS. the next day. Lewis, however, soon discovered that he had been reckoning without his host, for on searching the travelling-desk which contained many of his papers, 'The Bride' was nowhere to be found, having, in fact, been left behind in town. Exceedingly annoyed by this circumstance, which there was no time to remedy, the dramatist took a pondering stroll through the rural environs of B—. A sudden shower obliged him to take refuge within a huckster's shop, where the usual curtained half-glass door in the rear opened to an adjoining apartment: from this room he heard two voices in earnest conversation, and in one of them recognised that of his theatrical petitioner of the morning, apparently replying to the feeble tones of age and infirmity:—'There now, mother, always that old story—when I've just brought such good news too;—after I've had the face to call on Mr. Monk Lewis, and found him so different to what I expected; so good-humoured, so affable, and willing to assist me. I did not say a word about you, mother; for though in some respects it might have done good, I thought it would seem so like a begging affair; so I merely represented my late ill-success, and he promised to give me an original drama, which he had with him, for my benefit. I hope he did not think me too bold!'—'I hope not, Jane,' replied the feeble voice, 'only don't do these things again without consulting me; for you don't know the world, and it may be thought—' The sun just then gave a broad hint that the shower had ceased, and the sympathizing author returned to his inn, and having penned the following letter, ordered post-horses and despatched a porter to the young actress, with the epistle.

"Madam,—I am truly sorry to acquaint you that my 'Hindoo Bride' has behaved most improperly—in fact, whether the lady has eloped or not, it seems she does not choose to make her appearance, either for your benefit or mine: and to say the truth, I

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don't at this moment know where to find her. I take the liberty to jest upon the subject, because I really do not think you will have any cause to regret her non-appearance; having had an opportunity of witnessing your very admirable performance of a far superior character, in a style true to nature, and which reflects upon you the highest credit. I allude to a most interesting scene, in which you lately sustained the character of 'The Daughter!' Brides, of all denominations, but too often prove their empire delusive; but the character you have chosen will improve upon every representation, both in the estimation of the public, and the satisfaction of your own excellent heart. For the infinite gratification I have received, I must long consider myself in your debt. Trusting you will permit the enclosed (fifty pounds) in some measure to discharge the same,

"I remain, Madam,

(With sentiments of respect and admiration),

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"M. G. Lewis."

"To Miss —, at Mr. Green's, &c."

Here we shall pause: and our readers have, no doubt, had enough. If the materials scattered throughout these portly volumes had fallen into better hands, they might, we think, have afforded some pleasant reading,—as it is, they are "bosh!"—we leave Mr. Morier to translate the word.

Ireland. By J. G. C. Feuilleide.—[*L'Irlande.*] 2 vols. Paris. London, Dulau.

It is a curious coincidence that, at the very moment when the Lords, by voting a committee of inquiry into the state of crime in Ireland, have made the naïve admission, that nearly every plan for the social amelioration of that country, sent up to them from the Commons for the last four years, has been opposed in ignorance of the facts necessary to a right understanding of the measures—a work should have appeared in Paris, from the pen of a French traveller, which contains the whole information their Committee will, most assuredly—not arrive at. Great, indeed, is truth; for not merely out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, but from the tongue of ignorance and of error, of prejudice and exaggeration, it issues with an irresistible evidence, which no possible fault, literary, scientific, or temperamental, can disguise. That every writer who has visited Ireland of late years should tell the same story, should unite in one common cry of amazement and indignation at the universal displacement of every class and condition of Irishmen, and at the misery and destitution which reign throughout the land, is an appalling fact. Irish mismanagement, which can neither be denied nor justified, is thrust in the face of every Englishman whenever he shows himself on the continent; and it is impossible for him to "hint a fault or hesitate dislike" at the worst political or social combinations which may meet his gaze from one end of Europe to the other, without receiving the sneering answer of the Emperor of Russia to an Irish tract distributor,—“I am glad to learn that your own people are so well off, as to leave you time to think of my Russians.” Nor is this disability confined to the wandering individual who busies himself with what may be thought no business of his; it encounters the British diplomatist in every foreign court. If he advocates moral right and the interests of humanity in favour of the black slave, he is met with—“look at Ireland;” if he appeals to the law of nations and of nature, against the claims of brute force upon Poland, he is abashed by the same cry; and if, despairing of the justice, the moderation, or the wisdom of an overweening neighbour, he hints a possible appeal to arms, he has still to cower beneath the Mephistophilean leer of the bowing minister who pronounces but one word, and that is “Ireland.” We do not look at this or think of it as a mere party question; it is not as politicians, but as men and as Christians,

that we claim the privilege of asking our readers to consider how the English people stand affected by their relations with Ireland.

M. de Feuilleide is evidently deficient in the qualifications usually found necessary for arriving at truth. He has brought to his task but little of the sober style of a practised writer, to relate fairly what he sees, or of the power of scrutiny to see clearly and faithfully what is placed before him. He has not always brought even a cool and dispassionate temper to his investigation. Amidst many blunders and mistakes, such as foreigners must make, he has discovered few new facts; and his pages, foaming with invective and overflowing with French sentimentality, are little calculated to accredit statements, which have obtained for others unlimited belief. Yet even here the causes of Irish crime and of Irish misery are traced in characters which cannot be mistaken.

The Irish (says M. Feuilleide,) are not slaves; and the landlords are thus freed from the necessity of providing them with food and clothing. They are not serfs, which would insure them a certain portion of the earth's fruits. They are tenants,—and on what condition, let their food, and clothing, and housing reply. For the most miserable cabin and a roof of land the landlord receives five pounds [paid, he might have added, out of 6d. and 8d. a day]. For this shelter and this land, which suffices not for a full annual supply of food, the peasant has also to pay the county rates, the tithe, and a voluntary contribution to his own clergy. He is consequently placed continuously between the chances of expulsion or distraint. The produce of the soil being so unequally distributed between landlord and tenant, it is a struggle for life or death to till the land. It is an adage in Ireland among landlords that *any rental regularly paid is below the value of the farm*; so that the greater the produce forced by the tenant from the soil, the more the proprietor raises his terms, till the unfortunate cultivator, for ever in debt, is for ever at the mercy of his creditor. To obtain this hold, it is not uncommon for landlords to be slack in claiming the first year's rent; but woe to him who trusts to this indifference, and expends the money on the improvement of his farm; the demand will come on him when he is least able to meet it, and a notice to quit will be the result of his inability. It is the employment of this measure, summary in its forms, and for ever suspended over the head of the peasant, which begets the vexations, tyrannies, abuses of right, and legal injustices, against which the victim struggles, even unto death. With this menace impending, Paddy is neither master of himself nor of his children; he has neither the disposition of his time, his liberty, nor his conscience. On the least murmur or hesitation, he is met with the one reply—“You are my debtor, and I can turn you out—you have voted for a Catholic—you have removed your daughter—your son will not be my slave. Well, then, there is your account, pay it, or quit the premises. Your cabin, and all it contains, is mine;—your rags, your bed, your geese, pigs, potatoes, grain, are all mine. Depart, and die where you will, you, and your wife, your children, and your father.” A year has since passed away [says our author, in reference to an individual case of such doings, which he cites], and yet this man lives; but, die when he will, I am certain of the man who will slay him.

Feeble, passionate, and exaggerated as these extracts may be thought, the truth which lies buried, cannot be missed—cannot be mistaken. It is not, as the author elsewhere supposes, that the memory of by-gone confiscations survives, and that in every mendicant by the road's side we meet a *ci-devant* Irish princess (see vol. I. p. 72); it is because the rent absorbs so large a part of the produce, because the cultivator cannot live and thrive on his holding, and because the law is landlord-made law—not the tenant's friend, but his enemy—that it is held in derision. There is, however, a worse evil than all this yet behind. It is not merely in the service of extortion and covetousness, that such a machinery is brought to bear on the Irish

peasant—religion, or rather a monster assuming its form, avails itself of the circumstances; and it is in the sacred and venerable name of Protestantism that hundreds are beggared, driven from their homes, and left to starve in the highways.

The history of modern Ireland [we quote once more,] may be summed up in two words, *Landlord and Paddy*: the types of two classes of men, the extremes of the social scale in this unhappy kingdom, between which the middle condition is almost imperceptible, and scarcely exists. Landlord and Paddy,—the proprietor, who engrosses the fruits of the earth, and the cultivator without enough to live upon; the spoiler and the spoiled; the rich and the poor; the Irishman and the Englishman; the possessor of all the luxuries of life, and the victim of all its pains and humiliations; the favourite of all manner of laws, and protections, and the man of all sorts of duties and of arbitrary oppressions. Landlord and Paddy; that is, master and servant; or worse still, signor and serf; a contrast worse than the feudality of the middle ages, worse than that of paganism before the coming of Christianity; worse than the relations of black and white men in the West Indies. Yes, the condition which exists under the sway of the English law, for Paddy, is more inhuman than pagan slavery, feudal ascription to the soil, or the subjugation of the African.

Having thus far trespassed on our readers with the sublime of M. Feuilleide's book, we must relax a little with his comedy. The following is humorous, and, we fear, characteristic:—

Since the days of Beaumarchais the fundamentals of the English language have changed; and if Figaro were to come to life, he would be charmed, in using it, to get a smile instead of a box on the ear from the pot-girl of the ale-house. The word at present in every mouth, the one welcome word, the word desired by all shopkeepers, the word which rewards all their labours is, “how much?” With this word alone, you may pass through England, whoever you are, dandy, lady's man, politician—a gesticulation of the finger, and this word, make you universally understood. It is the only word to which the Englishman deigns to reply by signs, when he cannot make himself understood by words: “This rumpsteak (*rum's teach*), this fruit, how much? This Yorkshire horse, how much? This woman, how much? How much also this seat in parliament, the conscience of that elector? “How much?” is the sum of the whole language, its only true and veritable foundation; it is the entire nationality of England.”

Of the comedy of this work, a rather disproportionate part is made up of its own farcical mistakes. The author recounts the old joke of the Irish beggars wearing the east clothes of the English, as a matter of fact. He believes that the Grand Canal is maintained by the government, and attributes the neglect which he fancied he saw in its condition, to a malice prepense against Irish commerce. He imagines that the Irish alphabet is a *mélange* of Greek and Hebrew, confounds the brogue with the Gaelic tongue, mistakes the popular ballads for Jacobite songs, and, in an attempt at translation, talks of the pretender Charles marching against the Williamite Irish. So careless is he in collecting his facts, that he tells us how the Zoological Garden (the favourite plaything of a few Dublin gentlemen), was a cold pleasantry of the English government, purposely designed to mock the misery of the people.

Such is the work to which our Paris correspondent last week directed our attention, and which it appears has of late engrossed the attention of the *feuilletonistes* of that capital. It will doubtless be treated with the contempt it deserves by the English public; but, with all its faults, it will be read abroad—its very absurdities are, it appears, there re-echoed and exaggerated; and we may be assured that wherever jealousy of England, hostility to its government, or dread of its maritime superiority exists,

it will be read with avidity, and ignorantly accepted as an augury of the weakness and downfall of the country.

Journal of the English Agricultural Society.
Vol. I., Part I. Murray.

THIS first number contains contributions from Lord Spencer, Sir James Graham, Mr. Pusey, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, and others; the prize essays of the Rev. W. L. Rham 'On the simplest and easiest Mode of Analysing Soils,' and of Mr. John Dudgeon on 'The Improvements which have taken place in the Agriculture of Scotland since the formation of the Highland Society.' As to the positive or relative merit of the several papers it is a matter of little consequence—many were, no doubt, forwarded, as Lord Spencer observes, "as an example;" but the establishment of such a journal, under such distinguished patronage, is, in itself, an event of great importance. Whether agriculture can ever become a science, in the strict sense of the word, may be a question; but there can be no question that from observation and experiment many valuable laws may be deduced; and it is this fact, and the diffusion of the consequent knowledge among the people, which has given such a superiority to the farmer of the north over the farmer of the south of England; and explains how it is, that, in a poor country like Scotland, the rent of land is, on an average, double what it is in our wealthy southern counties. If our will were law, we would add fifty per cent. to the rent of every farmer who did not cultivate his land according to the latest and most approved methods: if he can afford to let half its productive energy lie waste, the country cannot; and it might be well to stimulate him by such means to exertion. What would be the result, if a Manchester manufacturer were resolved not to introduce improvement into his machinery?—and why should not like ruin attend the ignorant or careless farmer? The whole question, and its effects, may be comprised in a nutshell; and the following sentence, with which the work before us opens, is quite enough for the purpose of our argument:—

"Though the national importance of husbandry will be at once admitted by every one, it may be well at the outset of our undertaking not to content ourselves with a general notion of that importance, but to look for a moment at some of the items which constitute its annual value. The wheat produced in England and Wales is estimated by Mr. Mac Culloch, one year with another, at 12,350,000 quarters. This single head of produce, therefore, at an average price of 50s., will amount to nearly 31 million pounds sterling, yearly. The oats and beans have been reckoned at 13,500,000 quarters, and will give another head of 17½ millions sterling per annum. The grass lands, again, are supposed to yield, year by year, produce worth very nearly 60 millions sterling (59,500,000). The practical inference to be drawn from these large numbers is obviously this,—that, if by any improved process it be possible to add even in a small proportion to the average acreable produce either of arable or pasture land, this increase, small as it may seem, may be in fact a very large addition to our national wealth. The average produce of wheat, for instance, is stated at 26 bushels per acre: if, by a better selection of seed, we could raise this amount to 27 bushels only, a supposition by no means unlikely, we should by this apparently small improvement have added to the nation's annual income 475,000 quarters of wheat, worth, at 50s., about 1,200,000l. yearly, which would be equal to a capital of 24 millions sterling gained for ever to the country by this trifling increase in the growth of one article alone, and that in England and Wales only."

Let us quote one or two other illustrations:—
"A saving of half a bushel of seed, if it can be properly made, will be a gain of 3s. per acre; or of about one-sixth of the average rent of arable land to the renter, and of 240,000 quarters, or 600,000l., to the country each year. * * There is many a light-land farm in the south of England, of 500 acres, on which

100 acres have not produced turnips worth more than 200l. or 300l., while the more spirited culture actually practised in Yorkshire might have yielded 20 tons of Swedes, or 30 tons of turnips from each acre. It is difficult to reduce the advantages of this superior yield to a money value. At the price for which the former roots have sold in one neighbourhood we are acquainted with, a high price it is admitted, but still one that has been paid for many years, they would have been worth 2000l.: so that the difference in the result of the two practices would be 1500l.; or, if an acre of the land be worth 1l. nearly, a difference of produce from one-fifth only of the farm amounting to three times the rent of the whole. Without insisting, however, upon this case, which is an extreme one, the following quotation from a recent statistical work will be sufficient for all practical farmers:—
'The produce of turnips, when cultivated in the broadcast manner, varies from 5 to 15 tons an acre; the latter being reckoned a very good crop. In Northumberland and Berwickshire, a good crop of white globe turnips, drilled, weighs from 25 to 30 tons, the Yellow, and the Ruta Baga, or Swedish, a few tons less.'

A very few facts of this nature must be sufficient, we think, to satisfy our readers of the vast benefits which may result from a work like this journal,—which will make the experience of the individual the common property of all, if we can but persuade our farmers that knowledge may be acquired from books, and that it is their interest to seek it from all sources.

ANTHOLOGY FOR 1839.

TIME, the great innovator, who works such changes on our lower earth, has evidently been busied with the world of song. Its seasons are not the same as heretofore; for, while we are just at the commencement of our spring, it is already autumn in Parnassus. Witness the leaves, characterised like the Sibyl's, and almost as fugitive, which shower down *à la Vall-ombrosa* on our Library Table. The habits too of its denizens have undergone a startling transformation, for, whereas its swans were wont of old to sing but once, and that a short time previous to their death, there is scarcely in our days a callow cygnet (the *bipes implume* of logicians), which, on chipping the shell, waddles not toward the fount of song as naturally as a duckling into a horsepond (the Hippocrene of the real world). Far be it, however, from us to throw any unnecessary impediments in the paths of so laudable an ambition; we love to gather from each imperfect effort, an omen of after success, and fondly anticipate the time, when the dissonance of each infant voice shall be drawn out in the linked sweetness of poetry itself. We need scarcely say, that the majority of the volumes, which we intend, from time to time, to include in our Anthology, have their origin in the precocity to which we have alluded. Yet he were a stern critic indeed, a veritable brother of the "ungentle craft," who, in the flower, could see no promise of the fruit, and who could walk from the Dan of the deprecating preface, to the Beersheba of the valedictory stanza, and cry—"It is all barren." Such are not we. The flower may have come a thought too soon, but ours shall not therefore be the breath that visits it too roughly—it may lack perchance that full gift of colour and fragrance which summer suns alone can bestow, but we will not therefore condemn the branch on which it grows, but rather wait the fulfilment of its promise, knowing, like experienced gardeners in the Parnassian nursery-ground, that it is not always the gaudiest spring-flower of verse, which bears the mellow autumn-fruit of poetry.

There is one especial point in the examination of juvenile poetry, wherein criticism must necessarily lose a portion of its strictness; we allude to the absence of originality, which forms the characteristic of such early efforts. The poems of a very young man are, for the most part, a mere echo of those thoughts, feelings, and even sounds, which have delighted him in the works of others, and yet he is no plagiarist—at least, no wilful one: he draws from the treasure-house of his memory the hoarded recollections of years; and, until experience has sobered down the effervescence of his first enthusiasm, most conscientiously believes them to be his own. In fact,

it is only in its infancy that Poetry may be termed a creative art. It has always been in the earliest ages, which heralded civilization and refinement, that the bard has won for himself the proud title of "Creator," which, whether we seek it in the Greek *ποιητής*, the French "*trouvère*," or the Scottish "*maker*," has always been applied to those who made for themselves and their compatriots a new world of imagination, as a recompense for the lost Eden of their fathers. Taken in this point of view, Poetry has always been to the untutored mind of man, what omnipotence was to matter; it brooded over the intellectual chaos with its spirit wings, and bade it take the form which now it wears. It said unto the darkness of ignorance, "Let there be light!"—it recalled the scattered elements of thought, each to its allotted station, and peopled the microcosm of the brain with shapes of beauty and of power.

When, however, this task of creation was fulfilled, Poetry was obliged to content herself with becoming, for the most part, only imitative or reproductive. There was no longer a world to fashion, or a chaos to subdue; but, there remained fields to be cultivated, which had been barren heretofore, and new combinations of beauty to be produced by the intermarriage of those fair things, which had already been created; and hence it is, that, by a species of metaphysical metempsychosis, the same ideas which had their birth along with Poetry herself, are even now reproduced, with little or no alteration, save that which cultivation effects between the courtly favourite of the flower-garden, and the peasant weed which was its ancestor. But, if the circumstances of the time forbid the poet to be creative in its widest sense, still, like the flower to which we allude, he gains presence in beauty what he loses in originality. He may not quaff the turbid Helicon at its source, but still he drinks its quiet waters from the full and silver stream, as it wanders at its own sweet will. He may not be the first-born of the patriarch of song; but still, like Joseph, he may be preferred to all his elder brethren of the lyre. He may not himself have brought down the oracles from the sacred mount; but yet, like the eloquent Aaron, he may expound them more thrillingly to the multitude than the great law-giver himself.

Having thus satisfactorily proved that the absence of originality is only one of those venial sins of omission, which carries its own excuse along with it, let us proceed to the examination of the individual instances before us, in the hope of finding something independent of it, which may justify a modest allowance of praise.

'*The Pilgrim of Beauty*,' personated by Mr. S. Mullen, is a remote descendant of Shelley's "*Alastor*,"—an enthusiast, who fain would raise the Isiac veil from the brow of intellectual beauty, and gaze upon those features which are

too bright

To hit the sense of mortal sight.

We do not mean to undervalue either the zeal or the powers of our wandering minstrel, when we say that he has not succeeded in his quest. A want of success brings no discredit where ultimate failure was unavoidable: and by way of consolation, we are free to confess, that like the old alchemists, who, in their search after the grand *arcana*, stumbled upon divers excellent inventions, our author, in his pursuit of unreal and metaphysical loveliness, has chanced upon sundry shapes of natural beauty, which go far to compensate for the loss of the unattainable, to whose shrine he was vowed. The poem commences with the following appropriate invocation:—

Spirit of Beauty! Where is thy abode?
A lowly pilgrim seeks thy hallow'd shrine;
With ardent fire his bosom long hath glow'd,
To gaze unchid on thy face divine.
Oh! glorious Spirit, thou know'st him wholly thine;
To thee his panting heart was early given;
Blaze forth unclouded—on thy votary shine!
Impart the bliss for which he long hath striven,
And touch his earth-dim'd eye with light direct from heaven.

Where dost thou dwell, fair Essence uncreate?
Primeval Beauty! changeless, stainless, pure!
Where hold thy court of everlasting state,
Binding all bosoms by thy magic lure?
Of homage most devoted, ever sure!
Alas! the wanderer cries to thee in vain!
His earnest pilgrimage must yet endure,
Till, nature purg'd from every darkening stain,
His spirit may perchance Thy blissful presence gain.

We think it only fair to expect that a pilgrim of Beauty should learn the language of the country to-

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wards which he journeys, and, accordingly, we would hint to him that—

The worm's dyed entrails o'er his bosom lay,
is rather a painful periphrasis for a silk waistcoat,—
more especially as "Alastor," (who was a brother pilgrim,) has already designated the same material by the appellation of "woven wind," which, though not so original, is infinitely more poetical.

Here is a description of one of those fairy palaces wherein he sought for Beauty. What if we were to suggest that, like a modern Ixion, he left her to pursue a phantom?

I've looked for thee within the Rose's breast,
Amid the graceful foldings of her leaves,
Where fairy elves entranced delight to rest
On beds of fragrance!—the voluptuous thieves!
And there the honey-bee, who seldom grieves,
In pleasant labour have I often seen;
Piled on his thighs the heavy waxen sheaves,
He quits her bosom, where his toil had been
To cull her nectared sweets beneath the leafy screen.

In justice to the author, we must make room for the two concluding stanzas.

Forgive me, Father! Oh! forgive thy child!
Thou have I sought, unknowing it was Thou
That lured me onward with thy beauty mild,
In opening flower, or on the fruitful bough.
Thou then I knew not—well I know thee now,
Sole source of Beauty or in sense or mind,
Brightness and glory on an angel's brow.
And faith and trust in hearts of humble kind,
Sole Author of the good—the loving—the refined.

Thy universal works are full of Thee,
The least, the greatest—each and all divine!
While Nature, eloquent of Deity,
Holds every where her mild transparent sign,
Through which Thy everlasting glories shine!
The changing seasons, and the march of time,
The flower, the flower, the field, the river thine!
Heaven, Earth, and Sea, in one harmonious chime,
Hymn forth the Holy God—the Beautiful! Sublime!

In bidding farewell to the 'Pilgrim,' we can only say that albeit his revelations have a certain incoherence and want of method about them, sufficient to show that this has been his first voyage, we cannot deny him the praise of an ear which is conversant with sweet sounds, and an eye sensible to external beauty; and we venture to hope that he will yet take many a similar pilgrimage before he comes to that undiscovered country wherein alone true beauty is to be found.

The minor poems are one and all characterized by a degree of carelessness which forbids any attempt at commendation. Mr. Mullen should have been content with improving the Old Testament without enlarging on the New. Where shall we look for three such consecutive examples of the *bathos* as the following, which occur in 'Christ stilling the Tempest'?

Look forth again—with one tremendous roar,
The outrageous waters tumble on the shore;
White boiling volumes heave themselves on high,
Huge, tremble, break, and spit against the sky;
The offended sky looks angry, black and red,
And deafening thunders growl close overhead.

It is with a feeling of pleasure that we turn from these grandiloquent nothings to Mr. T. Wade's '*Prothanasia*,' a poem full of grace and sweetness, though not without manifest evidence of weakness and of those faults which we have heretofore adduced against other of Mr. Wade's poems. The subject was suggested by the work of Bettine Brentano (see *Athen.* No. 415, 416), and turns upon the fate of the Lady Gunderode (*Athen.* No. 418), blessed alike by Beauty and Intellect, whose gifts were turned in her wayward hand to weapons of self-destruction. In the introduction, Mr. Wade has caught the very spirit of Keats, and were it not for the absence of rhyme, we might fancy, in the following lines, that we were listening to 'Endymion.'

If rivers, between green and fragrant banks
Flowing thro' scenes which are a paradise
Unto the vision of a soul at peace
With its own state and essence; and calm lakes;
And murmurous fountains, in recesses dim
Far in old forests, where ubiquitous life
Inhabited, in small and myriad forms
Astir on every leaf—could, human-voiced,
Tell of the human wallings they have heard;
Tell of the human writhings they have seen;
Tell of the human sighs which with their music,
Tell of the human tears which with their waters,
Have mingled sorrowing; and the human life
That hath exhaled within them, and its clay
Left to their liquid keeping; there would sound
A never-ceasing utterance in the air,
Of mortal wo, and make the ear's fine sense
Even a perpetual torture to men's hearts!

The lady of the tale, fair Gunderode, mixing with the crowd of poets, painters, musicians, and "unsur-

pass'd philosophers" who form the society of Frankfort, breathes an atmosphere of intellectual enjoyment—

As one in dreams,
Continuance of waking visions, fed
From page of Greek or Roman fabulist.
On high Olympus feasted with the Gods,
So revell'd Gunderode amid the throng
Of those mind-defied men. Amongst them came
Ere it was midnight, one with wine inspir'd,
To pluck the rein from off his mettled talk,
And let it bound along that verge of thought
Which over-brows the dim sea of our dreams.

This enthusiast, after declaring that he himself would scorn to survive that youth which alone made life desirable, proceeds to give his opinion on female longevity as follows:—

"And that fair frame of woman I may love
Beyond the rest of God's developments
Of that idea whence Creation flow'd—
Let her, if love from me be life to her,
And a possession which she coveteth
To bear impress'd upon her consciousness,
At its recession to the Heart of Things;
O, let her not be visible to sense
When on her beauty comes the stain of years;
But glitter from all sight as doth a dewdrop,
Which now the eye sees on the eglantine,
And momentarily inlidded, sees no more!"
O, insolence of life-redundant youth!
O, folly of all thought one moment old!
O, vanity and danger of wild words!
This raver unadvised, this slave of impulse,
Died very wrinkled and exceeding grey.

These lightly uttered words, however, sink deeply into the heart of the imaginative Gunderode, and rankle there long after he who uttered has forgotten them. We have only room for the catastrophe:—

Sweet Evening brooded on the tranquil Rhine!
The flowers all slept; and in the placid sky
Were shining tremulous its earliest stars;
And in kind Nature's eye no tear was seen,
Nor sigh of sorrow heard in her calm voice:
Tho' stark and cold upon the river's bank,
Under a low-droop'd willow, lay the image
Of angels, as they haunt the human soul;
With wounded bosom and blood-stained limbs,
Strew'd hair, and pained eyes, and livid cheeks—
A pity, and a withering for the heart!

A boat came floating up the quiet Rhine;
And earnestly talk'd they who sat therein—
Save one, a silent and a weeping girl:
The boatman moor'd his bark beside the willow;
She leapt upon the bank; and on the corse
Fell, like another death.

Ah! this Our Life!
Is a moth's twilight-flight, discern'd dim
In the mysterious air a little while.
And then behold no more: a dreamy cloud
Of light and gloom, which melts into the wind
Even as we gaze. Weep not for Gunderode!

The remainder of the brochure (for its size scarce entitles it to be called a volume,) is occupied by poems of less pretension.

Though there is not one of our rising poets, however flattered by a coterie, to whom we dare promise the vacant thrones of Byron or Scott, or Crabbe or Coleridge—or those of Wordsworth, Southey, or Moore, when they shall become vacant (may that time be far distant)—we yet recognize in many, and in increasing numbers, a healthy and invigorating tendency; and so long as our young men write from cheerful and not desponding hearts, of wholesome affections and not morbid passions, we shall never despair. Mr. Burbidge, who next puts forth a claim to be numbered among the poets, offers a volume of '*Poems*' full of gentle thoughts and pleasant images, musical cadences, and dainty language, but studded thick with conceits; there is indeed scarcely a poem, however short, in which some puerility of expression, or fantastic image does not mar its simplicity. The following is not selected because it is the best, but the most free from affectation:—

Sleep's Praise.
Dear —, would that thou wert here!
A simple wish, yet true,
And linked to visions far more dear
Than ever fancy drew:
The vision of thine own soft eyes,
Thy voice's pleasant tone,
The pressure of thy hand, that tries
Kind contest with mine own.
Thine eyes raised fondly unto mine,
Thy soft brown eyes I see,
And meanings soft that in them shine,
All born of love to me:
I know not if to others they
Wear such a gentle glow,
But they are lovelier than the Day
To me, full well I know.
I feel thee nestling in my breast,
My arms about thee twined;
My head bent down takes happy rest,
Upon thine own reclined:

My arm is at thy side the while,
And when thy heart beats fast,
I start, and catch the meaning smile
So fondly upward cast.

O blessed be sleep that can o'erleap
The toils of time and place,
And bring the lonely ones that weep,
To converse face to face!
There lie long miles of fertile land
Betwixt me and my joy,
And yet in sleep I hold thy hand,
And press thy cheek, my boy!

In another mood is the following quaint but charming lyric:—

If I desire with pleasant songs
To throw a merry hour away,
Comes Love unto me, and my wrongs
In careful tale he doth display.
And asks me how I stand for singing
While I my helpless hands am wringing.
And then another time if I
A noon in shady bower would pass,
Comes he with stealthy gestures sly
And flinging down upon the grass,
Quoth he to me: my master dear,
Think of this noontide such a year!
And if elsewhere I lay my head
On pillow with intent to sleep,
Lies Love beside me on the bed,
And gives me ancient words to keep;
Says he: these looks, these tokens number,
May-be, they'll help you to slumber.
So every time when I would yield
An hour to quiet, comes he still:
And hunts up every sign concealed
And every outward sign of ill,
And gives me his sad face's pleasures
For merriment's or sleep's or leisure's.

It will be admitted, we think, without much controversy, that there is good promise in these specimens. Whether it will ever be fulfilled, is a question we leave to be decided by time. Conceits are the last things young poets are willing to give up.

'*The Age of Chivalry*,' as we are informed in the preface, was written for, and obtained the annual prize offered by the Professor of Logic in the College of Glasgow, a mixture of dialectics and dithyrambs much to be deplored—if we are to judge from the first fruits before us. As a prize poem only, Mr. McLeod's performance would never have been subjected to the ordeal of criticism, at least by us; but when thus put forward as a claimant for public applause, and we find its author stating that if he has done well, he hopes to do better, we feel bound to tell him that he certainly has not done well, and that a much severer training than he has yet undergone, can alone enable him to do better. The Gods have not made every man poetical, but they have given ears to the majority whereby they may observe the resemblance of one sound to another. To what then are we to ascribe the want of this perception in Mr. McLeod? In the first few pages, for instance, we meet with at least twenty verbal couples who might be divorced without violence to either rhyme or reason; *ex. grat.* in page 3rd occurs the following morceau, which pays tribute to neither:—

But here and there
A moonbeam fair
Would struggle thro' the wood,
And with silver dust
Anoint the breast
Of that dark rolling flood.

This is sufficiently absurd; but is by no means the worst specimen which we might have selected; and in reference to the author's prefatorial threat, we will only pause to express a hope that he will let well alone.

The Ladies' Flower Garden of Ornamental Annuals, by Mrs. Loudon, now appearing in very cheap monthly numbers, is a work of remarkable beauty and utility. By confining herself to a selection of annual flowers, the authoress has rendered the work of the greatest general service; for any one who has a garden, however small, may grow annuals; and by arranging the matter systematically, according to the natural system, she has not only taken the most happy method of contrasting the flowers themselves, but she has rendered the work, to a great extent, a pictorial illustration of that system. Few of the lovers of gardens know how many beautiful species, neglected in the drawers of the seedsman, may be procured at the market price; but they heedlessly run after costly novelties, for no other reason than because they are new. It will be strange if Mrs. Loudon's work does not correct this common error, for it must be obvious to any one who will consult her pages, that no novel-

ties are more attractive than many of the common and forgotten flowers which grace her plates. The latter are drawn and coloured with singular taste, and are among the best of all guides to the not very common accomplishment of arranging a nosegay with effect. We have only to add, that the letterpress and directions for cultivation are worthy of the illustrations.

List of New Books.—Bonycastle's Key to Algebra, edited by Maynard, new edit. 12mo. bd. 4s. 6d.—Jenks's Devotions, by Simeon, 18mo. bd. new edit. 3s.—Profession and Practice, by Rev. Hugh White, f.c. cl. 5s. 6d.—The Phantom Ship, by Captain Marryatt, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Men and Measures, and Political Panorama, 8vo. swd. 2s. 6d.—The Claims of Japan and Malaysia on Christendom, 2 vols. post 8vo. cl. 14s.—Bancroft's United States, 2 vols. 8vo. cl. 28s.—Captain Kyd, or the Wizard of the Sea, 2 vols. 12mo. cl. 12s.—Charles Tyrrell, by G. P. R. James, post 8vo. bds. 21s.—A Short Treatise on Typhus Fever, by Russell, 8vo. cl. 8s.—Odious Comparisons, by J. R. Best, 2 vols. 8vo. cl. 21s.—Burns's Works, 3 vols. (Aldine Poets) new edit. f.c. cl. 15s.—Singer's Shakespeare, 10 vols. f.c. cl. 4s.—Daniel's Introduction to Chemical Philosophy, 8vo. cl. 16s.—Wilson's Introduction to Natural History, "Birds," from the Encyclopedia Britannica, 4to. bds. 12s.—White's Practical System of Mental Arithmetic, 12mo. sh. 3s. 6d.—The Saviour's Right to Divine Worship vindicated, by W. Urwick, royal 12mo. cl. 4s.—Mosses's Parliamentary Guide for 1839, 18mo. cl. 4s.—Wilberforce's Eucharistica, royal 32mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Bridges's Scripture Studies, 1st and 2nd series, new edit. 18mo. f.b.d. 1s. 6d.—Noad's Eight Lectures on Electricity, Magnetism, and Electro-Magnetism, f.c. cl. 8s.—Trials of Strength, by Mrs. Burrell, f.c. f.b.d. gilt edges, 6s.—Watch upon Prayer, Lecture by Rev. J. M. Hiffman, 12mo. cl. 5s.—Drummond's Social Duties on Christian Principles, 4th edit. 12mo. cl. 4s.—Francis's Survey of Physical and Fossil Geology, 8vo. cl. 5s.—Guide to Jersey and Guernsey, 12mo. cl. 4s.—The Animal Creation, its Claims on our Humanity, by John Styles, royal 12mo. cl. 9s.—Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis, 2 vols. 8vo. cl. 28s.—Mahan's Civil Engineering, edited by Barlow, 4to. bds. 14s.—The Barber of Paris, from the French of Paul de Kock, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Bishop Hopkins (of Vermont) on the Church of Rome, with Introduction, by Melville, 8vo. bds. 8s. 6d.—Rev. J. Woodhouse's Practical Sermons, 8vo. bds. 6s.—Pictorial French Dictionary, imp. 8vo. cl. 12s.—Corle on the Kidney, 8vo. cl. 10s. 6d.—Cheveley, or the Man of Honour, 2nd edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. bds. 31s. 6d.—Holland's Medical Notes and Reflections, 8vo. bds. 18s.—Bull's Hints to Mothers, 2nd edit. 12mo. bds. 7s.—Marcet's Conversations on Vegetable Physiology, 3rd edit. 12mo. bds. 9s.—Quain's Anatomical Plates of the Nerves, folio cl. plain 2f. 4s., coloured 4f. 2s.—More's Practical Piety, 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Lodge's Peerage for 1839, revised and corrected, 1 vol. royal 8vo. cl. 21s.—Insurrection in Poland, 1830-1, by S. B. Guorowski, 8vo. bds. 10s. 6d.

PRAY NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Pray not for the dead! Alas, alas! the prayer
So often poured in bitterness of heart,
In the first fulness of the soul's despair
Over the grave of loved ones, who depart
And leave us mourning, shall we not confess
And know and feel its utter worthlessness?
Pray for the young! That they may live and learn
And hallow their Creator's name, and love
The creatures he hath made; and so return
The spirit to its resting-place above,
To God who gave it; and the dust to dust,
Whence it was taken—pray for them and trust.
Pray for the weary and the sick at heart,
For those bowed down by sorrow's heavy weight;
Pray that the God of patience may impart
His own good spirit to the desolate;
And pray that they who sow in tears may reap
In joy unchanging—pray for them and weep.
Pray for the sinner—for the weak and blind;
For them who will not or who cannot pray;
Pray that the poor benighted ones may find
A star to light the darkness of their way;
The troubled spirit, the repentant tear
May yet be theirs—then pray for them and fear.
Pray for the dying that their end be peace;
Pray for the mourners who beside them kneel;
Pray that the worn and aching heart may cease
To suffer, tho' they may not cease to feel;
And oh! that sorrow may not pass away
And leave those hearts unchastened, deeply pray!

But pray not for the dead; nor weep nor sigh;
Ye cannot know, ye cannot change their doom;
For as the tree hath fallen, it must lie:
In lowliness of spirit, by the tomb
Kneel down, and tears of contrite sorrow shed;
Pray for the living—pray not for the dead.

M. A. H.

LIST OF PRISONERS CONFINED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON AND GATE-HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.

WE are again indebted to the kindness of Mr. Devon for this curious and interesting paper. There will be found many names among the prisoners, of whose sufferings history has left no record. It is made, says Mr. Devon, from "the original returns from the Tower of London, and Gate-house at Westminster, which were made up every quarter, and signed by the Lieutenant, or prison keeper, also by several Lords of the Council. The one which I happen to have before me, is Michaelmas quarter, 1686, and signed by Rochester, Sunderland, Beaufort, Mulgrave, Huntingdon, Craven, Plymouth, and others. The Lieutenant of the Tower (Sir Owen Hopton) had 200f. a-year salary; Gentleman Porter, 16d. a-day; and in 1687, the Physician had 20f. a-year; Gentleman Gaoler 20f. a-year; the Surgeon and Apothecary 10f. a-year each; with payments to others. The expense for the diet of the prisoners, of course, varied according to their rank and number, although each had a regular weekly allowance. The amount for one quarter, in 1584, is 407f. 17s. 4d. For Lady-day quarter, 1690, (which appears under order of retrenchment,) is only 90f. 5s. 11½d. By whom the prisoners were committed to prison, is often, but not uniformly, mentioned in the margin. If the prisoner has been confined for years, his name will appear in every quarterly return, but I have considered it sufficient for this list to extract his name once; for instance, Sir Walter Raleigh: and the following, Lord Arundell of Wardour, Lord Stafford, Lord Castlemayne, Lord Bellasis, &c. who were committed as being implicated in Titus Oates's plot. It is much to be regretted that there are such chasms in these returns, omitting in many instances several years; neither are the quarterly returns complete, although probably many more may yet come to hand; however, it is historically interesting as far as it goes."

1575. Henry Alway. Thomas Herle.
Robert Bardsey. Alexander Hamelton.
Richard Barry. James Hickey.
Thomas Barry. John Jackson.
Richard Crewe. John Lyons.
Richard Craigh (prisoner Humfrey Nedham.
until 1581). John Nesmith.
Watkin Davie. Egremont Ratcliffe.

In 1575, a plot, (which was soon after discovered to be a forgery of one Undertree,) was charged upon the Puritans, and the noblemen who favoured their cause. Archbishop Parker gave eager belief to it, and committed many Puritans to prison. The prisoners named here were probably some of them. "Thomas Herle" was the father or grandfather of the Rev. Charles Herle, who succeeded Dr. Twisse as Prolocutor of the Assembly at Westminster, and "Humphrey Nedham" was subsequently imprisoned by the Star Chamber for printing and dispersing the celebrated "Martin Mar Prelate" tracts.

Egremont Ratcliffe was the youngest brother of the Earl of Sussex. He was engaged in the northern rebellion, and fled to the continent. Returning some years after, he obtained, through Burghley's influence, the Queen's pardon. He again became an object of suspicion, and neglecting a warning sent to him to quit the kingdom, he was committed this year to the Tower. After some months he was released, and went to Flanders, where he became involved in some plots, and perished on the scaffold.

1576. John Newton. Neville Sands.
Matthew Petlow. Thomas Willis.

1577. Robert Blossie. William Hancock.
Thomas Clarke. William Phaere.
Hugh Crampton. Edward Phaere.
Richard Creach. Thomas Sherwood.
Roger Edwards. Ralph Whalley.

Thomas Sherwood was a Catholic layman, and hanged, drawn, and quartered, with Nelson, a priest, for denying the queen's supremacy.

1579. Elizabeth Burle. Thomas Myles.
Francis Brownings. Harry Myles.
Peter Douglas. Elizabeth Mylles.
Thomas Harding. John Prestalle.
Robert Harrison.

No doubt many of these were Puritans. The preposterous marriage of the Queen with Anjou, excited this year much anger among the people, and espe-

cially among the Puritans. Stubbs, one of their chief writers, had his right hand cut off, for publishing his pamphlet, entitled "The Discovery of a Gaping Gulf;" and they were generally persecuted.

1580. Robert Johnson (mort.) William Padge.
1581. James Bosgrove (dismissed Luke Kirby (mort.)
in 1584). Phillip Loes.
Thomas Briscoe. Thomas Mehoe.
John Collington. James Nugent.
Thomas Cotham (mort.) Henry Orton (mort.)
Anthony Focatio. John Paine (mort.)
Thomas Ford (mort.) Arthur Petts (dismissed in
William Filbye (mort.) 1584).
George Godshall. Lawrence Richardson (mort.)
John Hart. John Shorte (mort.)
George Haddock. Christofer Tomeson (mort.)

Thomas Cotham was a Catholic, and died probably from the effects of torture, which was applied for more than an hour. Luke Kirby was also racked, and died probably from the same cause.

1582. Thomas Barnes (dismissed in Stephen Rownam.
1584). Richard Slack (dismissed in
John Jetter. 1584).

1583. William Carter. John Somerville.
John Morden.

Somerville was a Catholic gentleman of Warwickshire, who set out for London to kill the queen; but falling furiously, by the way, on some of her Protestant subjects, he was apprehended, but died in prison,—strangled, it was said, by his own hand, but there is no proof of the fact.

1584. Francis Arden. John Hartle (dismissed, no
Mary Arden. date).
William Aprice. Thomas Leyton.
Patrick Addie. Edward Moore.
William Bromham. Robert Nutter (dismissed).
William Critten. Henry Orfen (ditto).
William Cromlone. Margaret Somerville.
John Collington. Elizabeth Somerville.
Hugh Halle. Thomas Stephenson (dis-
John Heywood (dismissed, missed).
no date). Thomas Worthington (ditto).

The Ardens were father and mother-in-law to Somerville, and implicated in the plot on the testimony of Hall, a priest, who was sent out of the country through Leicester's means. Arden underwent the sentence of the law, and the whole of his lands were given to a favourite of Lord Leicester, whose personal hatred to Arden was probably the chief cause of his execution. The Hall named in the list was their confessor. By Collington was probably meant "Colleton," who, with Campion and twelve other priests, were indicted for a conspiracy to murder the queen, and found guilty; although Lancaster, a Protestant barrister, swore in court that Colleton consulted him at the very time he was stated to have been at Rheims. Most of the prisoners in this year's list were probably Catholics.

1585. Thomas Alphilde. Thomas Jackson.
William Braye. Sir Richard Ingoldby.
Cristofer Bagshaw. William Price.
William Creighton. Cristofer Roe.
George Errington. Peter Lebarrowe.
Leonard Hayde. Thomas Wigge.

William Creighton was the Scottish Jesuit, who, on his way home, was captured by a Dutch cruiser, and sent to England. His capture caused the failure of the last favourable treaty with Mary Queen of Scots, he having disclosed the particulars of an intended invasion.

1586. Edward Abington. John Pinder.
Thomas Belson. James Packeair.
Cristofer Burlacie. Robert Pawley.
Matthew Beamonde. Jerome Payne.
John Ballard. John Savadge.
Anthony Babington. Thomas Salisbury.
Jerome Belamie. James Tipping.
Robert Barnwell. Antony Titchener.
John Charnock. Charles Tyney.
William Davies. Chidiock Titebourne.
Henry Deane. John Travers.
Robert Gadge. John Savadge.
Edward Jones. James Vandermast.
Thomas Lovelese. William Wackeman.

Antony Babington was the hero of the conspiracy, to kill Elizabeth, and place Mary on the throne, which still bears his name. Nearly all the prisoners in this list were connected more or less with it. Ballard was the seminary priest, who came over to concoct the plots with Babington; Savadge was the soldier who entered into a solemn oath to kill Elizabeth; Salisbury and the others were also very active;

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but the Edward Jones, who was executed with them, said that love for his friend Salisbury had alone made him commit treason. The trials of Babington and his accomplices may be seen, with the details of their sufferings, in 'Howell's State Trials.'

1587.
Thomas Abington. John Hookins.
Thomas Ardent. Michael Moodye.
Edward Dixon. Florence Mac Carthy.
James Fitzgerald. John Roberts.
Thomas Houlston. Richard Tankard.
John Hammond. Andre Vanmetico.
James Harrison.

Fitzgerald was a prisoner many years. There are two or three curious apothecaries' bills, (Dr. Newell was his physician, who was also one of the queen's,) and his apothecaries were Thomas Rawlins, John Roberts, and James Fothergill. One bill is from March 1594 to March 1595, which he signs, declaring "all these things have I received." In 1588 there is a charge for his schoolmaster. It is probable that he is the only prisoner in this list unconnected with Babington's plot.

1588.
Roger Ashton. Andrew Martin.
Godfrey Barton. Robert Polleye.
William Bennet. Richard Randall.
Humphrey Fothering. John Snowdon.
Alexander Gerrard. John Stoughton.
Ralph Ithell. George Stocker.
Richard Leigh. William Stafford.

1589.
John Dexter (a soldier, in the Gate-house).
William Lewis (in the Gate-house for coining).
John Pulman.
Robert Southwell.

This was probably Father Southwell, the Jesuit.

1595.
George Ellice (in the Gate-house).
Edward Haylie (an Irishman, in ditto).
Robert Humberton.
Robert Hackworth (seminary priest, in the Gate-house).
Gilbert Laughton.
Robert Lingham.
William Randall (of Dunkirk, close prisoner in the Gate-house).
Thomas Richardson (Scotchman, ditto, ditto).
Garrath Swift (prisoner in Gate-house).
Captain Edmund Wayman.
Thomas Wells, gentleman, (close prisoner in the Gate-house).
Nicholas Williamson.
John Anias (an Irishman).

The physician is paid 20s. for curing Capt. Edmond Wayman of his sciatia. It is ordered that he be dismissed to serve in the Emperor's wars; from which we may infer that he was a foreigner. Whether Thomas Wells was committed for political or religious offences, is not known; but the following note, in the handwriting of Sir Edward Coke, is on the return:—Thomas Wells was committed by me to the Gate-house, and there remained until convicted in the Star Chamber, and from thence he was committed to the Fleet. (Signed) Edward Coke."

1596.
Jonathan Beist (in the Gate-house).
Laurence Broome.
Richard Franklin.
Thomas Mannock (in the Gate-house).
John Ruffote.
William Stokes (a pretence, for Papistry and other matters).
Francis Tilleson (seminary priest).
Thomas Wendine.

1597.
Robert Burton, of Oxfordshire, (Gate-house).
Richard Bartolet (ditto).
Thomas Harris } (also in the Gate-house).
John Hawil }
Roger Higham (in Gate-house).
John Paleser, seminary priest, (Gate-house).
Antony Rowlesone.
Sir John Smith.
William Willughbie, seminary priest, (Gate-house).

1599.
Giles Archer. Richard Rolles.
William Monday. John Stanley.
Thomas Pownde, Esq.

1601.
Edward Brown (Gate-house). Hortencio Spinola } (ditto).
Thomas Harrison (ditto). Pierce Stronge }
Simon Mallary (ditto). William Udal (ditto).

William Udal was a Puritan minister, related to John Udal, who ten years before was imprisoned here for a book, entitled 'A Demonstration of Discipline,' and for which he was sentenced to death. This William Udal is sometimes mistaken for John Udal, whose sentence was afterwards commuted, through the influence of Burghley, into banishment; but so many delays intervened, that he died broken hearted in prison. The reader will perceive there are no returns of prisoners from 1588 until 1592,

otherwise the former Udal's name would have appeared.

1602.
Edmund Ashfield. Thomas Harrison.
Ferdinando Cardinus, a Spanish Jesuit, (Gate-house). Earl of Southampton.
Edward Chute. Dr. Sherman.
Dr. Hayward. Thomas Wright.

Dr. Hayward was imprisoned after Essex's disgrace, in consequence of the eulogies he had bestowed on him, in his 'History of the Deposition of Richard the Second.' The queen seems subsequently to have doubted whether he was the author, and she directed Bacon to order him to be racked. "Nay, madam," was his reply, "he is a doctor; never rack his person, but rack his style; let him have pen, ink, and paper, and the use of books, and continue the story where it leaveth off, and I will undertake, by collating the style, to judge whether he is the author or not."

1603.
Thomas Atkinson (Gate-house).
Bartholomew Brooksbey and Servant.
Francis Brenskew (Gate-house).
The late Lord Cobham and two Servants (the allowance is 8l. per week).

Antony Copley.
William Clerk, a priest.
James Earl of Desmond (in the Fleet).
Late Lord Grey, of Wilton, and Servant, (the allowance is 6l. 13s. 4d. per week).
Roger Gwynne, a priest.
Lawrence Kemishe, Esq.
Nicholas Kendall, gentleman.
Edward Lingen.
Sir Griffin Markham and Servant.
Robert Pluckrose (Gate-house).
Patrick Ruthven, Esq.
John Ridley (Gate-house).
Sir Walter Rayleigh and two Servants.
James Standiche.
Valatyne Thomas.
William Watson, a priest.

Lord Cobham, Lord Grey of Wilton, and Sir Griffin Markham, were all sent to the Tower, on charge of plotting to set James aside, and place Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. Markham was a violent Catholic, and Lord Grey a Puritan, while Cobham was managed by both; and as Rayleigh was also known to possess much influence over him, Cecil issued an immediate order for his arrest; but Cobham afterwards, in his next examination, "seemed to clear Sir Walter of most things." Markham was in November brought to trial, and sentenced. Rayleigh was tried next, and sentenced; and it was on this occasion that Coke so bitterly "thoued him"; then Lords Cobham and Grey; but after being brought upon the scaffold, their sentence was commuted to imprisonment, in which the high-spirited Lord Grey soon after died, while Rayleigh was reserved to endure an imprisonment of twelve years, and at last to be beheaded.—Patrick Ruthven was probably one of the Gowrie family. A John Lloyd is paid as reader to him 2l. 10s. per quarter.—Valatyne Thomas was committed to the Tower in 1599 on a charge of felony; and privately confessed that he had been hired by the King of Scots to murder the queen. When James came to the throne he ordered him to be hanged.

1604.
Bryan Bridger, a minister.
Henry Constable and Servant (the allowance is 3l. per week).
Ruthven Gowrie (brother to the Earl of Gowrie).
Thomas Pound, gentleman.
Sir Antony Standyn and Servant.

Thomas Pound was a Catholic of the highest respectability, and for accusing Serjeant Phillips of injustice, he was sentenced in the Star Chamber to lose one ear in London, the other in the country where he lived, to fine 1,000l., and to suffer perpetual imprisonment!

1605.
Thomas Bywater, a minister, (2l. per week allowed him).
William Morgan.
Dr. Sharp and Servant.

1672.
Isabel Dawson.
Samuel Harttipp.
Phillip Holland.
Edward Hemmings.
William Howard.
Richard Kingston.
Sir Thomas Muddiforde.

1673.
Le Sieur Areton.
Edmund Everett.

1674.
John Brown.
William Castares.
Edmund Everard.
Richard Goodenough.

In the year 1674, the indulgence which had been granted to the Nonconformists was withdrawn, and many were sent to prison. This William Castares was probably the Scotch Presbyterian, who afterwards became a spy of the government in Scotland, and was instrumental in entrapping many of the ministers. In 1677 he was in London, and during Titus Oates's plot, he procured the execution of Staley, the Catholic banker, in Covent Garden, by falsely swearing that he heard him utter treasonable words. The Everard and Titchbourne, in this list, were probably Catholics.

1675.
Henry Buckley. Colonel Lovelace.
Thomas Felton. Colonel Philip Warner.
Sir John Fagg.

1676.
Major Cobbett. John Radford, Esq.
Colonel Danvers. John Treek, Esq.

1677.
The Duke of Buckingham. Lord Salisbury.
Dr. Cary. Lord Shaftesbury.
Sir Ellis Leighton. Lord Wharton.

In 1677, the question whether the prorogation of parliament for more than a year, was not virtually a dissolution, was warmly contested. The Duke of Buckingham, Lord Salisbury, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Wharton, maintained the affirmative; for which, on the ground of "offering a debate that might create great distractions in the subjects' minds," they were sentenced to ask pardon of the house, which refusing, they were sent to the Tower. Buckingham, Salisbury, and Wharton, were released some months after, on petitioning the king; but Shaftesbury moved in the Court of King's Bench for his discharge, which, after much delay, and at length making his submission, he obtained.

1678.
Lord Arundel, of Wardour. Lord Powis.
Lord Hellasia. Lord Petre.
John Claypole. Mr. Rooper, senior.
Lord Castlemaine. Mr. Rooper, junior.
John Carroll. Mr. Ratcliffe.
Sir John Gage. Lord Stafford.
Sir William Goring. Sir Henry Titchbourne.
Michael Mallet, Esq. Jonathan Trolaway.
Lord Pembroke.

Nearly all in this list were victims to the infamous plot of Titus Oates. Lord Arundel, Lord Powis, Lord Hellasia, Lord Stafford, Lord Petre, and Mr. Ratcliffe, a Catholic gentleman of great property in the north, were all, according to Oates, to receive offices from the Pope after the Jesuits had killed the king. Lord Stafford was tried, and, on the testimony of the vilest characters, condemned; and was beheaded in 1680. The four others, in consequence of the impeachment of Danby, had their trials postponed, and they were eventually liberated.

1679.
William Andrews. Sir Thomas Gascoigne.
Lord Aston. Lady Powis.
Thomas Earl of Danby. Mr. Pepys.
Sir Antony Dean.

The Earl of Danby was impeached this year for sending instructions to Montague, to treat with the King of France for 300,000l. per annum for three years, if a peace succeeded. Winnington moved for his impeachment. Danby justified himself, by declaring that "he had served the king faithfully, according to his own orders," and he produced some of Montague's letters in corroboration. After many delays the proceedings were quashed, and he subsequently held office in the state.

1680.
Lord Petre. Sir Robert Peyton.
1681.
Edward Fitzharris.

Fitzharris was an Irish Catholic, and imprisoned for a libel on the king and royal family, and after being tampered with by both parties, and alternately confessing and denying himself to be the author, was finally hanged.

1685.
Lord Brandon. Mr. Hambden.
Major Beak. Lord Lorn.
Captain Buys. The late Duke of Monmouth.
Sir Robert Cotton. The Lady Anne, his daughter.
Sir John and Mr. Cochrane. The Earl of Doncaster, his eldest son.
Cochrane, the son. Lord Henry, his second son.
Mr. John Cook. John Crew Offeigh.
Lord Delamere. Edward Frideaux.
William Forrester. Sir Francis Rolles.
Edward Gove. The Earl of Stamford.
Lord Grey.
Major John Gladman.

The Cochranees were sent up to London after the unsuccessful attempt of Argyle in Scotland. Sir

John Cochrane was son to the Earl of Dundonald, who offered a large sum to save his life, and he was eventually pardoned. The others were all implicated in Monmouth's rising. Lords Grey and Delamere, on paying large fines, were pardoned, and confessed all they knew; Lord Brandon and Mr. Hamblen were, on their evidence, brought to trial; but on submission were also pardoned. The Duke of Monmouth alone, of the chief managers, suffered, but hundreds of the middle and lower classes were executed.

The Earl of Arran.
Phillip Burton.
Thomas Cholmondeley.
Captain George Churchill.
Sir Charles Cleaver.
Sir John Fenwick.
Lord Forbes.
Lord Edward Griffin.
Richard Graham.
Sir Edward Hales.
Charles Hales.
Sir Robert Hamilton.
Nathaniel Hook.

1689.

Lady Hanham.
Thomas Hawley.
Sir Thomas Jenner.
Lord Jeffries.
Colonel Lundy.
Lord Montgomery.
Pierce Mostyn.
Earl of Peterborough.
Lord Preston.
Thomas Russel.
Captain Peter Shakerley.
Obadiah Walker.

Lord Montgomery and Lord Peterborough (the celebrated general who, in Queen Anne's reign, commanded the troops in Spain,) were accused of a plot against William, and committed to the Tower. They were, probably with the others, soon after liberated; but, in 1690, a plot was formed by the Jacobites to restore King James, and in which Lord Preston, Lord Clarendon, Ashton, and Elliott, were chief agents. Lord Preston was tried, and eventually pardoned; but Ashton and Elliott suffered. The Sir John Fenwick, whose name appears in this list, was executed in 1697, for another conspiracy to restore King James. The Lord Jeffries, who was attacked by the populace, and rescued, and sent to the Tower, where he died in a few days.

1690.

Colonel Butler.
Francis Cholmondeley.
Matthew Croon.
Earl of Clarendon.
Colonel Hastings.
Captain Hutton.

Bernard Howard.
Major Matthews.
Lord Rosse.
Mr. Stafford.
Earl of Torrington.
Earl of Yarmouth.

Lord Torrington was impeached for mismanagement in the affairs of the Navy, but he was acquitted.

John Ashton.
Earl Clancarty.
Lord Caher.
Colonel Mac Ellegot.

1691.

Edmund Elliott.
Colonel Owen MacCarthy.
Major MacCarthy.
Captain Murfey.

These three mentioned were probably taken, with other Irish gentlemen, in Ireland, during the campaign. Colonel MacCarthy was a devoted friend of James, and uncle to Lord Clancarty.

William Cotesworth.
John Parkhurst.

1701.

John Paschall, Esq.
Samuel Shephard, Esq.

Committed to the Tower by the House of Commons, in consequence of the "Kentish Petition."

1763.

Lord Byron (for the duel with Mr. Chaworth).
John Wilkes, Lord Mayor, (for the libel on Lord Bute).

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 3, 1830.

It is now three years since I last visited the annual collection of new pictures in the saloon of the Louvre,—a lapse of time sufficient for several old favourites to have vanished from their accustomed seats of honour, for the promise of the younger artists of 1836 to have arrived at maturity, and for me to be rendered sensible of certain changes in the general tendencies of French art, which might perhaps escape the observation of a more frequent and regular visitor. It is not without regret that I searched my catalogue, and searched in vain, for names which were wont to monopolize attention. Leopold Robert, I know, is dead; but has Aurèle left all his brother's promises unfulfilled? Ingres sits indolent in the Academy at Rome; De la Roche shuns the exhibition; Lehmann is gone back to Germany, and taken away with him his fine Hebrew conceptions, and his rich Venetian colouring. Of all the artists who appeared to be entering upon their best days three years ago, only one has completely justified the hopes entertained of him: that one is Ary Scheffer. The five pictures which he has sent to the Salon this year, leave him entirely without a rival there. In their invention they have the highest character of

ideal beauty; he has thrown into the *Mignon regretting her Country*, all the sweet sadness, and into *Mignon's Aspiration to Heaven*, all the energy and the rapture, of that loving and enchanted child of Goethe's fiction. These pictures are executed with a delicacy of taste and feeling that reminded me of our Eastlake; but with a depth and truth of expression to which I know of no parallel amongst us. To these qualities are added, in the *King of Thule*, those of rich colour and broad treatment. This work struck me as the finest specimen of the best manner of the contemporary French school. But, with the exception of these three pictures of Scheffer, of the *Esmeralda* by Steuben—a bright and graceful picture—of the rough and sketchy *Hamlet* and the *Gravedigger*, by Delacroix, and the huge battle-pieces of Vernet and others, which belong to the art of decoration more than to that of painting—with these exceptions, there is hardly a picture of merit in the Salon which is not influenced by the fashion of the school of Southern Germany, the manner of the elder masters, or by some peculiarity obviously borrowed from a foreign source. The originality of the school has evidently suffered by the strong taste for fashionable styles which governs the creative arts amongst the French, the most imitative people of Europe. Even in Scheffer's *Gretchen*, and his *Christ on the Mount of Olives*, I remarked the dry characteristics of Overbeck and Cornelius, without their sublime elevation of conception and purity of design. In Ziegler's *Vision of St. Luke*, the same defects occur, but they are compensated by a greater vigour of colour and expression. In many of the pictures, I traced, if not the direct influence of the English school (as in the closer imitations of Landseer, Martin, and Constable), at least an affinity of merits and defects which amused me. Gudin's magnificent sea-pieces glow with the red and orange sun-mists of our Turner. Boullanger has painted the *Fontaine de Jouvence* with the clever animation, but with the harsh colour, and chequered lights, of Macleise; and Giraud has very happily united the broader humour of Hogarth to the light touch of Watteau's school. A young artist, named Decaisne, exhibits a picture of *Giotto sketching his Sheep*, which struck me as one of the richest pieces of colour, and one of the sweetest pictures in the Salon. His portrait of M. de Lamarine is also very good. Winterhalter, whose picture of the Garden of the Decameron raised him at once to the highest class of living artists, appears to have renounced the deeper and lovelier secrets of his art, for the more profitable employment of painting the portraits of the princesses. The crowd is a good deal attracted by a picture by Leullier, of the *Christians delivered to the Beasts*—an immense roar and massacre, which is to painting what Van Amburgh is to the drama. For my part, I was infinitely more moved by Monvoisin's picture of *Gilbert dying in the Hospital*—a work of great pathos and power; and by a little sketch of Lafaye's—the *Discouragement* of a young artist. I cannot close even this hasty notice, without one word for the witty and brilliant little street-views and interiors of Decamps, some of which I should be happy to see imported, by our wealthier countrymen, from Paris. In landscape, the French have rarely excelled of late years, and Roqueplan exhibits nothing; but Calame, of Geneva, has sent a large and fine alpine scene, to announce his remarkable talents to the French public. In the Sculpture Gallery, the colossal group of 'Cain and his Family,' by Etex, is a noble production, of the highest class of romantic statuary; and perhaps it will be found that there is more true inspiration and originality in works like this Cain, and several of the historical statues in the museum of Versailles, especially the 'Louis XI,' and the exquisite 'Jeanne d'Arc,' than in the contemporary productions of the sister art in France.

H. R.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THERE is not a single article in the April number of the *Westminster Review* which has not its own specific merit. The opening paper, on 'Literary Lionism,' denounces an evil of modern growth in society, which certainly does create some occasional annoyance, both to the lionized in particular and to the public in general. It is scarcely possible for the writer to touch on any social subject without throwing light on its psychological causes; and the article in question, though somewhat wire-drawn, and the

searching sincerity of its author, will please many readers. We think, however, that the subject hardly merited such grave treatment, and would have been more appropriately handled by one possessing a keener sense of the ridiculous. The best company is exempt from the weakness of lion-hunting; it is a mere affair of fools and folly,—a single phasis of that many-sided absurdity which accompanies pretension in all its manifestations. It is, we suspect, a consequence of the transition state of our literature between the exclusively collegiate and the perfectly popular epochs; and, so viewing it, we incline more to Mr. Power's version of the matter than to Miss Martineau's. 'Parisian Caricatures' is a very pleasant and gossiping review of a delightful subject, not without its useful application to the art of design in its graver departments. The 'Pianoforte' is an elaborate dissertation on pianoforte music and pianoforte players, replete with sound views and useful instruction to the lovers of instrumental music. With the general conclusion of the article—concerning the value of music as an art to society, and on the inadequate way in which it is cultivated in these countries,—we entirely agree. There is also a light paper on 'Irish Humour and Pathos.' 'Criticism on Women' is a well-merited, but rather passionate castigation of the "slashing school" of journalism, for its attack on women. There is certainly something peculiarly offensive, a great aggravation to any injustice when it is offered to a female; and we are sorry to remark that public opinion has not sufficiently marked the abuse with reprobation to abate the nuisance. But is critical injustice and party invective against men, no evil? Can the cause of humanity and of civilization be effectually served, under any circumstances, through the agency of hateful and degrading passions, however applied? The castigat has, however, failed to inform us that in this, as in most other similar cases, the public are at least as much to blame as the offender. If society will make a market, it is idle to complain that there are dealers to trade in it. As usual, a large portion of the Number is occupied with political discussions; among the rest, a studied eulogium on King Leopold and his Belgians, a special pleading on behalf of an extension of his territory. Is Europe never to be exempted from this cutting and carving, to suit imaginary interests, without any reasonable regard for the rights and feelings of the inhabitants, transferred like cattle with the soil? Another of the political articles is on Canada, with a somewhat coarse demolition of Sir F. Head's Narrative. A third, practical and philosophical, and worthy of serious attention, is on the re-organization of the Reform party.

The rumour that this was to be the last season of the present management at Covent Garden, which we noticed some weeks ago only to contradict, would seem to have been but too well founded; for the play-bills now announce the fact, and present a programme of the final arrangements. We have reason to believe, however, that it is only the exorbitance of the terms demanded for the theatre, which has induced Mr. Macready to retire; so that with reference to the manager's own views and intentions we were right. That the committee of renters should be so unjust to the lessee, who has raised Covent Garden from a bear-garden to a classic fane of the drama, by his own spirit, taste, and energy, as to demand increased terms for a property which he himself has made, is, to us, inexplicable; they may, it is true, get an increased rent for a season or two, on the strength of the improved properties and the revived reputation of the theatre, but this reputation depends on the continuance of a course of judicious management, a wise and liberal economy, a sagacious selection of plays and actors, and an enlightened use of the means and appliances of stage-representation. Drury Lane is closed—or at least open only for a few Promenade Concerts—until Auber's new opera can be produced (?). Meanwhile, a new dramatic romance, called 'Agnes Bernauer,' is to be brought out at Covent Garden next week, and Rooke's new opera, 'Henrique, or the Love Pilgrim,' on the 30th; and another revival of Shakespeare, 'Henry the Fifth,' early in June—the chorus between each act of the play to be spoken, and the changes of scene therein indicated represented by a moving background; and all the popular plays which Mr. Macready has either restored or produced, will be performed in turn, each

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once at least; the 'Tempest,' 'Lady of Lyons,' and 'Richelieu' more frequently.

The French papers have been filled with details of poor Nourrit's life, death, and funeral. They have also a good deal to say respecting a M. Tabarie, who has discovered a process of reviving extinct human voices, by making their owners breathe condensed air. He is now, by way of example, about to restore Madlle. Falcon to the stage: if successful, it would be advisable for the managers of the *Académie Royale* to retain him as a permanent member of their establishment,—the great stage, the enormous orchestra, and the somewhat unreasonable demands of recent composers, being universally complained of, as tending to exhaust and wear out the strongest lungs. While speaking of French opera, it may be mentioned, that Auber's long talked of 'Lac des Fées' has been produced with the utmost success.—To Auber, who is said to have "done his spiriting" most charmingly, and to Duprez, who surpassed himself in the part of the hero, a German student, whose story is something akin to that of the fairy-haunted lover of 'La Sylphide'—and Madlle. Nau, who only requires greater strength of voice to be perfect as the aerial heroine,—and to MM. Philastre and Cambon, whose scene-painting is described as surpassing even their former efforts. A five-act play, by M. Dumas, in which Madlle. Mars sustains the principal part, has been successful at the *Théâtre Français*. To close this paragraph of odds and ends, we may notice the announcement of a new opera, 'The Bride,' by Rastrelli, which has been successful at Dresden. The *libretto* is by the Princess Amelia, of Saxony—whose dramas Mrs. Jameson is now occupied in translating.

A new source of instruction is opened to the public in the exhibition of Signor Sarti's Anatomical Models, consisting principally of two whole-length wax figures of the human subject, so admirably put together, that, by the successive removal of the subordinate parts, a very accurate notion is conveyed of the entire structure. To those who have seen the splendid collection in the Museum at Florence, it is only necessary to say, that Signor Sarti's models were the last works executed by the same artist. Those who have not witnessed what can be done in this way, will be astonished at the minuteness and accuracy both of form and colour of the parts, which convey as clear ideas of the subject as can be afforded by any means, short of actual dissection. Desirous as we are to disseminate a taste for natural science, we earnestly recommend our younger male readers to avail themselves of the opportunity for obtaining a few general ideas on the subject of anatomy, which they may do without labour or disgust. To this end, we would point out to the exhibitor the benefit that would result from engaging some professional person to deliver a short lecture or demonstration at a stated hour, so that those who have little or no previous knowledge, may be enabled the better to comprehend the uses and the physiological connexions of the parts.

Under the rather absurd name of *Eccaleobion* is concealed another interesting exhibition connected with natural science, which we doubt not will become a favourite with the public. In plain English, it consists of an apparatus for hatching eggs by an artificial temperature. Most of our readers are aware that this process has long been carried on in Egypt with a view to profit; and the proprietor seems to have obtained a sufficient command of temperature, by means of steam, to render the introduction of his machinery, even in this cold climate, a profitable speculation. At present, the operation is confined to the purposes of mere exhibition. By means of glass cases properly heated, the eggs are seen undergoing incubation in their various states of forwardness, and ever and anon a young bird bursts his shell in the presence of the visitors. Specimens of the young animals are also exhibited in different stages of their progress; and by means also of a strong light, the progress of the chick is shown while yet in the shell. The chickens, after they are hatched, are exhibited in the course of their artificial education, apparently very happy, and independent of maternal care. The ancient Egyptians conceived all things to have been produced from the mundane egg; and the exhibitor, improving on that idea, has introduced a world of odd matters into his descriptive catalogue. Since the days of Bishop Berkeley, who wrote a treatise *de omne scibili*, appropos to tar water, we

have seen nothing so sweeping as this treatise, which contains a little of everything,—a little physiology for the metaphysicians—a little metaphysics for the physiologists—and a little of something for everybody. The exhibition itself is not, on this account, the less worthy of public attention; and setting aside the prospective advantage of cheap poultry, the admirers of nature and of her works will do well to take a peep at it, for its own sake.

Mr. Carlyle has announced a course of six lectures on the Revolutions of modern Europe. They are to be given in the Lecture Room of the Marylebone Institution—and to commence on the 1st of May.

We have received the following letter from Mr. d'Abbadie:—

Paris, Rue de Grenelle, April 2.

SIR,—Your last Number (395) of the *Athenæum* contains an extract from a letter of mine, which my friend and countryman, Professor Lloyd, had the kindness to read before the Royal Irish Academy. As, however, I had not anticipated the publicity which my private correspondence now receives, I abridged some details which might have enabled you to withhold your doubts on the exactness of my researches.

Among the different observations made against me, there is one on which I cannot be silent, and I feel bound to declare, that, although I am desirous, like every traveller, to make some new discovery, it is no longer allowed to forge one in this age of science and criticism. I should be much concerned to learn that any omission of mine could reduce to despair the philosopher who takes an interest in my researches; but he, in turn, will allow me not to accept his satisfactory explanation of the word *Ilmorra*. I should, indeed, be grossly ignorant of the Arabic language, were I to take the article at for a component part of any word; but I shall spare him an etymological dissertation, which would prove that the word *Ilmorra* is, at least, not Arabic, as it means *Son of the wanderer*,—a signification somewhat remote from that of *Newfoundland*. In the town of Enàrea, the capital of the Galla tribes, the name of *Ilmorra* is applied to men of rank, as also to their language; and this information, which I received from an Arab sheikh, who resided three years in Enàrea, has been confirmed by a Galla servant who travelled with me from Gondar to Paris, taught me his own language, and speaks as yet no other. I shall proceed shortly to London, where I hope to lead my Galla, and I should thus be happy to prove to your able critic, that what he calls the *magnitude of my discovery* rests on better grounds than the fitting fields of my imagination. In the meantime, however deeply I revere the science of our European philosophers, I shall venture to express the opinion, that they have something to learn in the unknown regions of Africa.

As to the wide diffusion of the *Ilmorra* language, I may here remark, that my vocabulary of the Sonàli idiom (*Hadaka Sonàliad*) contains a large proportion of *Ilmorra* words; and that many points of contact occur in the language of the Hassa Oriya tribe of the Shohou. This confirms what the Enàrea merchants told me in Gondar; but a logical reasoner would be warranted in questioning the exactness of my researches, if, without better proof, I affirmed, like your learned reviewer, that the Sawahilly (a foreign name implying what belongs to the shores of the ocean) language is identical with that of the Galla. Salt, who informs us (Appendix I. iii.) that Galla tribes are found south of the Sawahilly, gives upwards of twenty words of the latter idiom, but not one of them is *Ilmorra*. I still, however, cherish the hope, that if I were at liberty to compare my vocabulary with the copious one alluded to, I might, by the help of your skillful philologist, succeed in tracing some analogy between the *Ilmorra* and Sawahilly languages.

Should it afford your friend any satisfaction to write, with Salt, *Annesley Bay*, in lieu of *Ansky* (not *Ansky*), I shall readily waive all claims to a difference of opinion, although supported by the authority of the recent chart of the Red Sea. I merely wished to give a convenient reference, as the native name is, of course, completely different. However, as it is, I believe, now generally allowed, that appellations imposed by foreigners are to be rejected, when it is possible to get the genuine native term, I have written *Amària* (the *h* of the original is not pronounced, and was originally a hard aspiration, unknown in English, and even in Arabic,) in place of *Anharic*, or *Anhara* language. The same motive induced me to prefer *Brahàtt* to *Bowàhet*, because thus pronounced and written by a learned native, who travelled with me in Soudan. I must beg your readers' pardon, if I have unintentionally written *Bawhit* for *Bwahit*, *Damoh* for *Damot*, or *Djandjow* for *Djandjow*.

I request you will do me the favour of publishing this answer in your next number, and believe me, Sir,

Very truly yours,

A. THOMSON D'ABBADIE.

We sincerely regret that our remarks on Mr. d'Abbadie's letter should have appeared to him so disparaging; nor are we at all conscious of having attempted to impute to him the forgery of discoveries. He properly observes that he "abridged some details which might have enabled us to withhold our doubts," &c.; and now that he has communicated to us those particulars, our doubts, of course, are at an end. As to his mode of writing the Abyssinian words, we did not mean to censure it, though we thought it as well to exhibit the words to our readers in their usual and more recognizable form. We found it stated that Mr. d'Abbadie, in the course of three months spent in the Red Sea,

learned the *Ilmorra* language, "which is spoken through immense tracts of central Africa." This statement was calculated, if it was not intended, to provoke conjecture; and, considering that the traveller had acquired this language on the shores of the Red Sea, we naturally referred it to the maritime people, the Sawahilly. But the details furnished above throw a new light on the matter, for it appears that Mr. d'Abbadie knows in what country the *Ilmorra* language is spoken; that he heard of it in Gondar as well as on the Red Sea; that it bears a Galla name, and is probably the language of a Galla tribe; and that its extensive diffusion through immense tracts of central Africa has been inferred by him from the affinities which it exhibits with the languages of the Danakil, or maritime tribes of Abyssinia. We shall anticipate Mr. d'Abbadie's etymological dissertation by observing, that the names of most of the Galla tribes commence with *Elma* or *Yalema*, sons or children, so that *elm'* or *ma*, sons of the wanderer (that is, Bedwins), is evidently a Galla name; and, from its meaning, we should also suppose it to be the name of a Galla tribe—(on the eastern coast the word Galla is synonymous with Bedwi)—of that tribe, in short, who have conquered Enàrea, and who, being the conquerors, are therefore the superior caste, or men of rank. We are consequently now ready to acknowledge our conviction that Mr. d'Abbadie has discovered a dialect of the Galla language, or perhaps we should rather say, one of the languages spoken by the hordes who are embraced by the Abyssinians under the general name of Galla. In justice to ourselves, we must emphatically deny that we ever confounded the Sawahilly and Galla languages, or hinted at the possibility of their being identical.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

The FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the NEW SOCIETY of PAINTING in WATER COLOURS will be Opened to the Public on MONDAY, the 15th instant, at their GALLERY, 55, PALL MALL, from Nine to Six.—Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Sec.

THE MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO IS NOW EXHIBITED at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY, by brilliant Artificial Light. Constantly illuminated from Four o'clock in the afternoon, and throughout the day in dark or unfavourable weather.—Open from Ten in the Morning until Nine in the Evening.—Admission 1s. each.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 8.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., President, in the chair.

Extracts from the following papers were read:—

1. From Major Rawlinson, dated Rudbar, in Persia, December 5, 1838.

"During the last month," says the writer, "I have been engaged on a very interesting tour through Persian Kurdistan, the result of which has been, that I have satisfactorily determined the very intricate and little understood questions of the Ecbatana of Deioceas, Gaza, Phraata, and all collateral matters regarding the comparative geography of Media Atropatene, which, if possessing less general interest, will at any rate, I think, be found equally novel, with my attempt to distinguish the two cities of Sús and Súsun. The retreat of Mark Antony, and the campaigns of Heraclius, impart, at the same time, a classic interest to the fields of my recent researches."

2. Mr. Charles Fellows gave an account of his travels in Asia Minor in the spring of 1838.

Quitting Constantinople on the 17th of March, Mr. Fellows travelled in a general S.S.E. direction, through Nicæa, to Lefki and Vizir Khan; thence, rounding the eastern extreme of the Olympus range, in a due south direction, by Kutáhiyah, Azani, Isbartah, Selge, and Súsah, to Antáliah on the sea; from this place to the eastward for about forty miles, visiting Aspendus, Perge, and Side. Embarking at Antáliah, he rounded the promontories of Tagrovah and Khelidonia, and landed at Kákava; thence to Antiphollos, Pátara, and up the valley of the Xanthus to Tios: from this place he travelled in a W.N.W. direction, by Telmessus and Labranda, to Miletus; then by a circuitous route to Ephesus, up the valley of the Mæander, to Laodicea, Sardis, and Smyrna. After some stay here, he returned by Thy-

atira, Pergamus, and Abydos, to Constantinople—thus completing a journey of about 1,500 miles, a great part of which is through a country hitherto undescribed by any traveller, and during which he copied numerous unpublished inscriptions—made drawings of ruins, temples, and tombs unknown even by name—and has materially corrected our maps of this portion of Anatolia.

"I have found reason," said Mr. Fellows, "in the marked distinction in the natural features in the ancient architecture, as well as in the implements and customs of the present inhabitants, to retain the ancient divisions of this country. Bithynia, in its features, is bold, and, in its extended mountain range of Olympus, resembles Switzerland—its valleys are rich, and luxuriantly wooded. I know no scenery surpassing, in rich, soft beauty, that around the lake of Ascania, at the southern end of which stands the ancient Nicæa. The characteristic features in the scenery of Mysia is the distinct division of hill and valley, scarcely a stone or undulation being found on the valleys, which are bounded by abrupt mountain ranges. This great flatness gives an idea of their having been formerly lakes—the soil is extremely productive in corn, cotton, and tobacco. Rising from the back of the town of Nicæa to the S.E., I traversed ranges of mountains, each higher than the preceding, crossing a considerable river, and again another, the ancient Gallus, which a little below the town of Lefki, the ancient Leuce, unite, and run in a north-easterly direction, towards the Sangarius. Continuing through forests and mountain country, I arrived at Vizir Khân, then bore E.S.E. to Sohüt, through a gorge in the mountains, and from this point I travelled due south, continually rising up mountains, and seldom descending, each range being backed by immense flat plains or table lands. The very singular cavernous rocks overhanging the town of İnönü were seen across an extensive swampy plain. From the state of the receding spring, I became aware of my great elevation; but I again had to ascend the range of mountains at the back of the town, and again traversed thirty miles of table land, which now assumed a most singular geological appearance. Groups of cones, or spiral rocks, rise to a height of 60 to 100 feet, and in some instances considerably higher, from a thin stratum or shelf of chalcedony, or agate: the cones are chiefly a conglomerate of pumice stone. The whole of the plains which I have seen between Olympus and Taurus, (and I have made excursions of perhaps 300 miles,) as well as from the accounts of other travellers, appear to be immense raised table lands, covered with a volcanic tufa, amassed together by a rush of waters. A very large proportion is of pumice, and innumerable pieces of fractured agate and lava. This forms the characteristic feature of Phrygia, which is held up on all sides by ranges of mountains, the whole being burnt earth. The irregularity of the outline of this district embraces the whole, as far as I know, of this peculiar formation. Its vegetable produce is scanty—much is cultivated for barley and wheat, but the great portion is pasture; near the Taurus range, much opium is grown. On this elevated and porous district, the rivers are few, trees are scarcely ever seen, and the general aspect is wild and dreary. From Kutáhiyah, I travelled about thirty-six miles S.W., to the ruins of Azani, situated upon the river Rhyndacus, which is there but a small stream, and probably not far from its source. Another excursion I made of about thirty miles, in search of, as the maps have it, Toghánli. Near this spot is the village of Dúaslan; but Toghánli to be described as containing the interesting inscriptions upon the rock, forming a tomb of a very early construction, is incorrect, as the name Vasilichia, a village twenty miles still further to the S.E., near Ghumbat, and eight miles from Khosrev Khan, means 'writing on rocks,' and contains the object of interest which I have sought. Notwithstanding this disappointment, I was amply repaid in witnessing a most singular country. Ascending a range of hills to the south of Kutáhiyah, and almost following the course of the river Thybrius, and crossing over a level plain of perhaps fifty miles in length, and twenty in breadth, I arrived at the few huts forming the village of Altintash, a dreary country led me for thirty-six miles, to Sihanli; and almost as dreary, and more wild, were the forty-four miles by Sandúklí to Ballúk. A

gradually-descending valley, bounded on either side by chains of mountains, formed the district called Dunbát-ovah-sí, or Buffalo valley, leading to Kachiburlá, on the Lake Ascania, thirty-six miles from Ballúk. I have much altered the direction and form of the lake here. The scenery told me of a change of country, and I entered Pisidia, over ranges of beautiful wooded mountains, towards the east. This district resembles Bithynia, and, with its alpine appearance, formed a pleasing contrast with the plains of Phrygia. Isbartah is a large, populous city, containing from thirty to forty thousand persons, on the declivity of a hill, whose numerous streams contribute to a river, which may probably be the source of the Eurymedon. Ascending at the back of the town, a most singular valley, or bed of a river, I entered the mountains to the S.E. Among these are immense hills of volcanic dust, with occasional peaks of the limestone rocks protruding, which form a nucleus for the originally soft earth, now held together in mass by the binding deposit from the water of the lime rocks. To the south of this high and craggy range of mountains, before descending to Aghlasún, stood the city of Sagalassus, whose remains are considerable and highly interesting. In this valley, a river forms its course, which I afterwards had cause to believe was the source of the Cestrus. It here runs due east. Travelling twenty-four miles to the S.E., passing a series of valleys, each lower than the preceding, I arrived at Bújak. Ten miles N.E. up the ridge of a chain of mountains, I sought some ruins, of which I had heard, and was amply repaid, by the discovery of the most splendid of cities. I never before had an idea of the grandeur of design in the construction of the ancient Greek cities. The promontory on which it stood rose perpendicularly, perhaps 1000 feet, on three sides, from a valley, the principal town in which appeared to be Dávr. Rivers were to be traced along each side, as silvery cords in the distant green valleys. I traversed in a tolerably straight line, through the city, a course of nearly three miles: it must have covered a space of not less than seven miles in circuit. I counted above fifty columned buildings; many of them having their cellas standing, and the columns and sculptured friezes lying around. I saw several theatres, and miles of scattered tombs, as well as many cut in the rock beneath the walls, which were generally cyclopean. The tombs here, and throughout Pamphylia, had their peculiar architecture, and martial ornaments. The town was, no doubt, the ancient Selge. It was April, but, at this elevation the spring had scarcely commenced, the plough being at work preparing for the seed. Within a day's journey I saw the corn in ear, and sat by sugar canes and palm trees; so great is the change in climate occasioned by the elevated lands. On my right was a fine river, which had a rapid and often broken course, down the steep ravine, which we entered soon after leaving Bir-Mahji. For fifteen miles this precipitous road was paved with large irregularly-shaped stones: this was the work of the ancient Greeks, and, in many places, it retains the ruts cut by the wheels of their chariots. The first view towards the south, that burst upon me, I could scarcely believe was not an illusion; it so far surpassed any natural effect, in the beauty and character of its scenery. From this stern portal, I beheld the deep blue ocean, lost in the horizon, and beneath, an apparently rich and luxuriantly verdant plain; the whole was bounded, on either side, by the splendid ranges of mountains which enclose the Gulf of Antaliyah; on the right, the jagged limestone peaks rising by degrees, to Mount Climax. About twenty miles before reaching Antaliyah, the river, hitherto considerable, had almost disappeared, and the level plain was formed of a conglomerate of pebbles, and of a mass of encrusted vegetable matter. This porous substance received almost all the water of the river, a few streams alone being artificially carried over the surface for the supply of mills and aqueducts. The re-appearance of the fresh water from under this mass, embosomed in, or flanking the Taurus range, is perceptible along the coast, and some distance out at sea, rising amidst the salt waters with an oily appearance. The river Cestrus is an exception; it holds its course down a rich valley, and cuts into a partial bed of soil, passing the highly-interesting ruins of the ancient Perge, which stand on its western side. Almost the whole of these plains are barren for want of soil,

growing nothing but shrubs for the browsing of the camels. From this level rise several isolated bold limestone rocks, on some of which have been Greek cities: I visited no less than three of them, within a day's journey; these were, probably, Iasiona, Pedinelessus, and Syllæum; at the second the ruins were not of the earliest ages of the Greeks, but probably during the Roman dominion. They are in a very perfect state of preservation; a day's labour would make the theatre fit for its original exhibitions; the paint remains upon the masks and ornaments, and also upon the walls of the proscenium of the theatre. The country had here a deep soil, and was capable of high cultivation; rich woods of figs, vines, Siberian crabs, and shrubs, rendered travelling extremely difficult. The fruits of all these remain ungathered, except by the birds. Side has been fully described by Captain Beaufort, R.N. As compared with the towns which I have seen in the interior, it must rank amongst the most ruinous. I am sorry that the intelligent author of 'Karamania' had not an opportunity of seeing even a few miles of the interior of the country, as probably his opinion of its fertility and beauty would then have differed less from mine. A lake is laid down on all maps between the river Eurymedon and Cestrus: I sought it in vain. I found the palm tree apparently indigenous at Phinika; in Sicily, and elsewhere, I have seen it finer, but always cultivated. The whole of the coast of Lycia has been so well described, that I shall confine my remarks to the interior. This district is extremely mountainous, but is by no means barren; the hills are richly wooded, and much of the timber well grown. The scenery is highly picturesque, and upon the apparently inaccessible crags of the mountain, tombs are seen, not only cut in the rock, in imitation of temples of various orders, but in massive sarcophagi, of a singular form, which seem peculiar to Lycia. This district is by no means thinly peopled, but all the inhabitants live in tents; nor is any want of hospitality shown by the fine men of this pastoral country. The valley of the river Xanthus would, in itself, offer sufficient temptation to the artist, antiquarian, or naturalist, to quit England for a season, if he were aware of its attractions. The city of Pátara, at the mouth of the valley, has been well described, in the excellent work of the Society of Dilettanti. About nine miles up the valley, overhanging the river, is the small but exquisitely beautiful city of Xanthus; beautiful, not only in its natural situation, but for its relics of art: a few of my drawings must speak for these. Crossing the river, below the town, I proceeded about fifteen miles up the valley to Bemelhir, then descended towards the river, and, crossing it, we arrived at Duvér. Climbing the steep mountains for nearly three miles, I reached what I sought as the ruins of the ancient Pinara, but found there the remains of a superbly ornamented city, which, from numerous inscriptions, proves to be the city of Tlos. Travelling due west, over a series of hills, branching from Mount Cragus, I arrived at Makry, the ancient Telmessus; thence through a country inferior to none in Europe, in beauty or richness of woody scenery; and, crossing a considerable river, we reached Dolomán, a governor's house comprehending the whole village; twenty-five miles beyond is Kúgez. A considerable lake, or rather bay from the sea, accessible to ships, is much misrepresented here, in all extant maps. The post town of Húlah, containing from 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants, is about forty miles forward, and Mughlah, with 15,000 persons, lies twelve miles still higher up in the mountains. About thirty-two miles due west, over a country only slightly undulated, but elevated perhaps 4,000 feet above the sea, stood the ancient Stratoniceia. Bearing to the N.E., we visited Melassa, then Labranda, and, gradually descending, we skirted a beautiful little lake, which is connected by a short river with the Meander. The attraction, here, was the extensive ruins of Miletus. Ascending the valley, as high as the ancient Priene, to the modern village of Sansún, we struck up the steep range of mountains broken into the Troglilum promontory, although the geological feature is continued into the Island of Samos. Descending to the coast, and passing the recently flourishing town of Scala Nova, we proceeded to Ephesus; then recrossing the range further to the east, descended upon the ancient Tralles, now the large and busy city of Idin: following up the Meander until it was joined by the Lycus, I took the valley of the latter,

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visiting Laodicea, Hierapolis, and returned by Philadelphia and Sardis, to Smyrna. I cannot account for the fact of this country having been so little visited; unless it arises from a prevailing prejudice against the inhabitants of the interior: this has been much strengthened by some of our best writers on the country; but I am still at a loss, as I cannot conceive the people changed, or the writers so much in error. I must in justice say, that, during the whole of my tour, I met with the greatest hospitality and attention from all ranks,—from the Pashá, to the tented peasant on the mountains; all supplying, gratuitously, not only my necessary food, but presenting me with sweets and flowers,—attentions, to an extent bordering too frequently upon annoyance; and this was merely offered to me, as to the *stranger*, whom their religion bids them feed and welcome. I always travelled in my European dress, of the roughest materials, strongly contrasting with their splendid Turkish costume."

Among the donations on the table, were 15 vols. in 4to., of the Transactions of the Academy of Sciences, at Berlin, liberally presented by the Academy; also a South Circumpolar Chart, recently constructed at the Hydrographic Office, exhibiting the tracks of all navigators in those seas, from Cook to D'Urville, including that of Bellingshausen, in 1820; and showing the vast unexplored space that remains for future discoverers in the Antarctic Ocean.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 10.—Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.

A paper was read, 'On as much of the "Transition or Grauwacke System" as is exposed in the counties of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall,' by the Rev. D. Williams, F.G.S.

The author commenced by stating, that his views respecting the structure of the country had been derived from independent observations; but that while he claimed originality for himself, he did not in the remotest sense impugn the originality of the views of other geologists who have examined the same districts. The sedimentary deposits older than the new red system, and constituting the whole of Cornwall, the greater part of Devon, and the south-west of Somersetshire, are arranged by Mr. Williams in the transition class, and under the following formations, commencing with the youngest. 9, Floriferous slates and sandstone; 8, Coddon Hill grits; 7, Trilobite slates; 6, Wollacomb sandstone; 5, Morte slates; 4, Trentishoe slates; 3, Calcareous slates of Linton; 2, Foreland and Dunkerry sandstone; 1, Cannington Park limestone. Of these formations, only 9, 8, and 7 were described in the paper, the other six not occurring in Cornwall or in Devonshire, except in the north-west corner of the county, and are reserved by the author for future consideration. The floriferous slates and sandstone (9), arranged in the true coal measures by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison, in memoirs read before the British Association in 1836, and the Geological Society in 1837, Mr. Williams considers to be a grauwacke formation, because he has traced passages into the subjacent deposit (8); and he employs the term "floriferous," to avoid the ambiguity which he conceives would arise from using the word carbonaceous; and he objects to the expression culmiferous, as anthracite constitutes but a very small part of the formation. The deposit occupies a large portion of Devonshire, and detached minor districts in Cornwall. The sandstones, he says, are quite distinct, but that the slates are occasionally undistinguishable from those employed for roofing. The Coddon Hill grits (8) constitute, on the north, a narrow band from Fremington, near Barnstaple, to Holcomb Rogus; and in the south, a broader district, flanking the floriferous sandstones, from Forrabury, by Launceston, to the granite of Dartmoor. The deposit passes gradually upwards into No. 9, and downwards into No. 7, the intermediate strata being termed by the author neutral beds. The grits which compose the greater part of the formation are perfectly distinct from any other in the district, and afford most valuable assistance in tracing the range of the deposit: they contain also the wavelite, for which the north of Devonshire has been long distinguished. In the middle of the series are lenticular masses of limestone, associated with beds of black shale—the former containing Goniatites and

Posidonia, and the latter plants with flakes of anthracite. The Trilobite slates (7) constitute, in the north of Devon, a band ranging from Braunton on the west, nearly to Milverton on the east, and on the south, extensive districts around the granite of Dartmoor. He believes that the whole of the slate series of Cornwall belongs to them. In the north and south, they gradually pass upwards into the Coddon grits, and in the north downwards into the Wollacomb sandstones (6), the expression *neutral* being also applied to these passage beds. In some parts, the slates abound with Trilobites; and the limestones of Plymouth, Newton Bushell, and Torbay, which belong to the formation, in corals and shells.

The remainder of the series, from 6 to 1, will be described in a future memoir.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

April 6.—Professor Wilson read an account of the physicians in India who taught and practised in Arabia before the thirteenth century of the Christian era, taken from the original Arabic, by the Rev. W. Cureton, with some notes by the Professor, identifying some of the works mentioned by the Arabian writer with those now in use in Hindustan. The paper of Mr. Cureton contained the names and some biographical anecdotes of many Indians, with short accounts of their writings, some of which Professor Wilson showed to be now actually in use. One of these physicians, named Mankah, had acquired sufficient celebrity in his own country to be sent for by the great Harun al Rashid, to cure him of a serious illness, which he readily effected. It is related of Mankah, that one day he saw in the market-place a quack selling a medicine which cured all kinds of diseases. Being informed by his interpreter of what the fellow said, he observed, that if it was true, the Khalif was guilty of folly in sending so far as India to get a physician, and, if false, he was equally reprehensible, in not putting such a dangerous quack to death, whose living would doubtless cause death to many persons. A curious anecdote is told of Saleh bin Bhalah, who also lived in the reign of Harun al Rashid. A favourite relative of Harun, named Ibrahim bin Saleh, was apparently at the point of death, and the physicians had declared that he could not live the day through. Harun was then persuaded by his vizier Jafer to send for the celebrated Hindu, Saleh bin Bhalah, who, on examining the patient, declared that he was ready to give up his property, to manumit all his slaves, and to divorce his wives, if he did not succeed in restoring him to health. It was, however, reported to the Khalif, in the course of the night, that his cousin was dead, on which the Khalif cursed India and its medicines, and sat on the ground in the extremity of his grief, which, says the writer, in a parenthesis, was the origin of the custom of sitting on the ground instead of on sofas, which had hitherto been used. But the Hindu, nothing abashed, persisted that the patient was alive, but in a trance; and, in proof of his assertion, he pierced his thumb with a needle, on which the patient drew away his hand quickly. He then blew some stimulating powder up his nostrils, when Ibrahim rose up, and said that he had been sleeping comfortably, and that he had had very agreeable dreams, until he dreamed that a dog had rushed upon him, and had bitten his thumb, of which he still felt the pain. He then showed the mark on his thumb, where Bhalah had pierced it with the needle. The account goes on to say, that Ibrahim lived many years after this, that he married the princess Alabbasah, daughter of Almuhd, and that he became governor of Egypt and Palestine, and that at last he died in Egypt.

Many of the names of the physicians mentioned in the paper were clearly shown by Professor Wilson to be Sanscrit, and others were probably corruptions of the same language. The identification of some of the works was very manifest. The Kitabu Sasrad was the Susruta, a work of such note in India, that it had been printed in the original Sanscrit. Another was the Yedan, which was said by the Arabians to be a description of the symptoms of diseases, without notice of the treatment. This, the Professor observed, is the branch of the art known as Nidan, which word differed from the Arabic Yedan only by the position of the diacritical points of a single letter. Upon the whole, he remarked, the account was interesting, as demonstrating the antiquity of the Hindu

medical literature, and of its cultivation by the Arabs of the eighth and ninth centuries; and as proving that the text-books of a modern Hindu physician were studied by the learned men of the courts of Harun and Mansur.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 18.—Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., M.P., in the chair.—Five new members were elected.

The paper read was 'An Account of the recent Progress and present Extent of Manufactures in Prussia, and of the Trade of the Prussian Commercial Union in Manufactured Goods. From German Official Documents.' By R. W. Rawson, Esq.

It is chiefly the competition of Germany and Switzerland that our manufacturers profess to fear; and it is in those countries that the greatest impulse has recently been given to native industry. Switzerland, with its limited means and local disadvantages, situated at so great a distance from any sea or débouché for its products, is nevertheless able to compete, in distant lands, as well with the fabrics of Great Britain as with the finest wares of France. Germany, on the other hand, particularly those parts in which manufactures are chiefly carried on, is more favourably situated. Eastern Prussia possesses numerous ports on an accessible and much-frequented sea. Saxony has an easy outlet by means of the Elbe; and the Rhenish provinces of Prussia are equally favoured by their proximity to the Rhine. Under a system of free interchange, our commercial relations with Prussia might have been very extensive. Her fields produce many articles of primary importance to us,—corn, timber, flax, hemp, &c.; while we have the means of supplying her with the produce of our colonies and of our looms. A few years ago, there were scarcely any two countries more favourably situated for commercial intercourse; but we declined receiving her produce, and there was no other country in want of it: she had, therefore, no foreign market for the surplus of her agriculture, and her means of internal consumption were proportionally crippled. Still an increasing population must be clothed, but they had no means of paying the foreigner for his stuffs: they must find a means of livelihood, but agriculture no longer adequately afforded it; hence the peasants had recourse to manufactures. A system of domestic manufacture continued for a long period, and prevails to a great extent even at the present time, chiefly in the weaving of flax and sheep's wool; for it has not been applied to that of silk, and only very partially to that of cotton. But of late years, the introduction of machinery, and the erection of large establishments upon the same extensive system adopted in this country, have carried the production far beyond the demand for home consumption, and Prussia and Saxony at present export annually a large quantity of manufactured stuffs. It is of less consequence to British interests to trace the early progress of manufactures in these countries, than to show their advance during a recent period; for this purpose a comparison is made of their condition in 1831 and 1837.—Weaving, and the preparation of yarn for the use of the looms, are the most important branches of manufacturing industry in Prussia. In general, spinning by hand is so light an employment, that it may be pursued by persons of almost any age; and it has this additional advantage, that it may, at any moment, be interrupted without injury, and resumed at pleasure. It is, therefore, well adapted for an occasional occupation, during the intervals of other labours. Weaving requires greater skill, practice, and bodily strength; but the amount for the manufacture of plain cloths, is so small, that weaving also may be carried on to a considerable extent as an occasional employment. Agricultural families frequently weave in the spring the yarn which they have spun during the winter. The facilities which attend these two branches of labour have led to their extensive adoption throughout the whole of Prussia. Large quantities of linen and woollen yarn are annually produced by hand; and, in 1837, there were no less than 246,294 looms occasionally employed in the manufacture of linen. Flax is by far the cheapest of the materials used in weaving; but the yarn made from it is dearer than that of cotton, because it is still chiefly made by hand. Whenever the progress of mechanics and chemistry shall render it possible to spin flax of equal fineness

and at the same cost as cotton, without any great injury to its tenacity (in which consists the excellence of linen-yarn), a great revolution must take place in the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial relations of Prussia.

Weaving is almost entirely confined in Prussia to four materials—flax, cotton, sheep's wool, and silk. According to the accounts made up to the end of the year 1837, there were, in the whole of the Prussian States, 152 establishments for spinning cotton, which contained 125,972 spindles. In the kingdom of Saxony, at the same period, there were 107 similar establishments, containing 370,805 spindles, making a total of 496,777, or nearly half a million in the two countries. So that the power of manufacturing twist in Prussia and Saxony, in 1837, was less than 1-19th, or 5½ per cent. of what it was in the United Kingdom in 1833, and 2-5ths of what it was in the United States in 1831. But Prussia, and the States within the Prussian Commercial Union, import annually a large quantity of cotton twist, chiefly from Great Britain. The quantities of raw cotton imported into, and exported from the Union, were, in—

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Imports.
1835..	14,285,397	3,665,532	10,619,865
1836..	22,176,407	4,190,023	17,986,384

The excess of importation of raw cotton over the exportation, had increased 70 per cent. in the year 1836, compared with the preceding year; and 11-12ths of the imports were brought into Prussia. The trade of the Union in this article was as follows in 1835 and 1836:—

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Imports.
White single twist	1835.. 28,906,000	3,413,909	25,492,091
	1836.. 36,343,000	3,298,000	33,045,000
Double twist	1835.. 764,000	1,352,000	588,000
	1836.. 1,085,000	1,399,000	314,000

The excess of import, therefore, of single twist had increased 30 per cent., and the excess of export of double twist had decreased 46 per cent. in the latter year. Although the principal portion of the cotton-twist used in Prussia is imported from Great Britain, there are 40 spinning establishments in the Rhenish provinces, containing 98,347 spindles.

Woolen yarn is partly spun in large establishments, but principally by small machines of 40 spindles; still the spinning of wool by hand has by no means ceased in Prussia, although it has become so unprofitable that it must of necessity be relinquished as the manufacture by machinery increases. Prussia is chiefly supplied with wool from her own flocks; some foreign wool is annually imported, but a much larger quantity of native growth is exported. The number of sheep in the whole kingdom in the year 1834, was 12,632,277. The number in 1831 was 11,751,603; the increase, therefore, in the three years, was 7½ per cent. But this increase was proportionally much greater in the superior breeds of sheep, as will appear from the following statement:—

	Merinos and whole-bred Sheep.	Half-bred Sheep.	Common Sheep.
In 1831	2,397,171	5,301,385	4,053,047
1834	2,831,553	5,839,332	3,961,392
Increase	434,382	537,947	91,653
Decrease

Thus the best sheep had increased more than a fifth, and the middling sheep a tenth, while the number of common sheep had fallen off more than 2 per cent. As it is reckoned that the best sheep yield annually 3 Prussian pounds of wool, the middling 2½lb., and the common 2lb., it is obvious that the production of wool had greatly increased during the above period. M. Ferber, who wrote upon the commerce of Prussia in 1832, estimates the average produce of wool at one stone of 22lb. Prussia, or 23½lb. English to 10 sheep. Upon this calculation the total produce, in 1831, amounted to 27,745,248lb. English; and, in 1834, to 29,824,497lb., showing an increase of 2,079,249lb., or 7½ per cent. In order to exhibit the actual consumption of the country, there must be deducted from the above quantities the difference between the quantities of foreign wool exported, and those imported during the same years, which were as follows:—

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Exports.
In 1831	3,936,808lb.	8,316,772lb.	4,379,964lb.
1834	6,502,140	12,246,777	5,654,637

There remained, therefore, for home consumption in 1831, 23,365,284lb.; and, in 1834, 24,169,860lb. The wool imported is of a coarse kind, and chiefly brought from Poland. That exported consists prin-

cipally of fine wool, which is shipped at Hamburg for England.

The number of machines for spinning woollen and worsted yarn in Prussia, at the close of the year 1837, was 4,143, containing 401,210 spindles. The number of flax spinning factories was 7, containing 10,444 spindles. It appears that there were 6 similar establishments in Saxony at the same period. The extensive linen manufacture of these two countries is chiefly supplied with yarn spun by hand; and it is this employment which affords occasional occupation to a very large portion of the population both in the towns and rural districts. A large quantity of yarn, however, is imported from abroad; and the export, which was formerly considerable, is annually falling off. In 1836 the imports exceeded the exports by 2,166,785lb. of raw, and 611,203lb. of prepared yarn. Notwithstanding that flax is cultivated very extensively throughout Prussia, the quantities imported have generally exceeded those exported. The year 1836 was an exception; but in the five preceding years the imports, on the average, exceeded the exports by one-third. The Prussian customs' accounts do not distinguish the imports of raw silk; Ferber, in 1832, estimated the annual importation at from 670,000 to 700,000lb. In 1837 the number of persons engaged in its production was 256, and the whole produce may be estimated at 2,150lb. The quantity of dyed, bleached, and thrown silk imported into the Union, in 1836, was 131,688lb., and the quantity exported was 76,259lb.

The following table will show the quantities of linen manufactures imported into, and exported from, the states comprising the Prussian commercial union in each of the three years, ending with 1836. The rates of duty on importation were, and continue to be—

	s.	d.
Upon grey packing linen, or sail-cloth....	1	10 per cwt.
.. Raw unfinished linen and ticking	5	7 ..
.. Bleached, dyed, or printed linen cloth or ticking, table-linen, and towelling, &c.....	30	8 ..
.. Ribbons, cambric, Batist, tape, hosiery, &c.....	61	4 ..
.. Lace thread.....	153	4 ..

There is no duty upon exportation.

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Exports.
Grey packing linen and sailcloth.....	1834 738,575	1835 3,774,593	1836 3,035,988
Raw unfinished linen cloth and ticking.....	1834 663,316	1835 1,777,696	1836 1,114,380
Bleached, dyed, or printed linen cloth and ticking.....	1834 96,918	1835 12,497,922	1836 12,431,004
Linen cloth, and towelling, &c.....	1834 151,102	1835 12,353,425	1836 12,453,792
Ribbons, cambric, Batist, tape, hosiery, &c.....	1834 10,600	1835 749,255	1836 738,305
Lace thread.....	1834 15,382	1835 703,864	1836 774,202
	1834 12,877	1835 1,403,992	1836 1,391,715
	1834 2,433	1835 6,020	1836 3,107
	1834 2,479	1835 5,696	1836 3,107
	1834 2,243	1835 6,610	1836 4,367

The manufacture of woollens is much less extensive in Prussia than that of linen, but it is increasing. Prussia and the other states of the Commercial Union export a large quantity of woollen manufactures. The following is the amount of trade of the whole union in woollens during each of the three years ending with 1836:—

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Exports.
Woollen cloths, stuffs, and hosiery....	1834 1,393,329	1835 6,040,910	1836 4,647,580
Carpet of sheep's and other Wool....	1834 15,506	1835 56,781	1836 37,185
	1834 20,304	1835 67,405	1836 47,101
	1836 25,144	1837 72,600	1838 47,455

From this statement it appears that the excess of exportation of woollen goods, exclusive of carpets,

has increased 18 per cent in each of the last two years above quoted.

The total cotton manufacture has nearly doubled since 1825. The number of looms at work in the whole kingdom, were—

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Exports.
In 1825.....	22,139	22,139	0
1834.....	31,759	31,759	0
1837.....	39,798	39,798	0

The following table exhibits the imports and exports of cotton goods in the Prussian dominions alone, upon an average of the three years, 1829 to 1831. Of the Prusso-Hessian league, consisting of Prussia and the two Hesses, in the year 1832 and 1833, and of the whole union, in the three following years:—

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Exports.
Average of 1829-31	1,434,292	2,174,694	740,402
1832	1,671,452	3,055,574	1,384,122
1833	1,529,065	2,753,369	1,224,304
1834	1,598,300	8,648,346	7,050,046
1835	1,630,017	9,590,973	7,960,956
1836	1,594,404	9,940,324	8,345,920

Thus throughout the whole period the importations have remained nearly stationary. The exports increased to some extent in 1832 and 1833. In 1834, they rose in the proportion of 3 to 1 compared with the average of 1829-31, and of 4 to 1 compared with 1829-31.

The increase of the silk manufacture has been very rapid since 1831. The number of looms employed in the fabrication of silk and half-silk goods was—

	No. of Looms.
1831.....	3,956
1834.....	12,044
1837.....	14,111

The following is a statement of the imports and exports of silk and mixed-silk manufactured goods from and into the Prussian Commercial Union, in the years from 1834 to 1836:—

	Silk Goods.			Mixed Silk Goods.		
	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Exports.	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Exports.
1834	254,985	559,079	304,094	106,950	320,296	213,346
1835	201,981	762,004	560,023	106,596	371,971	265,375
1836	225,561	847,026	622,245	121,236	404,435	283,199

The total value of silk and mixed silk manufactures exported from the Prussian Union in 1836 is estimated at 2,726,300l., of which 2,119,500l., or more than three-fourths, consisted of silk, and 606,500l. of mixed-silk goods. The imports in the same year amounted to 745,000l. Knitting by hand, which is carried on among the labouring population as an occasional employment, and among the wealthier classes as an amusement, continues to supply a great part of the hosiery required, at so cheap a rate that no machinery can compete with it. The shearing and finishing of woollen cloths, furnished employment at the close of 1837 to 3,480 persons. No information has been collected respecting the bleaching of linen and cotton goods, or the establishments for dyeing raw silk. The number of persons employed in other kinds of dyeing amounted, in 1837, to 7,239, of whom 3,387 were masters, and 3,852 apprentices. This number includes only the operatives skilled in this process, and not the day-labourers, who are employed in mere manual labour connected with it.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—April 5.—Dr. Macreight, V.P. F.L.S., in the chair. The continuation of Mr. Lees' paper 'On the species of *Tilia*, natives of England, with notices of some remarkable aged and individual trees,' was read. After noticing where the author considered the *Tilia* indigenous in England and Wales, he described very fully the specific character of all the species, the economical uses, and growth and longevity, &c. An account of the various insects which are met with on this tree was also given. The paper was accompanied with many species of *Tilia* found by Mr. Lees.

	MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
MON.	Statistical Society.....Eight.
TUES.	Horticultural Society.....Three.
WED.	Linnæan Society.....Three.
THUR.	Society of Arts.....p. Seven.
	Royal Society.....p. Eight.
	Society of Antiquaries.....Eight.
FRI.	Botanical Society.....Eight.
	Royal Institution.....p. Eight.

Sketches Samuel Pr the art of indeed they works requi Foremost a of Mr. Pro whichever more excel nificent fol usual, he cl crowded cit of the work arches at t never-wea his usual fo production further tha Another Remains a studies, the tended for draughtsm to give an with which third work is details History of Peter, Yos of the em back to t portion o upon the suggested the *Herba* is a curio artists as ornament is ever to be best There the *Scenic* l & 2— achievement done by slovenly indeed, h crayon, b he must, scrupulou The C series of medical f are too t We ha *deuse Mo* is intrins prints w some spe print of which the known t opposed money shall be p abuse, an standard, misde, v ability w we adm the obje the func to the ju it may h a prize f he may out of h (25 gain artist. ciety, a is set ap art which of whic The pri law. I picture

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sketches in France, Switzerland, and Italy, by Samuel Prout.—The large strides recently taken in the art of lithography have been encouraged by, if indeed they have not originated in, the publication of works requiring effects at once rich, bold, and various. Foremost among these in England, stand the drawings of Mr. Prout and Mr. Harding: the one before us, whichever it may chance to be, always appearing the more excellent, so that (in right of the present magnificent folio) Mr. Prout bears away the palm. As usual, he chooses for his subjects the labyrinths of old crowded cities, and here riots in the midst of the screen-work of the Cathedral of Chartres—the tall graceful arches at the Duomo of Milan—the picturesque but never-wearing splendour of Venice—with more than his usual force and freedom. As regards fidelity of reproduction, the force of lithography cannot go much further than in this publication.

Another lithographic folio of *Saracenic and Norman Remains* associates itself naturally with Mr. Prout's studies, though a more matter-of-fact work, and intended for the use of the architect rather than of the draughtsman. Some of the specimens are coloured, to give an idea of the singular richness and gaiety with which the old arabesques were composed. A third work, yet more scientific in the minuteness of its details may also find a place here.—Mr. Browne's *History of the Edifice of the Metropolitan Church of St. Peter, York*, illustrated by plans, sections, drawings of the embellishments, &c. &c. The last he traces back to the first principles, showing how large a portion of the gothic foliage, so profusely lavished upon the decorated portions of the minster, has been suggested by the forms and the manner of growing of the *Herba benedicta* (Water avens). The speculation is a curious one, and not without interest to all such artists as concern themselves in the philosophy of ornament: but we know not how Mr. Browne's work is ever to be finished, if a like proportion of space is to be bestowed on every detail of the building.

There is some cleverness in the *Recollections of the Scenic Effects of Covent Garden Theatre*, Parts I & 2,—and the work may serve for a memento of the achievements in the matter of grouping and spectacle, done by the present management; but it is most slovenly in its details. A well practised artist, may indeed, hit off a scene by three flourishes of his crayon, but to guide these with a careless certainty he must, earlier in his career, have wrought with a scrupulous exactness.

The *Chirurgico-Comico-Alphabet*, by Pill-box, is a series of caricatures, ranging from "A to izzard" on medical terms. Some are passably clever, but they are too technical to interest the public.

We have reserved to the last a notice of *The Camaldulose Monk showing the Relics*, not because the work is intrinsically either better or worse than many other prints which come before us, but because it deserves some special mark of recognition as the first engraved print of the Art-Union Society. The objects for which this Society was established have been made known to our readers; and though we are strongly opposed to that law which leaves to the winner of a money prize the selection of the work of art which shall be purchased with it—a law which is open to great abuse, and under any circumstances tends to lower the standard of art in this country,—still, thus much premised, we bear a willing testimony to the zeal and ability with which the Society is conducted. Further, we admit that good may incidentally arise even from the objectionable law. It tends manifestly to enlarge the funds of the Society, by its flattering deference to the judgment of each individual subscriber; and it may happen, as in the instance before us, that when a prize falls to the share of a rich and intelligent man, he may, as Mr. Cabbell has done, add a large sum out of his own pocket (125 guineas) to the small one (25 guineas) gained, and thus benefit both art and artist. By another, and an excellent law of the Society, a certain proportion of the year's subscription is set apart for the purpose of engraving some work of art which has been purchased by the Association, and of which each member is to receive an impression. The print before us is the first distributed under this law. It is a fine work, engraved by Giller, after a picture by Simson, and equally well suited for framing

or for the portfolio. The subscribers, we think, have reason to rejoice over their bargain, and the Society will no doubt feel the good effects of Mr. Cabbell's liberality in their increasing numbers.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, A GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, RICHELIEU; and THE INVINCIBLES.

On Monday, RICHELIEU; and FRA DIAVOLO. Tuesday, (the last time this Season) KING LEAR; and ARTA-XERXES, (Artañanes, Mr. H. Phillips).

Wednesday, RICHELIEU. Thursday, AS YOU LIKE IT; a New Farce, in One Act, called CONTRARIETIES; with a variety of other Entertainments, for the Benefit of Miss Helen Faucit.

LYCEUM.

This Evening, ANGELINE DE LIS; LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU; and a CONCERT.

On Monday, ANGELINE DE LIS; THE THREE SINGLES; THE IMP OF MISCHIEF; and THE SILVER CRESCENT.

CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC.

NEW ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

The SECOND CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, April 17th, at the REHEARSAL on MONDAY NEXT, the 15th, at 12 o'clock. The Subscribers have the privilege of introducing their Friends to single Concerts, by tickets, price One Guinea each, or to Rehearsals price 10s. 6d. each, applications for which to be made, by Subscribers only, to C. Longdale, (late Birchall & Co.), Musical Circulating Library, 26, Old Bond-street, where may be had a Programme of the terms and regulations for the present Season.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

MISS HELEN FAUCIT'S NIGHT.—ON THURSDAY, April 18th, AS YOU LIKE IT, from the Text of Shakespeare.—The Duke, Mr. G. BENNETT; Amiens, Mr. F. HAZEL; Jacques, Mr. MACREADY; Orlando, Mr. ANDERSON; Adam, Mr. WARDE; Touchstone, Mr. HARLEY; Rosalind, MISS HELEN FAUCIT, her first appearance in that character; Colin, MISS KAYFORTH; Phebe, Miss P. HORTON; Audrey, Miss H. WAT. After which, A MUSICAL MELANGE, in which Miss Rainforth, Miss P. Horton, and Mrs. Serle will appear. To conclude with a POPULAR FARE.—Tickets and Places for the Boxes to be had of Mr. Notter, at the Box Office of the Theatre, from Ten till Four; and of Miss Helen Faucit, 30, Brompton-square.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It is scarcely necessary to do more than announce the reappearance of Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini, in the well worn 'I Puritani.' The house was crowded, the singers all looking well, and singing their best, and the *encores* neither more numerous nor fewer than they have always been. The only change to be remarked, was a variation of exceeding brilliancy introduced by Grisi at the *da capo* of her polacca. The orchestra and chorus of the establishment are in a riper state of perfection than we remember them to have been. Sig. Mario (*alias* the Marquis de Candia) is announced to appear next month, to replace Sig. Tati.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The third concert was a good one, though, owing to a certain inertness on the part of Mr. Bishop, who conducted, it was felt to be a little dull: and this, notwithstanding the good judgment evidenced in placing Beethoven's c minor symphony at the beginning of the second act; the spirited overture to 'Oberon,' being the piece selected to close the first part. The other symphony was Haydn's number 7—always excellent and fresh, however grand or complicated be the music by the side of which it is placed. The other overture was Cherubini's 'Les Deux Journées.' The solo in the first act was Mrs. Anderson's performance of Beethoven's concerto in E flat. Much as we applaud this lady's constancy to the best music, we cannot approve of her choice of that popular concerto. Any one who now undertakes that work, so admirably has it been recently performed in London, if unable to bring great powers of touch, the utmost grandeur of expression, the utmost fineness of musical tact, must fail. From this error, impossible to pass over, we turn with pleasure to Mr. Blagrove's admirable performance of Spohr's Dramatic Concerto for the violin in the second act. If he do not possess all the passion, all the breadth of style, all the balance of powers constituting the difference between the musician and the mechanist, which are required to make up a first-rate instrumentalist, he has, far more than any other English violin-player, a purity of tone and delicacy of execution, at once rare and exquisite. The vocal moiety of the concert introduced Madame Balfe (formerly Signora Lina Roser) and Sig. F. Lablache, in a duett from Spohr's 'Alchymist,' which is harsh, repulsive, and sadly over-scored. Madame Balfe afterwards sung (by way of contrast) one of Donizetti's shallow *bravuras*, and 'Crudel perche' from 'Figaro.' She possesses an extensive voice, sufficiently powerful, and trained to a due flexibility, but scarcely within her command, inasmuch as it became almost always exhausted ere

the final note of the phrase was reached; perhaps too, its tone may also be slightly chargeable with the distinctive nasality of the Germans. Madame Balfe sings steadily and with feeling, so that she is to be counted an acquisition in these days of death: nothing, however, could be less to our liking than her cadences, which were aimlessly florid, and might have been modelled according to the exploded fashion of Catalani, rather than the newer and more sterling pattern of Malibran and Persiani.

MISCELLANEA

Earthquake at Martinique.—M. Moreau de Jonnés has transmitted to the French Academy of Sciences some particulars of a violent earthquake at Martinique, and which we quote, from some remarkable characteristics which accompanied it. On the 11th of January, after a succession of storms, at six in the morning, the wind blew from the north-west, and the whole island was enveloped in clouds and vapours, which entirely hid it from the shipping at sea. Both these circumstances are unusual, for, at this period of the year, the sky is generally very clear, and the north-west wind never blows. The earthquake consisted of two shocks of unexampled violence, lasting thirty seconds; including a short interval between. They appeared to consist of undulations directed from south to north. The iron grating of the hospital, newly placed, was torn from the stones in which it was inserted, and apparently by electricity. Fort Royal was entirely destroyed, and it was at first believed that the earthquake proceeded from the long extinct volcanoes of the island. For two hundred years since the French possessed it, these volcanoes have not given any signs of activity, and tradition asserts their tranquillity for several centuries further back; therefore M. Moreau de Jonnés believes, that the cause is much more extended and general, for, added to these circumstances, it was felt throughout the West India islands, and twenty leagues beyond them at sea.—Further particulars have since been received from a lieutenant on board the *Recherche*. He says, that at six in the morning, the ship was shaken in every part by a shock which lasted forty minutes, and the masts bent like bamboos. A few seconds after, a species of vapour rose from the shore, escaping through the crevices of the soil, and then the houses of Fort Royal began to fall. Those on the beach formed clouds of dust, and in the midst of the chaos a frightful cry rose from the lips of thousands of unfortunate sufferers. All the crews of the vessels, amounting to 500 men, were ashore in ten minutes afterwards, and at the end of some hours two hundred persons, still living, were disengaged from the ruins, and by the evening, 400 corpses were found.

Improvement on Gas Making.—We have been favoured with a view of a most beautiful and ingenious *Self-Acting Gas Apparatus*, patented by Mr. W. Holme Heginbotham, of this town, which has been a considerable time in operation at the works of Messrs. John Marsland and brothers, and gone through a series of experiments, the result of which is highly satisfactory. The retort, which is four feet long, produces upwards of 8000 feet in 24 hours, being three times as much as can be made upon the present system from one retort. The gas has not only a much greater illuminating power, but is relieved from those impurities which have hitherto prevented the adoption of that most beautiful light in dwelling houses, and it extracts one third more gas from a given quantity of coal.—*Stockport Advertiser*.

Geology in Russia.—Some idea of the activity of the Russians in pursuit of science, but especially that of geology, may be gathered from the following statements. The Inspector in chief of the mines, the Count Cancrino, has for several years obtained His Imperial Majesty's permission to make geological and mineralogical researches in various parts of this vast empire, and a scientific committee has been established to superintend the publication of a work entitled 'Annals of the Russian Mines.' M. Parrot, Professor at the University of Dorpat, was ordered by the Russian Government to explore Armenia and Transcaucasia, and he placed his barometer at the top of Mount Ararat, which he found to be of volcanic formation. M. Kupffer has determined the height of Elbrus, the culminating point of the Caucasian chain, and is at this moment making meteorological and magnetic observations throughout the empire.

Baron de Humboldt and M. Rose have traversed the northern mountains. M. de Pusch has described the chalk formation in the south of Poland. M. Pander those of the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg; M. Dubois de Montpereux has for years been devoted to the same researches in Caucasus, the Crimea, and Podolia, and M. de Verneuil has also visited the Crimea. M. de Semenov, principal engineer of mines, has described the geological formation of the northern part of the Altai Mountains, the central crest of which is composed principally of granite, and granitoid syenite, which are often at the base adjoined to mica slate. The lower regions are marly and covered with forests, which disappear in the regions of eternal snow, and from the alluvial soils which load the shallows and beds of the rivers, gold is now plentifully extracted by washing. M. Amixine has thrown light on the western ramifications of the chain of Jablonowoi, in eastern Siberia, in which granite and mica slate predominate, and a formation of porphyry of fifteen square leagues is on all sides surrounded by granite mountains of great elevation. In this same chain M. Filleff also found red-sandstone, diorite, and a trachitic formation. The Altai and Aral seem, however, to have been most explored, from the rubies which they present. Not only have they rich veins of gold, but lead, and garnets, tourmalines, topazes, amethysts, aquamarines, and the finest emeralds. On the coast of the Caspian sea are hills, which contain an abundance of fossil shells, and strata of gypsum and rock salt. A great extent of coal is found in the chain of Donetz, and in the government of Karkoff.

Schools in Turkey.—Seven academies are to be established in Turkey, at the cities of Constantinople, Adrianople, Salonica, Broussa, Smyrna, Bagdad, and Trebizonde, where, among other sciences, Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry, are to be especially taught. The government of that country now think, that the only way to cure a number of prejudices is to make real knowledge more general. The lectures are to be delivered in French and in Turkish, and the Sultan has requested the Academy of Sciences in Paris to send him some young professors. In the academies of Constantinople, Smyrna, and Salonica, Grammar, Geography, and History are to be taught in French, after the European manner. The professors are to have a fixed salary, and a pension on retirement.

The Wild Cattle at Hamilton and Chillingham.—In a paper on this subject by the Rev. W. Patrick, in the last number of *The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, the writer quotes the opinion of Bailey and Culley, that the Chillingham Park cattle are probably "the only remains of the true and genuine breed" of wild cattle; and observes, that Mr. Hindmarsh reiterated similar sentiments at the last meeting of the British Association.—Lord Tankerville adheres to the expressions of Bailey and Culley.—"The *Athenæum* follows in the wake, and thus are [is] ignorance fostered, and falsehood propagated." Now without wasting a word on so unmanly a comment on a mere difference of opinion, the more startling as coming from a clergyman, we must request the Rev. W. Patrick to point out his proof that "the *Athenæum* has followed in the wake" of any one; or that we have written one word on the subject, beyond a report of the proceedings of the Association before referred to by him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We last week so far deviated from established usage as to insert Mr. Woolhouse's letter, but we cannot extend a like courtesy to the writer of every trifling word discussed in a brief paragraph in our Library Table. H. R. must therefore excuse us. We also decline publishing a second letter from Mr. Woolhouse. Wise, by experience, and fearful, we suspect, of the further exposure which might follow another attempt at justification, he now requires to know the name of the writer of the review, and then he says, if he "finds him to be a person understood to be acquainted with the theory of the steam-engine," he will renew the controversy. We have no doubt our readers will smile at the judicious policy which makes a further defence depend on a condition not dreamed of in the first instance, and which Mr. Woolhouse must have known would not be complied with; but, in truth, we believe that Mr. Woolhouse writes in pure simplicity, and that to this hour he does not fully comprehend the extent to which his ignorance has been made manifest. However, if he be curious to know what is "understood" on the subject, let him put his volume and the review under his arm, go down to Great George Street, and ask the first member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, he may chance to meet, for an honest opinion.

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PARRIS'S GRAND CORONATION PICTURE.

MR. MOON,

Her Majesty's Publisher and Printseller in Ordinary, 20, Threadneedle Street,

HAS THE HONOUR TO ANNOUNCE THAT HE HAS RECEIVED

Her Majesty's Special Command

To publish an ENGRAVING from the superb HISTORICAL PAINTING

OF

THE CORONATION,

By E. T. PARRIS, Esq.

HISTORICAL PAINTER TO THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

This grand picture—the *chef-d'œuvre* of the talented and popular artist—unites, to an extraordinary extent, the most minute and accurate fidelity, with a grandeur of effect, and a permanent historical interest, infinitely surpassing any similar work of art hitherto attempted.

During the progress of the magnificent ceremonial, MR. PARRIS was allowed, for the purposes of this picture, to avail himself of the most eligible situations, and he has in consequence portrayed the scene with a scrupulous fidelity. Subsequently, he has had the advantage of sittings from the greater portion of the ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES present, of whom original portraits are introduced assembled round the throne of our youthful Sovereign. Not only are all the GREAT OFFICERS of STATE, the FOREIGN VISITORS, and the ATTENDANT COURTIERs, introduced in their respective situations; but near her Majesty is gathered a rich galaxy of female loveliness, arrayed in all the gorgeous and glittering costumes which the occasion required.

"Mr. PARRIS yesterday received the commands of the QUEEN to attend the Palace this morning with his picture of the Coronation, when her Majesty has signified her intention to sit to him for the finishing of her portrait."—*Court Circular*, April 3.

"Mr. E. T. PARRIS had the honour yesterday of submitting his grand Coronation picture to her MAJESTY's approbation, and was honoured with a final sitting."—*Court Circular*, April 4.

Notices from the Public Journals.

THE TIMES, April 2.

"Mr. Parris has just finished his historical picture of the Coronation of her present Majesty. It is a picture of great merit, both as a work of art, considered independently of the subject it describes, and as an historical record offered at once to the eye of the spectator of an important national event. As a work of art it possesses claims to encomium from the general treatment of the subject, the happy arrangement of the more prominent groups, and the manner in which the groups in the back-ground are disposed; for the picturesque treatment of the architectural portions of the picture, the management of the colouring, by which the gorgeous tints of robes, jewels, purple, gold, and ermine, are subdued; the more than usually felicitous disposition of the masses of light and shade, by which the effect of the sunbeams through the windows of the cathedral is preserved, and the atmospheric perspective of the more darkened portions of the picture made to resemble the identical gloom of the building; and lastly, by the attention which the artist has given to the composition of the picture, and the general outline, which, as the painting is about to be engraved, is certainly not among the least of its deserts. As an historical representation it is equally praiseworthy. Mr. Parris has taken the moment in which the Archbishop of Canterbury is about to place the crown on the head of the Monarch. Her Majesty is seated on the throne in the middle of the picture; she is clothed in the celebrated Dalmatic robe—a robe formed entirely of gold and embroidery, and splendid beyond conception. On her left hand is the Archbishop, in a robe of purple velvet and gold. On her immediate right is a portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland; behind whom are seen Her Majesty's train-bearers, the Ladies C. Lennox, M. Grimston, F. Cowper, and W. Stanhope. Further to the right, and conspicuous from the splendour of his robes, is seen the sub-dean of the Abbey, the Rev. Lord S. Thynne. Then come the Dukes of Norfolk and Wellington, the Marquises of Lansdowne and Conyngham, Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Sutherland, Cobourg, Nemours, and Prince George of Cambridge; and on the extreme right the Duchess of Kent. On the right hand, next to the Archbishop of Canterbury, are the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Duke of Richmond, Clarenceux King-at-Arms; Lady Barham, the Marchionesses of Lansdowne and Normandy, the Bishop of London, the Archbishops of York and Armagh, &c.; and in a gallery above are placed Marshal Soult, Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Duke de Palmella, Count Stroganoff, Prince Esterhazy, and the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge. Besides these personages, there are portraits of the Duchesses of Somerset, Richmond, Bedford, Hamilton, Buccleuch, Roxburgh, and Northumberland, and of many Marchionesses, Countesses, and so forth; together with heralds, pages, and all the attendants on the ceremony, making in the whole an aggregate of 77 portraits. It is no small merit to have given correct likenesses of so many personages; and the fact that the likenesses are correct will greatly enhance the value of the picture as an historical document. Mr. Moon has secured the talents of one of the first engravers of the country to multiply this picture; and it is creditable to his enterprise to have spared no expense to render its publication worthy the present state of the art of engraving."

MORNING POST, April 5.

"Mr. Parris's historical picture of the 'Coronation of Queen Victoria' is a work of considerable dimensions and extent, and is nationally and historically of importance—nationally for the event which it depicts, and historically on account of the numerous portraits of public characters—famous men and high-born and distinguished women—which are thrown into its groups, and whose likenesses, with very few exceptions, are strikingly correct. The picture is taken at one of the most interesting points of the ceremony—a point thus given in the accounts of the event: 'Then the Archbishop of Canterbury came from the altar, assisted by the Archbishops of York and Armagh, with the Bishops of London and Winchester, and other Bishops, the Sub-Dean of Westminster carrying the crown,

which the Archbishop took, and placed it upon her Majesty's head, when the people with loud and repeated shouts cried 'God save the Queen.' The Archbishop is therefore about to place the crown, and the interest of the gazers and attendants is concentrated into this most eventful moment of the gorgeous and exciting ceremony.... The portrait of the Queen, attired in the utmost splendour of majesty, occupies the centre of the picture; and on her left the full-length of the Archbishop, whose features and figure are pervaded by a solemn dignity well expressed by the painter. Many of the other figures have an imposing presence, garmented as some of them are, with a brilliant and costly magnificence, which the artist has truthfully reflected. One good point in the picture we must especially mention, namely, the disposition and perspective of the far background, and the introducing of the misty dazle of sunlight, which shrouds with its dimming brightness the mass of heads that are thus veiled behind it, but would otherwise mar the beauty and prominence of the foreground grouping.... The grouping of the ladies is especially beautiful, and presents a galaxy of loveliness which throws brilliant lustre about the scene, and pours into the picture the most pleasing of all relief. We may reasonably congratulate both the painter and Mr. Parris upon the production of a very interesting historical work of art, which is so disposed and constructed that it cannot fail of engraving with fine effect in the hands and at the burin of the artist who is to have the task of multiplying it to the world."

MORNING HERALD, April 2.

"Amongst other pictures of the Coronation of her Majesty, is one by Mr. E. T. Parris. The great purpose of this work is to furnish an engraving of that highly-interesting event, which most spirited publisher, Mr. Moon, intends to have executed in the best style of art.... The picture has evidently been painted with great care and exactness, and no doubt is the best production of Mr. Parris's pencil. The bishops, all the lords and ladies of the court, and the ambassadors, come very near the eye. The resemblances are all good, but some are singularly felicitous. The likeness of her Majesty is also commendable, and the figure, clothed in the vastly rich Dalmatic robe, highly regal. We have no doubt that this work will engrave well, and that it will please, in its results, all parties at all interested in its success. For the sake of the publisher, to whom the world of art is greatly indebted for many noble works, most spiritedly got up, it has all our good wishes."

MORNING CHRONICLE, April 1.

"The moment selected by Mr. Parris from the various acts of the gorgeous and prolonged ceremony is, in our opinion, a very happy one.... It was, naturally, a moment of deep silence and fixed attention. All breaths were held, and all eyes riveted on a single object. With the exception of the slight action of the Archbishop's arms, it was as if some mighty magician had touched the crowd of spectators with his wand, and had converted them into so many statues—the very models for graphic imitation.... The composition is skilfully managed. The strongest light is of course shed on the throne, and its august, though youthful occupant, and on the illustrious personages, of both sexes, in the foreground, who are engaged in the performance of their respective functions; but warm reflections relieve every part of the assemblage, even those in the lofty galleries, from obscurity.... The architecture of the magnificent and venerable abbey is also admirably depicted; the linear and aerial perspective are perfect; and the sunny rays, pouring in from the elevated windows, produce a very brilliant effect."

"This exceedingly clever production, which must have cost great labour and research, is, we understand, the result of a commission, to the amount of no less than fifteen hundred guineas, by Mr. Moon, the publisher, who intends to put it immediately into the hands of an eminent engraver."

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